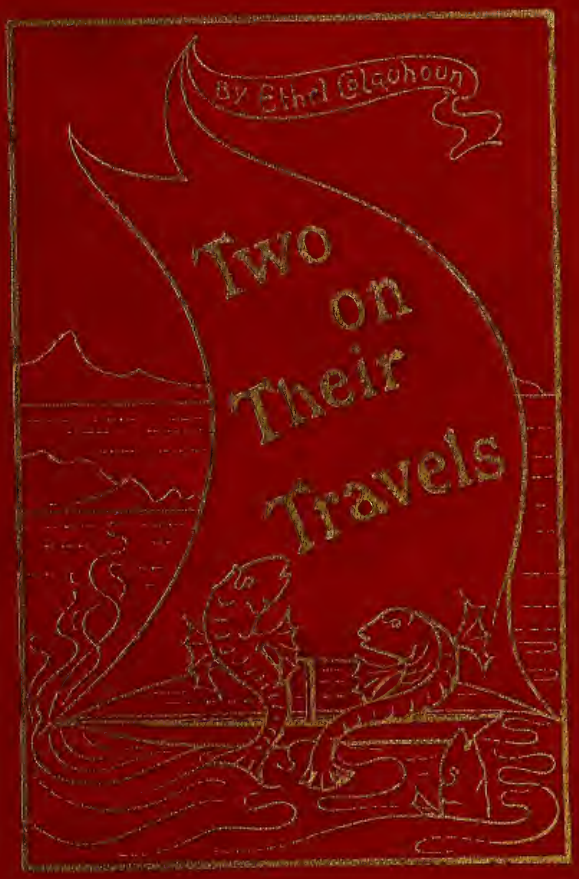
By Ethel Glaohoun
Two on Their Travels

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TWO ON THEIR TRAVELS

AMONG EASTERN ISLES.

TWO ON THEIR TRAVELS

BY

ETHEL COLQUHOUN

WITH EIGHT COLOURED PLATES, SIXTEEN FULL-PAGE AND NUMEROUS TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHORESS

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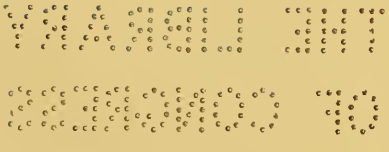

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TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

PREFACE

Unaccustomed as I am to writing books I am very well accustomed to read them, and I am aware that there are two orders of prefaces—those one reads and those one doesn't. "Good wine needs no bush," nor a good play a prologue, but since prefaces are in fashion let me try to write one of the first sort.

Here, then, is my book, which I have written and drawn. It is not very well written and not at all well drawn, but it has one merit. It gives a picture of strange countries as they appeared to a commonplace, unexperienced traveller; and as there are many such people who long to see these countries and who are shut in and prevented by circumstances, I hope my book may prove a little window to some; that they may look out of their narrow, grey, walled-in world, and see through my eyes the glorious sunshine and varied life in these foreign lands. Scattered throughout these pages are sketches of people I met, and if I am sometimes a little inclined to make fun of them I hope the reader won't say: "She is a nasty, ill-natured thing," but will remember the answer given by a certain lady in one of Maria Edgeworth's novels to a priggish young lord. She was amusing him with her sallies about their mutual friends, and he couldn't help being amused but tried to look shocked. With Irish wit she said:

"I laugh at them because I love them—I could not love any one I might not laugh at!"

So laugh with me, or at me, or anyhow you will, only *laugh*, dear reader, for that is all I ask. 'Tis a melancholy world for most people, when all is said, and I wish for nothing more than to add a tiny bit of mirth and enjoyment from my own superabundant store to that of less favoured folk.

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CHAPTER I

THE START

Andrew and I—Of making journeys—Of sea-voyages and disillusion—Of flirtation—The Suez Canal—A mother's tragedy—Colombo—Andrew and the jewel merchant

I SHOULD have begun this book a good deal sooner had it not been for the difficulty I have had in inventing a name for my husband. Of course it would have been a great deal better and more exciting both for the reader and myself if there had been no husband in the case. But there is no use trying to conceal the shameful fact; I am a much-married woman, and therefore I can't write about my travels without dragging Him in at every other sentence. Now, it would be altogether against all precedent if I spoke of him by his real name. Lady writers, if they are forced, as I am, to own to a husband, always adopt some sort of circumlocution. They either call him A. or X., in which case one is eternally aggravated by speculating whether his name is Arthur or Abel, Xenophon or Xylonite, or else they allude to him vaguely (and somewhat ungrammatically) as "Himself" or "The Sage." The third course is that adopted by a very remarkable lady indeed, and is so simple and straightforward that I have decided to copy it. As my

husband's men friends call him "The Rooster" (I can't think why, except that he never roosts); as his own brothers and sisters call him Jim, and as I myself usually address him as "Sweetums" and "Diddums," I have decided to write of him as "Andrew," which happens to be one of the names bestowed on him by his godfather and godmother.

The very day we got engaged—which is such a long time ago that I've already finished my wedding-cake—Andrew said to me, turning back after the tenth or eleventh good-bye: "Would you like to take a run out to the East after we are married?"

Andrew is the sort of man who always talks of "taking a run" to any place. He says one morning at breakfast: "Shall we take a run over to Central America?" and if in a fit of absent-mindedness I say "Certainly!" he is just as likely as not to call and take steamer tickets that very afternoon. When he spoke of "the East," I had a delightfully vague idea of what he meant, but, of course, I gave the stereotyped reply without which no newly engaged conversation would be complete: "Anywhere with you, darling!" An incredibly short space of time afterwards I found myself on a cold November day driving down to the docks in a cab, uncomfortably full of new-looking luggage—the cab, of course. I wonder if every one has the same feeling that always comes over me when on the brink of a journey. If by any conceivable means I could cancel all previous engagements, and sit down in a comfortable chair with the knowledge that I needn't stir out of it to catch trains or steamers or any mortal thing, then I should

still be vegetating in a small country town, and should continue to vegetate, for Andrew and the Wide, Wide World would be equally outside my ken.

Andrew cannot understand this frame of mind. On this occasion he said reproachfully: "I thought you were so keen on going;" but I did not argue the subject—what is the use with a man? Men, poor things, are so terribly elemental, they can only feel one thing at once, and if they want anything they really want it, and don't have to wonder for days whether the desire is genuine. Andrew, although elemental, is an excellent travelling companion, and I would recommend him to any lady were it not that I hope to keep him permanently myself. When we at last left the river behind and steamed out into the horrid, grey, tumbling channel he did not allow me to remain groaning in my cabin, even though I implored him to do so. He dragged me on deck, tucked me up in rugs, and fed me with dry biscuits and apples. There is nothing so soul-sufficing as apples when one is "not quite the thing" at sea.

All my life I had pictured the delightful laziness, the *dolce far niente*, of a long sea voyage. I had seen myself in dainty blue serge, with sailor blouses and a trim little hat, tripping round the decks, lying gracefully in steamer-chairs with red cushions, and flirting with the officers. All girls who read this book may take it from me that this is a fraud and a delusion. I never yet saw a woman who looked really decent on a long sea voyage. In the first place, one's hair is

always out of curl. Of course, I know "where nature fails art steps in," but even art cannot withstand a stiff breeze and a damping spray, and I have distinct recollections of a lady who trusted to art, and whose front *coiffure* was always perched on her nose or one of her ears. When the weather gets hot and punkahs are started it is even worse: nature simply settles in long wisps over the forehead, but art has a way of rising and falling *en masse*. The small minority of women whose hair curls naturally—and who are always unreasonably stuck-up about it, since it implies no peculiar merit—certainly score on a sea voyage; but I have remarked that, unless they practically keep in their cabins or the saloons all day, their faces get red and rough with the wind and their noses peel in the sun. Thank heaven, my nose never peels!

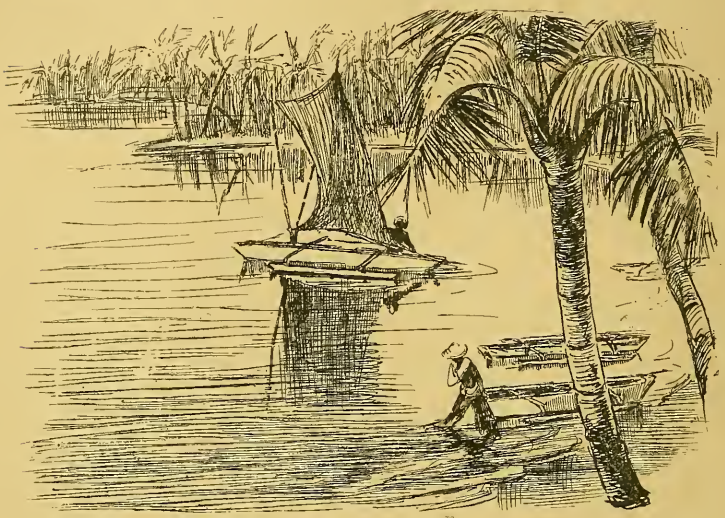
As for flirting with the officers, it is the poorest game I know. The essence of flirting is that it should have an element of danger about it, and that both sides should pretend to think they are serious. Now, on board ship this is simply an impossibility to any one with an imagination. The whole thing has a sort of "500th performance" air about it, and is as tame and innocuous as milk and water. The P. and O. have now, I believe, forbidden their officers to flirt at all. *Tant mieux*, it must be a great relief to the girls, who need no longer pretend to enjoy such a doubtful pastime. Reclining in a steamer chair is the one real thing about a sea voyage, but it is difficult to be graceful over it. In this attitude I consumed an extraordinary number of novels. At first I read them slowly, spinning out a volume to cover a couple of days, but after a time my craving for excitement would not permit this leisurely method, and I gutted two or three every day as long as they lasted, and when they were finished, took to staring out to sea and dreaming a terrible

dream that always haunts me in mid-ocean. I dream that in some way I fall overboard at night, that no one sees me, that I try to cry and cannot. The water is cold and I strike out desperately; the ship with its flaming lights is slipping away in front of me; the wash strikes me full in the face; I gasp and splutter and try again to scream, but my voice sounds thin and weak, and a great silence settles down over the dark, heaving waters.

As I have a great deal to tell about our travels in some out-of-the-way parts I will not linger over this well-known voyage, for, indeed, no one wants to be bored with hearing about monotonous days and tranquil nights.

Port Said and the Suez Canal are hot, sandy, ugly and not interesting, but *à propos* of the latter I must tell a tragic little story. Travelling with us were a prosperous Scotsman and his wife. She was a motherly-looking woman, and took a great interest in some children who were on board. One day she told several of us that she had only been able to rear one of her own, a beautiful boy, and that she had brought him with her from the East a year ago, when he was three years old. It was the hot season, and in the Suez Canal the heat was awful. Every one was prostrated; stewards lay about on the hatches, men and women passed sleepless nights on deck. Her baby sickened; for a day and a night she and her husband fanned it continually, and then it died and was buried at once in the oily waters of the Canal. She felt terribly passing the spot, but throughout I wondered that she could talk so freely of the incident to strangers. She showed us a photograph, rather blurred and indistinct, and told us of the little boy's size and strength. "He never had a day's illness," she said, and related anecdotes of his intelligence. Many months afterwards, cruising in Eastern waters on a small trading-ship, we met a man who knew the Scotsman

and his family. The loss of the only child was mentioned. "Such a fine little fellow, too," I remarked. The man looked at me oddly. "'Twas a merciful deliverance," he said. "Why, the poor little thing was all wrong; he was like a baby of a few months, never could learn to speak, and had always to be carried in some one's arms. It was a great trouble to them, for the doctor said he could never be reared." In a flash I saw it all—the poor childless mother, deprived of



her ewe lamb, but finding a certain pleasure in boasting of his strength and beauty to happier parents who could not know the truth.

The first real taste of the East was at Ceylon, and among all my impressions few remain so vivid as that day of sunshine, palms, strange dark faces and swathed forms, hot curries and novel fruits, blue water and gorgeous flowers. I must be a born traveller in Far Eastern climes, for I took to curry like a bird, as the saying is, though I should like to see

a bird capable of putting away as much as I did. The speciality of Ceylon is prawn curry—but there! if I begin to discourse of curries I shall never get to the Far East. The topic is practically inexhaustible. It lasted my next-door neighbour at meals all through the voyage. He was the sort of person who travels with little condiments of his own in little bottles, and a special kind of biscuit. He would hold forth by the hour on his favourite topic. "Then you have your Madras curry!" I used to hear him murmur. "All the *sambals* carefully dried in the sun—my own cook pounds them up—must use a silver pestle—a perfectly luscious little fish only caught at one place on the coast—walks three miles to get 'em fresh for tiffin," &c. &c.

At Ceylon I first made the acquaintance of the Oriental trader, and I was tempted by many things. Andrew, however, was a tower of strength. "If you want *silver* things," he said, "don't buy this trash. Wait till you get to Singapore." The same wise counsels carried me away from lace and embroideries, though I couldn't quite escape the fascinations of ivory. Don't buy precious stones at Colombo. Andrew was once "pulling the leg" of a jewel merchant who offered him a lustrous ruby. "Eighty rupee—verree cheap!" "Give you one rupee," laughed Andrew, holding up the coin. "No, no! verree lovelee stone—verree cheap!" "Here's three rupees," said Andrew, extending his hand, and never thinking that it would be taken. The man looked round and saw that the ship was about to leave and decks were being cleared. "All right—I take!" he yelled, snatched the rupees and fled over the side, leaving Andrew with a bit of red glass! It was only three rupees (about four shillings), but Andrew is a Scot. He would rather have lost hundreds in a legitimate business transaction.

CHAPTER II

"THE STRAITS"

Christmas Eve — Singapore — Some Singaporeans, brown, yellow and black—An eye for colour—The absurd Cingalese —Malay *versus* Chinese—The Singapore Club—Britons in exile—What Andrew heard—Hotels—The Tamil barber— A great *sahib* and a Post Office young lady

ON Christmas Eve we arrived off Singapore and anchored outside for the night. I think I forgot to say that we were on a Japanese ship, and very clean and comfortable she was, with an excellent table and good service. I was afterwards glad to have got accustomed to Oriental servants before landing in the Far East, otherwise it might have seemed funny to be "housemaided" by "boys." My cabin steward was a treasure and the best maid I ever had. My skirts, as well as Andrew's coats and trousers, were brushed and folded, and my blouses tidily tucked away. Once some clean clothes came from the wash —for there was a washerman on board—and he disposed of them so neatly in the drawers that I couldn't find them for hours. Naturally, there were many Japanese on board, mostly natty little gentlemen in European clothes. On Christmas Eve we taught them to play games, had a snap-

dragon made, which pleased them hugely, and ended by singing "Auld Lang Syne" in a circle with crossed hands, and when the third verse came we rushed round and round in proper Highland fashion. The Scottish merchant had gone to bed, but was pulled out to join in this mirth, and I have a delirious recollection of him in grey pyjamas and bare feet, with a little Japanese in a *kimono* on one side and a stout lady in evening dress on the other, prancing round and trying to keep his bare toes out of the way of other people's boots.

The next day we all landed, and Andrew and I felt rather forlorn at having no one to meet us or wish us "Merry Christmas." I was, however, consoled by the novelty of my first ride in a "rickshaw." This was before I had learnt that it is not *comme il faut* for a lady to be seen in a "rickshaw" in Singapore, but indeed there are so many things which are incorrect in that most particular place that it takes a long while to learn them all. For instance, white duck coats buttoning up to the chin, such as are worn in most parts of the East, are not *comme il faut* for gentlemen, and there is some unspoken law about waistcoat buttons and another about trousers which I am not competent to explain. Once the novelty has departed, however, "rickshaws" are as little attractive as they are correct, for I could never get accustomed to a bare brown back bobbing about in front of me, and frequently streaming with perspiration!

Singapore is an island. It is flat with the exception of one hill, and that is very steep. Owing to circumstances the only place where people can be conveniently isolated is the top of this young mountain, and therefore honeymooning couples frequent it, and spend a week in a sort of *dak* bungalow or rest-house on the top. As there is nothing particular to do, and one must take one's provisions and servants, the young couple are usually delighted to return to Singapore, and cease

to abuse it for a day or two. Singapore is not singular in the fact that, although it is freely maligned by all its inhabitants among themselves, they do not permit criticism on the part of visitors. They won't even admit the vileness of the climate, though pale cheeks and lack-lustre eyes attest it. As a matter of fact Rudyard Kipling said the last word about it when he called it a hot-house. There is a constant, damp, muggy heat. The cooling shower, which I had been told fell every day and cleared the atmosphere, turned out to be a sort of thunderous explosion which left the air as hot as ever and charged with moisture. In such a climate trees and vegetation thrive, and the island is a verdant mass of greenery through which wind the white roads. The town proper lies on the shore, and contains a fine *maidan* (open space) and many handsome buildings. Almost every one lives in what are called the suburbs, pretty shady quarters, where bungalows nestle in little gardens on either side of a grass-edged road. The town is continued towards the suburbs by straggling native streets, and there is a whole quarter in Singapore itself given up to the Chinese. The first thing that strikes one about the East, or the Orient as Americans call it, is that nearly every one of the native inhabitants keeps a shop. The shops are just boxes without lids lying on one side, and are decorated elaborately with red and gold letters. Sometimes there is a counter, sometimes the goods are merely stacked on shelves round the box, but there is always a Chinaman in a scanty blue dress with a long pipe in his mouth somewhere about the premises, and some very nude babies playing in the gutter just outside. If the babies are not nude they are fantastically dressed like little men in all the colours of the rainbow; their faces are thickly powdered and perhaps sprinkled with gold-dust. The native streets of Singapore are full of fascination, for the queerest medley of Oriental

races may be seen there. Klings, as all the Hindoos are called here, stride along swathed in diaphanous white garments, looking more like chocolate skeletons than men, and wearing their hair long, and fierce moustaches, while their dark eyes gleam and flash under folded turbans. Their slender women sway along beside them, little olive faces and wondering sombre eyes peeping out from their yellow draperies. There is a peculiar sap green beloved of these Hindoos which rises before my eyes as I write. A touch of it in the veil, while the body is shrouded in reddish ochre—it sounds barbarous, but how marvellously Orientals understand colour! Against a background of golden fruit, oranges and bananas, the slender figure so swathed makes a dark vivid spot in the sunlight, and as we watch the brown, yellow and green melt into each other, we fee wonder-stricken that we should ever have cared for the washiness of "French grey" or "eau-de-Nil."

There are, of course, a variety of costumes even among the Klings. Students outrage both taste and propriety by wearing white shirts *outside* their trousers, and black coats or waistcoats with round black caps, while coolies are lightly attired in turbans and loin bands. The Cingalese are unmistakable, and surely theirs is the most absurd of costumes, although undoubtedly comfortable.

Please imagine that you are walking behind a stout square-built figure, attired in a plain round coat of light tweed, and a very skimpy skirt of the same reaching to the ankles, and betraying a most sensible pair of shoes. The head is surmounted by a broad wideawake hat, and a heavy coil of black hair is done into a bun behind. You—or at least I—immediately conclude that this is a strong-minded old maiden lady, but a sudden turn of the figure in front reveals a deep,

dark, earnest face ornamented with a long black beard. This is the effect produced by a semi-Europeanised Cingalese. The less educated would probably wear cotton or silk jackets and *sarongs*, and instead of the hat an absurd circular comb perched on the crown of the head, like a tiara, only wrong side before.

Lying at the extreme tip of the Malay peninsula one naturally expects Singapore to have a more or less Malay flavour. Before I went to the East I had no more idea of the difference between Malays and Chinese than the average board-school child, so perhaps for the sake of people as ignorant as myself I may as well explain the distinctive characteristics as well as I can. Authorities differ as to where the Malay really comes from, but in his purest form he is found only in parts of Sumatra, and I believe that in the extreme south of that island the old Malay language is spoken. The natives of the peninsula are a good deal mixed with the Siamese, Burmese and Annamese, as is only natural, and all over the Malay islands there are traces of similar infusions of foreign blood—Hindoo, Arab and Chinese especially. The average Malay is small and finely formed, with a square and rather rugged countenance unless he is very young, eyes a little oblique and of the darkest brown, nose short and somewhat flattened at the tip, mouth prominent and lips often thick but not "blubber" like the negro's. Both men and women are often comely when extremely young; they are of a pleasing copper-brown colour and have dark straight hair, which the women coil loosely behind. Both sexes wear practically the same dress, a tight cotton or silk jacket buttoning down the front and a *sarong*, the latter being a primitive form of skirt. Made of silk or cotton in a checked

or figured design, it is merely a long, wide strip sewn up at the ends. The wearer steps into it and drawing the fulness to the front makes a cunning pleat and tucks it in. Malay women *en déshabille*, or when taking one of their frequent baths in the nearest stream, discard the jacket and pull the *sarong* up under their arm-pits. It is not a graceful costume even on the slight-figured Malays; the tight white coat and the bunched fulness of the skirt in front are both hideous, and many men and boys choose to surmount this costume by a little round cap, perched on their dark shaggy hair. I am quite sure these caps are imported in large quantities from Germany. Some of them are adorned with Berlin work, others with beads, and I was painfully reminded of the gifts which pensive maidens used to shower on pale young curates before the dawn of muscular Christianity, since which time devotion to the Church takes, I presume, the form of knitted waistcoats and golfing stockings.

The Malay, I take it, is distantly related to the Chinese, in that he possesses a strain of Mongol blood, but he would be the last person to acknowledge the relationship. The Malay is a gentleman, the Chinese a trader; the Malay is a fighter, the Chinese won't even strike back when he is struck—unless he feels certain of being paid for doing so; the Malay has a glorious contempt for work, the Chinese loves it; the Malay is a sportsman, the Chinese knows no sport save gambling. There are no end to the contradictions. Of course the clever, industrious, saving Chinese gets the better of the proud, lazy, spendthrift Malay, and wherever we journeyed in the East we saw the same thing—the Malays content in their poverty, ignorance and servitude, the Chinese thrusting, pushing, struggling, getting rich and becoming powerful.

Singapore is, therefore, far more Chinese than Malay.

Small Malay fishing villages exist on the coast, but the Chinese swarm over the whole island, and are elbowing even the Europeans out of the best residential parts. On the fashionable drive along the sea-front in the afternoon the smartest carriages belong to Chinese merchants, and I have special recollections of a particularly *chic* turn-out, a phaeton and spirited pair, driven by a young fellow in the most correct suit of light tweed, with buckskin gloves, fashionable soft grey hat—and a long black pigtail hanging down behind! John on a bicycle is another Singapore sight, especially when he adheres to his own loose jacket and trousers but crowns his head with a billycock. His tail is neatly tucked into a small pocket to prevent it catching in the wheels.

The English colony at Singapore is, of course, largely made up of males, and the proportion of unmarried girls is even smaller. "How lovely!" exclaims Miss Wallflower, and pictures to herself the good time she could have in such a favoured spot. Of course, as far as dancing is concerned, it must really be a blessing, for there is no dancing girl or woman living who does not hate to "sit out." But I am not sure that I should care for attentions bestowed on me *faute de mieux* and, as far as general society is concerned, it seems a very deplorable state of affairs. After all, one can't talk comfortably to more than one man at once, and when one's attentions have to be impartially distributed among twenty-five the whole affair becomes a bore. As in all small communities, the great drawback is that all the women know each other so extremely well, and all the men know each other (and the women too) even better, so that social intercourse is apt to fall into the familiarity which breeds contempt. The Singapore club is a great institution. Andrew never started out anywhere without ending up at that club, having always, as he assured me, been literally dragged there

MALAY TYPES.

by some casually-met acquaintance: and the stories he picked up were wonderful; being a new man every one was glad, of course, to secure him as an audience. Singaporeans are not, perhaps, so charitable to each other as they are to their climate, but for hospitality and kindness to the stranger within their gates they are bad to beat. They put us up, dined us and drove us about; they paragraphed us in the local papers, and generally did everything they could to prevent us from feeling home-sick. Poor dears! They live in the baleful atmosphere of a hothouse. They are exiles and prisoners on a cramped little island, from which they cannot even escape for a short holiday at times, only to go "home." They naturally get to regard Singapore as the hub of the universe, and to feel as if the whole creation centred round their tiny world of small civil, military, and mercantile duties. They can't exercise charity to their poorer neighbours—for neither Chinese nor Malays are exactly subjects for my Lady Bountiful—so that it is not perhaps wonderful that that much-abused virtue gets rusty in their intercourse with social equals. By the way, who *are* social equals in a place like Singapore? If that point were settled by an Act of Parliament, which would provide the exact order of precedence from the Governor and his lady down to a mercantile skipper and his good woman, much heart-burning would be avoided.

The servant question is not so pressing in the Far East because there are always plenty of "boys," as Chinese domestics are called in pidgin-English, the equivalent for a male child in the same lingo being "smalloboy." John the cook-boy does all the marketing, and arranges all the meals after a short morning colloquy with his mistress. John the house-boy looks after master's clothes, and keeps them in such perfect order that master himself never gives them a thought; at

any moment John can always produce exactly the garment needed. John the parlourmaid (or head boy) will arrange the flowers, look after guests, concoct cooling drinks, and do anything and everything. Every household employs besides a *toucanaya*, often a Malay, who does the dirty work of the house, and is a sort of social pariah. There are, of course, more Malays for the stables and Chinese for the gardens, but these are the usual house-servants. Children have Chinese *amahs*, and the same sleek-headed creatures, with big rings of jade in their ears, loose blue coats and wide trousers, act as ladies' maids. That the servant question *does* exist, however, in Singapore is shown by the following monologue and chorus overheard at a tea-party:

"*My dear!* she can *never* keep a servant. I know for a fact that she had three house-boys last month; and you remember the day she had her tennis?—*well, there wasn't a servant in the house!*"—Chorus of ladies: "Oh-h-h!"—"They all gave notice because she absolutely refused to pay the weekly bills, and accused her cook before the others of cheating. Of course he wouldn't stand that; told my head boy that he would 'lose face.' So they all left in a body. And she had forty people coming that afternoon; and she cut all the sandwiches herself; the *toucanaya* helped her!"—Chorus: "Good heavens! And I actually *ate* some of those sandwiches—the *toucanaya!* How horrible!" &c. &c. *ad lib.*

On our first arrival at Singapore we had betaken ourselves to a hotel, and I was at once delighted and surprised at the (to me) novel arrangement of our rooms. The first opened off a central court full of palms and flowers, and contained chairs and tables; the second was divided from the first by large folding-doors, and was the bedroom proper, while a sort of verandah-room in front was provided with cane chairs.

CHINESE TYPES AT SINGAPORE.

This I afterwards found to be the usual arrangement in hotels all over the East, and is pleasant but not very private. To begin with, the door opening on to the inner verandah is merely a wicket, and as I completed my toilet on the first morning of our arrival, I became aware of a pair of dark eyes regarding me just over the top of the door. I gave a squeal and vanished. Of course I ought to have dressed in the inner room, but Andrew, as usual, monopolised the looking-glass. I won't say that he spends a long time over tying his tie and brushing the place where his hair used to grow, but he always chooses the exact moment for these performances that I am in the midst of curling my back strands or fixing a loose and ingenuous-looking coil with some twenty hairpins. At this critical moment I become aware that Andrew is dodging about behind me with an agonised expression, his chin up, and the end of a tie in either hand. This is what had happened on that particular morning, and therefore I fled to the outer room, and was there surprised as I have related. Andrew, on hearing my squeal, at once strode to the rescue, and I could hear him objurgating sternly in an unknown tongue. It was a Tamil barber anxious to operate upon my lord. He was bidden in the most ferocious tone to come the following morning. After that we had a *levée:* Cingalese pedlars came with their laces and sham jewellery, and literally camped before the door; Chinese tailors with large books of patterns; fruit-sellers—all the old crowd we had escaped from at every place the ship stopped at. Andrew was bitingly sarcastic about their wares: "Buy anything you like, but you'll be sorry when you get to Java that you wasted your money here!"

When the Tamil barber came next morning we had just finished our tea on the verandah, so he was bidden to perform there, and I had an opportunity for getting a snap-shot of

Andrew under circumstances the reverse of dignified. When I saw the gleaming blade so near the jugular vein of my only husband, I thought of the objurgations hurled at that Tamil the day before and felt widowed. Nothing, however, happened, which is usually the case when one is on the look-out for great events. As a matter of fact the Tamils knew Andrew when they saw him, and he knew them. He began to expand as soon as he got out to the East, and, from being the mildest-mannered man that ever quailed before a post-office young lady, became the imperious autocrat all over, and the Orientals liked and served him the better for it.

(Andrew has looked over my shoulder and is very much annoyed. He is engaged in telling me long stories of his prowess in the matter of post-office young ladies. I am to believe that only last week he actually had the temerity to address one in the following terms: "When you have quite finished your conversation." P.-O. Young Lady, to her fellow-clerk: "——with sheeny ribbon. And she told me that he said——" Andrew (louder): "When you have *quite* finished." P.-O. Young Lady: "——a lady what is a *real* lady." Andrew (in a roar): "Will you give me a halfpenny stamp?" Andrew assures me that, struck by his tone, the young lady at once blushed, flew to the drawer, and handed him the stamp with a murmured apology. Ahem!)

THE TOILET OF ANDREW.

CHAPTER III

IN A GARDEN

Of colonial Dutch—Of table manners—Of trading boats and deck passengers—What the Chinese talk about—Andrew in search of information—We arrive in Java—Concerning children's parties—Then and Now—Of paddy-fields—Water, water, everywhere!—Going to market—Of London fogs—A day in the Dutch East Indies—The costume of the country as worn by the Dutch—Of pyjamas—And heel-less slippers—Bath parade—What Andrew saw!—"Rice table"—Off to the Highlands—A railway journey—Our travelling companions—The train that tired—Of sleepless nights—A popular delusion—We go up a mountain—The ways of dog-carts—Tosari—Andrew is lazy

AFTER we left Singapore we wandered through the Dutch East Indies. That sounds a good deal nicer and more romantic than saying that we took a train from Batavia to Sourabaya, and then went cruising about Celebes, the Spice Islands and Borneo in a yacht, but whichever way one puts it, we *did* the Dutch East Indies. Since we got home we have found it convenient to catalogue

our journey, and when people ask us where we have been we give them one item at once. When we say "The Dutch East Indies," they always ask: "And did you find them very disagreeable?" (referring, it is to be presumed, to the Dutch). Well, of course we didn't talk to them about the Boer War, and they are far too polite to mention it in our hearing, but we can conscientiously say that far from being treated with any discourtesy we received much kindness and attention, and that from mere hotel acquaintances. They would go out of their way to give us information or translate for us, and from what we saw of hotel life I am inclined to think that a politer people do not exist than the well-educated Dutch. The usual colonial official must be a man of good education. He speaks English, French and German perfectly, Javanese sufficiently to talk fluently to the natives, and often has a smattering of Spanish and Italian. His manners at table, which I have seen severely criticised, are far more refined than those of the Germans, Russians or even Frenchmen of the middle classes, while they bear no comparison with those of the Spanish.

What a curious thing it is that Britons should have such a different standard of table manners to any other race. Germans gobble; Frenchmen tuck their serviettes into their necks and stooping down shovel in the food; Spaniards expectorate during the meal and smoke cigarettes incessantly between courses; Russians also smoke cigarettes at meals, and are not particular about using their fingers, while there is apparently a superstition which prevents them from passing anything. All these think it correct to take salt and pepper on the end of one's knife. Even Americans cut their food up first, and then laying the knife on one side shovel up their viands with the fork. They also break their eggs into glasses and eat them with spoons—a most messy performance. All

these are the common and everyday habits observed in hotels, and I am not prepared to deny that Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Americans may be extremely dainty in their home table manners, but I wish to observe that an ordinary commercial hotel in Great Britain will not be the scene of any such solecisms. Of all Continental people the Dutch are nearest to our standard in this respect, and the dainty cleanliness of their clothes and appointments is most pleasing.

Our journey to Java took about three days, and was performed in beautiful weather. We were on a Chinese-owned boat, as it was not convenient to wait for the mail steamer. We had the captain's cabin, a very spacious one, but rendered uncomfortable by the deck passengers.

The first time I became acquainted with deck passengers was after leaving Ceylon, when the fore part of the ship was given up to what seemed to me a vast number of Hindoos with their wives, families and household gods. An awning was put up to protect them, and they camped out most contentedly and caused no inconvenience whatever. Later on, however, it was our fate to travel in boats carrying hundreds of Chinese coolies, and on this occasion, the decks being small and much cumbered with freight, the coolies were three deep all round the ship. When we opened our cabin door we had to crawl over their sleeping bodies, and at least fifty camped just under our windows and kept up conversation in their terrible Southern Chinese all night. Southern Chinese sounds to me just like "Hok—hok—quack—kakimuk—hok—hok," repeated in varying harsh unmusical tones. I believe if one could understand what they were saying one would not be much edified. I was once told a story of a man who, noticing a group of Chinese labourers who every morning sat and talked three or four hours

at a stretch, sent a man to report on their conversation. He came back after some time and said that the one topic was the immediate prospect of rain. The average dancing young man's conversation rises into actual brilliancy beside this. On the ship I suspect that the coolies talked of money, and the gainings and losings at the game which occupied the whole of their day, except for the mid-day meal and siesta.

The only part of the ship free from the coolie pest was a small upper deck not much bigger than a dining-table. Here the captain or mate promenaded solemnly backwards and forwards, and I sat in a long chair all day consuming antique novels, while Andrew tried to get information out of some one. Getting information is Andrew's favourite occupation, and he has a real genius for it. Left alone with a Hottentot or tom-cat, I firmly believe he would extract some kind of information from them.

We fortunately escaped quarantine, with which we had been threatened, and landed at Batavia. We had no trouble with the Customs officials either on this occasion or any other, and the formalities of which we had heard so many complaints in Singapore—*i.e.*, that one must get a permit to enter Java, and another to visit the interior—did not trouble us at all. The British Consul, to whom we applied, at once arranged the whole matter, and at the same time supplied Andrew with such a lot of information that he was happy and contented for days afterwards.

I feel like the children come home from a lovely party, or

rather like children *used* to be on such occasions, for I do not think they allow themselves such foolish enthusiasm nowadays, and the most I have been able to get out of them by the question "Did you enjoy yourself, dear?" is the admission that it was "not half bad." But I have memories of children coming home from wonderful Christmas parties, where a tree loaded with presents had given up its store, where a conjurer had performed marvellous tricks—"He took a likkle bird, auntie, a *truly* bird, and it wented away up his sleeve! An' he found a shilling in Flossie's curl!"—and where the evening ended with the delirious delights of "Turn the trencher" and "General post." After such a party the children didn't know what to tell first to the listening auntie, or mother, or even to cross nurse, who insisted that bed-time was long past. That is how I feel about Java. There is so much to tell about that I don't know where to begin!

Let me tell you about the country first—the garden of the East—surely one of the fairest spots on God's big, wonderful, beautiful world! It is a mountainous island. One never gets quite out of sight of the distant blue hills, rugged and broken in outline, for they are all of volcanic origin. It is a country of flowing water. Tiny streamlets trickle everywhere from the summits of those broken mountains; joining together they form numerous swift mountain streams, dashing and leaping at times, and at others flowing silently in some deep ravine overhung with masses of tropical foliage. Man has been very busy in this favoured land, and the hilly country,

as well as the plains, is terraced into innumerable paddy-fields. Paddy grows best in shallow trickling water, so the whole country is flooded and the necessary drainage kept up by an ingenious arrangement of levels. Every paddy-field has a mud bank round it to keep in the water, and a sort of overflow hole from which the stream descends to the next level. The country looks as if dotted with irregular-shaped pieces of looking-glass, for in the water mirror are reflected the blue sky, fleecy clouds and background of mountains. Here and there is a patch of vivid emerald which betrays the young paddy, and near by, perhaps, a bronze square which shows a ripe field. Rows of bare-legged people are at work. Their heads are protected with white cloths and their scanty garments are reflected in patches of crimson, orange or red-brown, which stain the mirror at their feet. Through these fields run the straightest of roads, bordered by trees, and all day long a busy stream toils along this road. In the early morning they go laughing and chattering to market; women with burdens strapped on their backs and often children also perched on their hips. Tiny children have a few chips of wood strapped on their little backs to accustom them to burden bearing, just as the baby Japanese carries a baby doll. The men hang their loads on either end of a long bamboo, and both men and women frequently carry sun umbrellas of oiled paper or gaudy cotton, which add still more notes of colour to the brilliant scene. The men are dressed like other Malays in jacket and *sarong*, or short drawers of cotton.

PLANTING PADDY IN JAVA.

Some wear (especially on grand occasions) long trousers of gaily patterned cotton, and the majority have crimson or yellow spotted handkerchiefs twisted into turbans on their heads. To the ordinary *sarong* and jacket (the latter, by the way, being often made very long) the Javanese women add a scarf, or *slendang*, which is worn over one shoulder, with a fringed end hanging down in front. Both in shape and in the rich bold harmony of colour, these garments resemble those worn by the Burmese.

Javanese villages are often very neat and pretty. The huts, raised Malay fashion on piles and usually containing but one room, are enclosed in courtyards, and the whole village is fenced round with a palisading of bamboo. Every village is provided with a sort of watch-house in which hangs a wooden gong, and the beating of this, according to the number of strokes given, conveys news to the next village in case of fire, attack from an enemy, or any other danger. I was very anxious whenever we passed one of these alarm stations to go in and bang the gong and see what would happen, but Andrew would not permit it. There is a lack of scientific curiosity about Andrew despite his thirst for information.

As I write London is plunged into one of her pet pea-soup fogs. This afternoon we got lost in Piccadilly, and wandered for hours, apparently round and round the central lamp-posts at Hyde Park Corner. Hemming us in on every side was thick, choking, yellow darkness, out of which came yells and the sound of trampling. Every now and then a grating, jarring noise proclaimed a collision. 'Buses, looking like silhouettes of mediæval towers, loomed up in unexpected quarters; red and violet eyes twinkled and died out; pale and emaciated rays of whiteness struggled through the blinding terrible fog. Clinging to each other in this Inferno,

we felt terribly like two poor little lost souls in the cold blackness of infinite space.

England, my country; London, my home; I love you still! but, considering the way in which I have stood up for your climate when it has been maligned by all sorts and conditions of "furriners," I think you might have let me down a little easier during the first winter months after I came from the sunny East. As I sit close to the fire and peer across the fog-darkened room at Andrew, I am forced to contrast the stuff with which my lungs are full with the air we breathed in Java.

I have already enthused so much about Java that I am almost afraid—but no! I must get away from the fog, so come along.

Andrew and I are staying in a big, cool, clean hotel in Batavia. We have an enormous shady room, and our clothes are all hung on a handy screen provided with pegs. In the tropics one can never put anything one is wearing in drawers or boxes. Everything must be constantly airing, with the consequence that one's bedroom looks like an old-clothes shop. Andrew and I are sipping our morning coffee on a sort of verandah which runs round a court. The verandah is partitioned off, and most of the partitions are occupied. I must mention that the hour is about 6 A.M. Andrew has bathed and dressed; I am attired in a lace and muslin wrapper with flowing ribbons; the occupants of other boxes are in pyjamas, *sarongs* and *kibayas*. The pyjamas, usually made full and loose and of flowered cotton or thin flannel, are clothing the manly forms of Dutch gentlemen; the sarongs and kibayas are worn by their "vrouws." The *sarong* you know already; it is tight behind and reaches to the ankles. The *kibaya* is nothing more nor less than a dressing-jacket of primitive cut. Tight in the sleeves and absolutely shapeless

in the body, it is constructed of lawn or muslin, trimmed with a little embroidery or lace, and fastened down the front with gold pins. It has an unseemly way of adhering to the figure, creasing and rounding with the curves of Nature. Now, all colonial Dutch ladies are not stout, but a vast majority who take no exercise and have excellent appetites must own the soft impeachment. It is customary for Dutch married ladies in the Netherlands Indies to wear this adaptation of the native garb until late in the afternoon. In it they go shopping during the morning, and may be seen taking their little stroll. They appear in it at luncheon, even at *table d'hôte*, albeit there is a suggestive notice posted in all hotels in three languages to the effect that every one is requested to come to table *decently dressed*. I have not yet added the finishing touch to the picture. They wear no stockings, but thrust their toes into little heelless slippers! To see them shuffling along with pink ankles and heels plainly visible was very trying to Andrew's Scottish Puritanism, but as we sat and sipped our perfectly delicious coffee he bore up bravely.

In this hotel, as in others, the baths were situated at some distance from the bedrooms, and consequently there was a sort of bath parade. Fat and elderly Dutchmen in yellow pyjamas, with towels over their arms, who were unable to find a vacancy stopped to chat with stout and amiable vrouws, who sat rocking recklessly in wicker chairs. A few young Englishmen who lived in the hotel might be seen making furtive dashes and hiding behind flower-pots. A *materfamilias*, who occupied, with a tribe of little Hollanders, a suite on the

other side of the court, was busy hanging out all sorts of small (and a few large) garments to air on the line in front of her verandah.

About 7 A.M. we breakfast: coffee or tea, bread, butter, potted meat, gingerbread, cold *soft*-boiled eggs (Ugh!) and a variety of other "broken meats," all cold. Then we walk, drive, shop, sketch, and photo to our hearts' content, but by 11 A.M. it is already very hot, and noon usually finds us in the shade of our verandah. Lunch is at one, and is the celebrated meal of the Dutch East Indies known as rice-table.

Rice is the foundation. One takes a good big pile on a deep plate; then follow dishes innumerable. Boiled and roast fowl, of which one selects a joint, cuts off the meat on a small plate, and deposits it on the apex of the mound of rice; fish cooked in various ways, curried meat and vegetables, a kind of forcemeat, eggs poached and curried, various sorts of pickles, the usual array of *sambals*—dried fish, chilies, and other hot condiments; these are the most usual and invariable dishes at rice-table, and are all taken on the same plate, cut up, mixed with the rice, and eaten with a spoon. In the hotels I never saw less than ten dishes offered, and on more than one occasion I counted twenty. Truth compels me to add that I very seldom saw a Dutchman help himself to all the dishes. Andrew did his best—and he is a famous trencherman—but even he was beaten by the vast agglomeration. After this comes very tough steak, salad and fried potatoes, cakes and coffee. It is one of the trials of Oriental life that one can't eat salad—nothing grown on the ground and watered by the

Chinaman—unless it is cooked. The reasons are obvious, but why, oh why! does the unsanitary Chinaman grow such crisp-looking lettuce and rosy radishes?

After this meal, eaten in the middle of a hot day, meditation is best, and the whole of the Dutch East Indies goes to rest for two and a half solid hours. The Dutch themselves retire to their rooms and shut doors and windows. At 4.30 or 5 they arise, take another bath, and dress for the evening. I have seen young officials, who went back to their work about 5, return at 7, take another bath and get into clean pyjamas, in which costume they remained till dinner-time. At dinner-time they are in immaculate white duck, and that is their invariable costume unless they are paying calls, when they must put on the black tail-coats of civilisation. Many ladies, having spent so much of the day in the loose native garb, find tight European costume extremely uncomfortable, and will only put it on if they are going to pay calls. I have heard of cases in which the unaccustomed corset proved too much for the wearer at a dinner-party, and she had to be assisted out and have her laces promptly cut! Dinner is from 8 to 9—nearer the latter hour. Calls must be paid from 7 to 8, and it is not correct to leave until the dinner hour strikes. The favourite form of party is a dance, and the colonial Dutch are not only passionately fond of dancing, but do it very well. I was told that a married lady must always introduce her partner to her husband, unless, of course, they are acquainted; otherwise, everything is very pleasant and informal. An English lady in Batavia told us she had endeavoured to break up the stiffness of her "At Home" days by having music, but as a rule custom was too strong to permit the ice to be broken. The etiquette of these "At Homes" seems to be that the ladies should sit in a circle of rocking-chairs, and that the men should group themselves at

a little distance round the table where the *pahits* are. The *pahit* is a before-meals drink, and is tossed off in tiny glasses. It is composed, I believe, of gin and aniseed. I tasted it once, but never again. Andrew said it was horrible, but that, like whisky and soda, he took it medicinally, which speaks volumes for his strength of mind.

Now, I think you have made a bowing acquaintance with the colonial Dutch, and we will start off up-country in search of that pure air of which the London fog (by force of contrast) reminded me.

Batavia is such a big city that it has a local railway connecting its various parts. Once on the grand trunk line of Java, we soon leave behind the rich rolling plains and glistening paddy-fields, and begin to toil literally up the sides of mountains. On either side is spread a constantly changing panorama. Sometimes the green mountain runs sheer up on the right, terraced with tiny paddy-fields almost to its summit, while on the left a wide undulating plain stretches away to blue foot-hills. Then a deep chasm opens on the right, we see far beneath us a rushing mountain torrent spanned by a slender bamboo bridge. A deep and verdant valley opens before our eyes, a tiny brown village nestles in soft green foliage. Everywhere the rich luxuriant tropical growth of trees, palms, shrubs and flowers—rich, yet not wild, for man has made this fair country verily his own. Despite her natural grace and air of luxuriance, she is in all things obedient to his will. Java is truly a garden, and a well-kept garden, for she yields her fruit in due season, and is cultivated to the utmost of her capacity.

The trains have three classes, and many Dutch travel second, but the first is sufficiently uncomfortable, being constructed usually with two leather seats running the length of the carriage, divided in the middle by a head rest, so

MOUNTAIN, ROAD AND PADDY-FIELDS.

constructed that one's head couldn't possibly rest on it. In the two front corners it is possible to sit with some comfort with one's back to the engine, but always sideways. There are newer first class cars, with cane-backed seats and flap tables, more like our own but certainly not luxurious, and as there are no smoking carriages the men smoke everywhere, and the compartments get smoky and stuffy despite open windows. The Dutch do not seem to feel discomfort. The men in their white suits sit quietly smoking and reading, and at the end of a dozen hours are as neat and nearly as clean as when they started.

The journey is a very long one, and during part of the day hot and dusty. Several ladies and gentlemen are in our compartment, the latter in spotless ducks, the former in cotton dressing-gowns, which appear to be quite *en règle* for travelling. They do not often wear hats, but for travelling a toque is the favourite complement to the "Mother Hubbard," as these cotton wrappers are called. I once saw a lady who pained me very much. She wore a pink cotton "Mother Hubbard," a Parisian toque, black spotted veil and diamond earrings. I am bound to confess that whereas I, in my tight-fitting shirt and blue skirt, not only found the journey extremely tiring, but fidgeted Andrew almost out of his wits, the Dutch ladies, having settled as it were in a gelatinous heap in either corner, hardly moved for the rest of the day.

Their luggage consists chiefly of small flat tin boxes, enamelled yellow: a Saratoga trunk would create a sensation among the porters here, or rather the miscellaneous herd that descends upon one's baggage. One man, one burden, is their motto, and the smallest parcel must have an individual porter who expects an individual tip!

We buy quantities of fruit as we go along, and have a perfectly vile meal served to us in a luncheon-basket at one

of the stations. At six o'clock, having been steadily puffing up mountains all day, the engine is apparently tired, so although some passengers have only a few miles to go we are all bundled out and made to spend the night at a small railway hotel. This is the invariable procedure; and no one but ourselves seems to resent it in the least. The Dutch ladies slip thankfully into their *sarongs* and *kibayas*, the Dutch gentlemen light fresh cigars and begin to call for *pahits*, and we sit in rocking-chairs, wondering hungrily when our dinner will be ready, and trying meanwhile to defend ourselves from the mosquitoes. I go straight to bed after a most indifferent meal, and fall asleep in the act of declaring that I shall never close my eyes in that hot stuffy room.

It is one of the numerous blessings which Providence bestows on Andrew and myself that we can sleep practically anywhere and anyhow. I am inclined to think that if people would only realise that to pass "a sleepless night" does *not* cast a halo of romance round the sufferer, that they would give up boasting of such things, and sometimes might even sleep better. "My dear, I never slept a wink, and your father was snoring away all night!" I wonder if I shall ever in the dim future find myself repeating the well-worn formula to little Andrews and Ethels! When I hear of people who travel with their own beds and pillows I feel a pang of genuine pity. Only think of it, ye insomnic ones! Andrew and I, during one of our Eastern wanderings, slept in no less than forty-two different beds and berths, and I can only recollect some half-dozen nights which by any stretch of the imagination could be called bad. Even stray mosquitoes inside a stuffy net have proved insufficient to break my slumbers, and in consequence I have more than once awoke to find my delicate regular features accentuated by certain unnecessary red bumps.

While I am on the subject of beds, let me describe the

Dutch colonial variety. It is almost square, and has four posts like the old English ones; a mattress and two very hard pillows are covered in the whitest of linen, and a long bolster is placed down the middle. This is not to prevent two people from fighting, though I well remember adopting the same plan in my childhood when all other attempts to define a common frontier with my sister had failed. The bolster is known as the "Dutch wife," and is used in many parts of the Far East and in India as a rest for hot and weary limbs. On a hot night it is an unspeakable relief to curl one leg round a cool "Dutch wife." A rug is always provided, and is necessary even in the hottest climes. In Manila, for instance, even in the summer, there is a cool, delicious moment at about two in the morning, when one is glad to draw up a light rug. In the higher towns of Java it is possible to sleep with a rug all night, and when the mountain health-resorts are reached blankets and quilts are necessary.

The railway journey resumed, let us suppose that we are going to Tosari, a famous health-resort. As a matter of fact this place must be visited from Sourabaya, which is at the extreme east of Java, as Batavia is at the west. But I am not going to tell you about Sourabaya at all; it is hot, rather ugly, has steam trams and busy wharves, and presents no particularly novel features.

To get to Tosari one leaves the railway-line about forty miles from Sourabaya and takes a sort of dogcart. These dogcarts are drawn by rat-like though wiry ponies, one being usually harnessed to the cart, while another is attached by ropes to the side—a most primitive pair. The driver sits in front and the passengers behind, sometimes on a little seat arranged phaeton-fashion and sometimes with back to the horses. Now, Andrew is not exactly a feather-weight, and I am what is

politely termed a "fine young woman." Later on I shall doubtless be called "a fat old woman," but at present the courtesy due to youth preserves me from such insult. When we sit together on a back seat, the whole conveyance has a tendency to collapse backwards and rear both the ponies in the air. We tried to ride in front, and compelled the driver to hang on behind and drive over one wheel, but the arrangement was unsatisfactory, for the reins were always getting mixed up with the off-pony's tail. Then Andrew mounted in front and made the driver squat beside him, but this aroused so much amusement and derision in the village that for the honour of Europe we were obliged to desist. At last we decided to take two dogcarts, and so mounted we arrived at the half-way house after a long and very bumpy drive, part of it so steep that I implored Andrew to get out of his dogcart and ease the ponies. Andrew argued the subject and did *not* get out, which is unusual. As a rule, the minute he argues—with me—he is lost. The fact that we were in separate dogcarts had probably something to do with his temporary triumph.

The half-way house is called Poespoh and is 2200 feet above the sea. The latter part of our drive being passed in drenching rain, we were not able to see much of the country, but after dinner in the very clean and comfortable hotel, we found that the weather had cleared and were able to see in the moonlight the great volcanic peaks at whose feet we seemed to nestle, while below us the country stretched away in infinite gradations of grey. The next part of the journey must be done on horseback, or rather pony-back, and takes about three hours. The steep and rocky road winds up, first through thick forests, affording every now and then exquisite glimpses of broken gorges with splashing waterfalls, or, perhaps, through a break in the thick green, a panoramic view of the country

below. Up and up, out on to a more open road, twisting along the smooth sides of the mountains through fields of maize and hill-paddy. Suddenly I saw a small blue flower growing at our feet and almost crushed by my pony's hoofs. A harebell—so far from bonnie Scotland! It seems hard to realise that this little familiar flower is not, like ourselves, a stranger in this wonderful tropical country; but many flowers and trees of species similar to our own grow in this mountainous region, where the air is cold and keen even in the most brilliant sun. The mountain ash overshadows green glades of bracken; the forget-me-not lurks in moist ditches; daisies and buttercups peep out unexpectedly, and fragile wild roses twine with convolvulus.

At last we have arrived at the point for which we set out many pages ago! London, with dirt and fog, the choking Underground and the draughty, stuffy Tube are left behind. We are at Tosari, perched as it were on the very summit of a mountain, while all around us is spread a vast amphitheatre of giants—great towering massive peaks, broken and jagged, some thickly wooded with rich green, others scarred and seamed with lava streams. As for the colouring, it is indescribable. The rarity of the atmosphere, the immense distances to which we can see, the blazing sunlight and blue sky of the tropics, all combine to produce an effect of deep, clear, pure colouring which defies all description.

If one does one's duty properly, after spending a night at Tosari, one ascends the Bromo, a volcanic crater which is some 7000 feet above the sea-level. I made that ascent in the spirit. The flesh was still rebellious after my ride, and I am inclined to think that Andrew's was the same. I tried hard to persuade him to make the ascent. I appealed to his Highland blood, and wondered how a scion of a noble mountain race could bear to sit in an easy chair with his feet

on another, while splendid hills called him to come and conquer. In vain, Andrew only settled himself more comfortably, and refusing to be drawn into an argument, said sentimentally that he wanted to stay with his dear wife! Because of his conduct, dear reader, I can't tell you about the Bromo, but I have reason to believe that people go there and come back very sore and tired and cross, but that, when they get to a safe distance and are talking to people who have never been, they say it is the most delightful little trip possible.

CHAPTER IV

MORE ABOUT THE GARDEN

An ancient Javanese town—The palace of the Sultan—We go for a drive—Our carriage and four—Boro-Bodor—Buddha "at home"—A peep into the fourteenth century—Stories in stone—Caught in the rain—A wayside dancer—Memories—The Spanish gitana at Granada—Burmese affinities—At Garoet—Of happiness and climate—Stamford Raffles

UNLESS we are to stay in Java for the rest of this book I must hurry on. We have as yet only visited Batavia and this mountain village. I want you to see Djokjakarta, (whose crackjaw name is familiarly abbreviated into Djokja) to visit the residence of the Sultan there, and see his funny tumbledown palace and the courtiers stalking about in the quaintest costumes. They have a great way of picking up one garment of European wear, such as a battered hat, or blue coat with brass buttons, and wearing it together with their native dress. Policemen, even in full uniform, wear a red handkerchief knotted round their heads, and perch a little cap on the top, and soldiers do the same with their helmets. Djokja is a very ancient town, and was the centre

of a great sultanate. The palace is in the middle of a sort of walled city, if indeed such high-sounding names as "palace" and "city" can be applied to these places at all. There are ruins of a water tower with quaint baths and fountains; and there is a wonderful native market where the native-spun and dyed cottons are hung up for sale along with fruit, cakes, and every other article for which the Javanese can find use. Altogether there is plenty of sport for the snap-shotter or material for sketching.

The following is from my diary, written on the verandah of our room in the spacious, comfortable hotel; looking out on a square, where in the shadow of a huge tree, a brown mother, in garments of tawny red and yellow, croons over her brown baby.

Here a Javanese soldier wears his helmet

This morning we drove about fifteen miles to see the famous Hindu temple of Boro-Bodor, built at the time that Buddhism was the religion of Java and Hindu influence supreme. Our equipage was most imposing, for we had an open victoria with four ponies.

The driver was smartly attired in blue cotton, with a red handkerchief twisted about his head and a shiny yellow hat shaped like a bowl. The "footman" in similar costume hung on behind, and at intervals would drop down, run to the front and urge on the horses with the whip and shouts of "Ir-r-e—ir-r-re—yok—yok!" The cracking of the whip is a great science with Malay drivers, and indeed their whole demeanour on such an occasion is full of importance, and everything is done with the greatest show of haste and any amount of bustle and talk.

Andrew and I tried to look as if we drove in a carriage and four every day, and even felt a little hurt when the country people as we passed, did not kneel or crouch down

INSIDE THE WALLED CITY, DJOKJA.

as they would have done had we been Dutch officials or Malay nobles. This custom has been commented on as illustrating the tyranny of the Dutch, but as a matter of fact it is merely the expression of respect to their social superiors to which most Orientals were accustomed. In Burmah, as in Java, a native riding a horse would dismount on meeting a European or a noble, and it cannot be said that more freedom of manner has improved their morals.

Half way we halt for a change of horses, which is effected in a charming village where a native market is being held under the shade of some big trees. Our second relay of horses carries us to a point where the road suddenly turns and seems to make directly for a blue mountain which has hung for some time to one side of our route. As we get nearer to it we are anxiously on the look out for Boro-Bodor; and at last, after plunging through a village where we see the ruined temple of Mendort, we emerge on the other side in a long straight avenue ascending steeply at the far end. With crack of whip and many shouts our ponies are urged to a gallop up this hill, and then with a sharp turn we are whirled along a road twisting round a hill. Up and up we go till with a final spurt we are pulled up opposite a little whitewashed bungalow, the *Pasangrahan*, or Rest House, and facing it, on the crest of the hill, stands the wonderful temple of Boro-Bodor.

The first impression is of a huge reddish-grey mass, rising in a confused tangle to a small round dome, half broken. A broad flight of stone steps faces us, and as we draw nearer we perceive the design of the temple. It is, as it were, the crown of the hill on which it stands, and consists of six quadrangular walls, diminishing as the hill is ascended and having terraces between them. The two first terraces are wide and open, and all round them are carvings in bas-relief. The

third, fourth and fifth have a sort of stone balustrade, the inside of which is also carved. We ascend from one terrace to another by steep steps under carved and broken arches. The upper terraces are not carved, but contain at intervals curious cupolas of stone lattice-work, intended to contain images of Buddha. There are three circles of these, sixty-two cupolas in all, and then the last terrace is reached, and we walk round the ruined central cupola and note that its lower stones are carved in the likeness of a flower-cup—a lotus no doubt, of which the cupola itself forms the yet unopened bud. In the hollow interior of this, under half-falling stones and buried to the neck in earth is a large Buddha, and so life-like did it appear, smiling suddenly out of the darkness, that I gave a cry of surprise, and for the moment thought it alive. Headless images of the god, carved in black stone sit all round the temple, in niches, or on the terraces. Some of the figures are not headless, and all have the same gentle ineffable smile, the calm peaceful air and half womanish figure. The hands lie peacefully in the lap, or are half raised—carved flat against the body with outturned palms. This gentle, beautiful, smiling deity seems a fit emblem of the country in which it has found a home. We look around us from the height at which we stand, and below us we see the green plain, the tree-fringed road, the gleaming water on paddy fields. This plain is fenced in by a ring of stately mountains, the hill on which we stand being a spur of one of them. We can look all round us and see the everlasting hills on every side, gleaming with purples and lustrous silver as the sun pierces the clouds that hang over them. Truly, these old Hindoos knew how to choose a site for their temple!

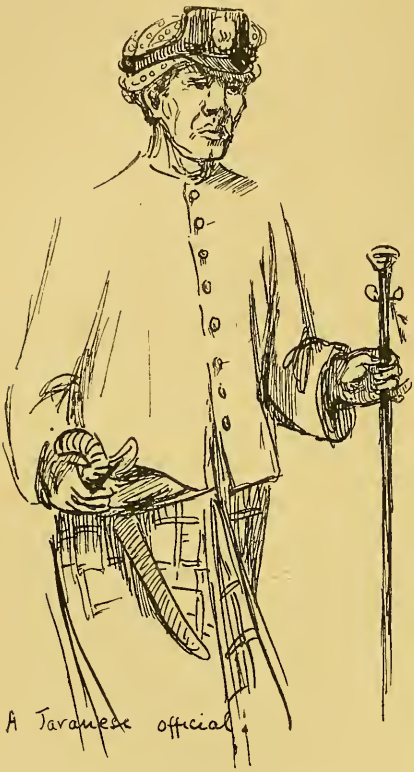
As we walk slowly round the terraces we are struck with the wonderful reality of the sculpture. The highest have no

A MOUNTAIN ROAD, JAVA.

carving, only the Buddhas in their stone cages; the three next are chiefly taken up with representations of Buddha in many attitudes and accompanied by various figures, male and female, some apparently resting upon clouds. But the lowest terrace save one is a gallery of pictures of life as it was in those days—the guide-book says it is the history of Buddha from his birth to his Nirvana, but that does not matter. Here we have the daily life of men and women. They lie at rest upon a sort of trestle—the *charpoy* of Hindustan—slaves fanning them with scented grass fans, such as one buys to-day in the Indian bazaars. They sit at their ease while dancing-girls delight them. The dancing figure is drawn with none of the *chic* and *élan* with which a modern French sculptor would present her; there is no attempt to give the swirl of skirts or a distorted twist of the body, and yet half close the eyes, and this rudely and forcibly lined figure, with arms held stiffly down and narrow drapery is actually *dancing*, dancing with the slow, dreamy turns, the bending hands and feet of the Oriental. Then we have sterner scenes; an archer is bending his bow—we can feel the straining of the wood; a ship is beating up against a storm, her rigging quaintly suggested, her great pot-bellied sides and heavy timbering reminding us of the old days when such ships sailed from Tyre and Sidon, and the spirit of enterprise tempted men to trust themselves to the unknown ocean in these clumsy picturesque vessels. We are left in no doubt as to the manner of men who carved these pictures. Here they are on every side, with large eyes and hooked noses; wide moustached and often bearded warriors are they, with many-folded turbans, quite unlike the round-faced, flat-nosed Malay, with his protruding mouth and scanty beard.

There are many corners in these terraces, and round one of

them we come on a scene in our picture-gallery which sets us laughing. It is a scramble of some sort, men are running and tumbling over each other. Near by we have Buddha as calm and collected as ever, and with a soup-plate halo round the back of his head, but one feels he must in some way be disturbed by that merry crowd! The pictures number over 400 on this terrace, so time will not allow anything like a full description; but we have mothers holding their babies, kings going out to war on their elephants, girls whispering to each other, or lying in graceful attitudes asleep, their heads pillowed on each other's shoulders—one is awake, and stretches out her arm to make her playmate more comfortable. Animals and birds come to pay their devoirs to the god; elephants are numerous, and besides there are monkeys, buffaloes, deer, peacocks, and other animals. Some of the carvings seem to represent fables or stories; for instance, a ship is crowded with men in evident terror, one is swarming up the side in tremendous haste, a big fish with gaping jaws and terrible teeth threatens them. A turtle is carved in the previous panel, and just after that we see that



the ship has evidently been wrecked for the crew are only saved by climbing on to the turtle's back, where they maintain a precarious position. The last panel shows the rescued mariners apparently worshipping the turtle.

It is all so full of life; that is what surprises us. This big dead pile of a forgotten people, with its empty ruined terraces, is silent until we turn to the walls, and then how eloquent do the stones become. The terraces are crowded—crowded with figures; the place is alive with them. They are swarming round these walls, and we can almost hear the eager accents of their strange speech. The characteristic of these remarkable sculptures, especially those of the second terrace, which are some of the best preserved, is the unconventionality of treatment, the wealth of imagination, and the naturalness of expression. The figures are arranged without any particular relation to the canons of art, but the grouping is always effective. The story is told first—the reclining figure in the centre and the slave girl with the fan at her feet; then the rest of the panel is filled in with attendants as naturally as possible, every figure falling into its place. The skill in drawing is sometimes remarkable, as in the instance of a kneeling slave, whose bare curved back and foreshortened leg is turned to us, the soles of his feet outwards, the whole attitude remarkably lifelike. Here and there are conventional ornaments chiselled out, and these seemed to me more delicate than the carvings. The bas-relief ornaments which represent Buddha's temples in the upper terraces are of the usual type of Hindu-Buddhist temples—ornate and rather uncouth, but picturesque.

Tradition assigns this temple to about the fourteenth century A.D. It was evidently dedicated solely to Buddha, and contains no images of other gods such as are found in profusion in other temples in Java.

To the English belongs the honour of having first discovered these carvings, which had been covered with earth, probably by the last worshippers of Buddha. Recent visitors to the Hindu temples at Brambanan, which are as remarkable as Boro-Bodor, describe how they found little offerings of betel-nut laid before the shrines of certain gods. Little is done by the Dutch to preserve these unique remains, which are rapidly falling into decay. The rain saturating the earthen core and percolating through the outer shell of masonry must be gradually undermining the whole structure.

Talking about rain, it certainly knows how to rain in Java. This is the rainy season, but is unusually dry, luckily for us. The rain begins regularly every afternoon at about 1.30 P.M. and continues steadily till five o'clock, when the sun comes out again. As we returned from Boro-Bodor the torrent came down, and in a few minutes the roads were rushing rivers, through which the ponies plunged at a gallop and the carriage followed splashing and bumping. We had the hood up and a mackintosh apron, but little streams trickled in and we were very wet. Our driver and his *aide-de-camp* were of course wet to the skin, but did not seem to mind, and in a short time the sun came out and dried us all up again with wonderful quickness.

Just one more sketch, this time from the wayside scenes which are a never-failing delight in this picturesque land. Dancing, I may mention, is a favourite entertainment of the Javanese, and Court dancers are employed by the Sultans. These are usually attired in wonderful gilt tinsel head-dresses, and perform weird gyrations, while the play-actors, who also provide popular entertainment, are attired in long robes and wear grotesque masks. Puppets and dancing dolls, all hideous and fantastic, are in high favour, and I believe they are made to enact plays of a semi-religious, semi-historical character

dating from Hindu times, which are now quite beyond the real comprehension of the Javanese. As I have no time now to describe all these varied entertainments with which the merry, laughter-loving Javanese beguile the hours, I will give merely a little picture of a travelling company and dancing-girl, performing by the wayside near a village.

A noise is heard along the road, a sort of chanting accompanied by the musical monotonous notes of a native zither and the tom-toming of a drum. It is a dancing-girl, and a group gathers round her as she stands by the wayside. We must stop, too, and look over the heads of the low-statured Malays to see the sight. We see a slight girl of about eleven or twelve years, with a pretty, mignonne little dark face, sleek black hair twisted up with silver pins, slender brown arms and bare shoulders, and the tiniest little hands, whose red-stained fingers are constantly outspread and quivering. She wears a blue and yellow *sarong*, a tight sort of velvet bodice, which comes over her hips and is fastened with a silver belt. She has a pale blue *slendang* wound round her shoulders and passed through her belt, and this she uses every now and then, waving it, letting it fill out with the breeze, or giving the falling end a saucy little toss out behind. We are instantly transported in imagination to a grassy knoll outside a ruined Moorish palace in Southern Spain, where a group of ragged children is playing, and one brown-faced imp with ragged black locks poses in their midst as a *danseuse*, with arms bent out from the elbows and body twisting and turning as the little head is held stiffly on one side. There is no quick step, the unshod feet are twisted from heel to toe with supple stiffness, the body turns, the arms are held out, the outstretched hands with quivering little fingers are bent sharply up from the wrists. The child is a gipsy, one of the strange race whose origin is so obscure. She has seen her elder sisters, in

operatic clothes donned for the benefit of the tourist, dance such a dance as this, such a dance as her people must have brought from the sunny East. The ragged imp is supremely unconscious; she has no trappings to aid her, no band to accompany her save the clapping hands of her playmates. The Malay child is attired in a costume which seems to her gorgeous. She has half a dozen men seated round her whose rude instruments keep up a continuous rhythm, and who every now and then break into a plaintive chant. She has the supreme self-control, the little air of unconscious mannerism of a trained performer; she is lithe and graceful, where the other can barely conceal under her rags the robust limbs of her race. And yet—the likeness is remarkable; and while we watch the sleek, slender, dainty little Malay, full of the repose, the dignity, the colour of the East, she gives that twitch to her falling scarf, and we remember the saucy twirl of her rags with which the little *gitana* delighted us.

Much in all these scenes reminds one vividly of Burma. Not only the costumes—the *sarongs*, and many-coloured cotton coats of both sexes, and the graceful scarf twisted over one shoulder and under the arms with ends hanging down; not only many of the faces that peer up from under the broad basket hats; but the music, the musical zither, the full mellow tones of gongs, beaten sometimes in the evening, and dying away in circles of perfect musical sound between each clang; the tom-toming of bamboo drums, and the monotonous chanting on three or four notes with which a native band accompanies its music; even the dancing-girl with a slight variation of costume might be Burmese.

Space forbids that I should write any more about Java, and yet I have told you very little of all there is to see. I should like to linger again in spirit at Garoet, a lovely village among hills. Garoet, with flower-emblossomed

A WAYSIDE DANCER AND NATIVE BAND.

bungalows, with long white roads between paddy fields which reflect the blue mountains on either side. Garoet is in the mountains, but one doesn't have to walk up-hill every time one goes out. The air sparkles; it is like champagne. One never realises the possibilities of life until one breathes such air. Well do I remember one early morning when we drove through a landscape still scintillating with dewy freshness. The gay colours, the fresh pure air, the exquisite landscape of mountain, river and field, ever new and ever changing, all these were enough in themselves to make happiness, but added to that I had youth, health, love, and that modest competence which is the only true wealth Life seemed almost too full of pleasure and beauty, and it is hard at such times to realise the pain and suffering of the world.

I want before we leave this lovely island of Java to take my reader to a grave. Many people have perhaps forgotten that for a short period an Englishman once ruled Java, but Stamford Raffles has left many marks on the land. This is neither the time nor the place to tell of his work. Unsuccessful in some ways he yet accomplished more than many who are deemed successes. He was the father and founder of Singapore, and one of Britain's real Empire-builders. In the far-famed botanical gardens of Buitenzorg, said to be the finest tropical gardens in the world, is the tomb of his first wife, and standing beside this lonely English grave Andrew told me of Stamford Raffles' life, of how misfortune dogged him, critics aspersed him and ill-health pursued him. His beloved children by a second wife died one after the other, his money affairs went wrong, and finally, on leaving his post at Bencoolen in Sumatra (where he was sent when recalled from Java), the vessel caught fire, and he and his wife and surviving child escaped only with their lives, losing in the conflagration not only all their personal effects, jewellery and

papers, but priceless collections of all sorts, on which Raffles had been engaged for thirty years. Under all afflictions, however, it is recorded that he remained constant and cheerful, and his tireless energy enabled him to begin afresh his collections and writings. Few people know that it is to the initiative of the only British Governor of Java, the explorer of Sumatra and founder of Singapore, that we owe the foundation of the Zoological Gardens in London.

CHAPTER V

THE FLIGHT OF THE *SWALLOW*

Of borrowing—The *Swallow* and her crew—*Dolce-far-niente*—Among the isles—We ship a pirate—He runs us aground—A voyage of discovery—On the Borneo coast—Ah Ting—We lose our way, our food and our tempers—A forlorn hope—Andrew disappears—Ah Ting as a Job's comforter—Propriety and the engineer—A wet night—A wetter morning—I am hungry—The engineer's illness—And recovery—Andrew to the rescue—An heroic figure—Andrew and Ah Ting pack up—Consequences—We board the *Sarie Brunei*—Farewell to the *Swallow*

IT is quite impossible in this little book, which does not pretend to be anything more than a series of impressions, to give any idea of all the places visited by Andrew and myself during our protracted wanderings in the Malay archipelago, and already I have indulged too much in description. Let me hope that R. L. Stevenson is not right when he says that no one wants to read about scenery. No two people, he says, ever *talked* for any length of time about scenery, and I have been talking at unconscionable length about little else; but before I begin to tell of a part of our journey in which the human interest predominates, I must recite the ignominious end of our yachting expedition

among the Western Pacific isles, and by way of contrast with Java must describe another Dutch possession in the East. Andrew insists on this. He says any one who reads my eulogies of the Dutch and Java might call me a pro-Boer, unless I gave the dark side of the picture as well.

Andrew has a marvellous capacity for borrowing—not money, but everything else. When I married him I can safely assert that hardly two articles of his underclothing bore the same initials, while his handkerchiefs were a sort of index to his friendships. He has a way with him that inspires confidence, and people seem perfectly willing to lend him anything, from a house and servants down to a collar-stud. Andrew has, I fear, traded on this peculiarity, and has been accustomed throughout life to travel comfortably through the world, wearing other men's dress-shirts. I was not at all surprised, therefore, when he announced one day at Sourabaya that some one had just lent him a steam yacht. The *Swallow* was a trim little craft, manned entirely by Malays with the exception of a Scots engineer. If there is a ship of any kind afloat in Eastern waters which does not boast a Scots engineer she ought to be put under a glass case, or exhibited at the next Earl's Court show. Of this more anon. At present Andrew and I are engaged in stocking the *Swallow* with provisions and engaging a servant to assist the ship's cook and generally look after us. Ah Ting was the name of the veteran Chinaman, who was recommended to us as an old and experienced servant. He looked about sixty, but was probably less. His queer, wrinkled old face had a perpetual expression of perplexity, and his square figure with stiff legs and curious waddling gait made him a most comic sight. His English was about as limited as my Malay, but between

the two we managed to get along. Andrew never could stand Ah Ting. The old fellow's slow movements, shifty glance and invariable excuses, given always with a martyred air whenever discovered in a dereliction of duty, annoyed the great Bashaw, who had been used to the smartest of Chinese and Hindu servants. Of course Ah Ting wanted a little money in advance "to buy rice," although we had reason to know that he was an exceedingly "warm" man. He also made a great fuss about getting fresh fruit and fish for us, and managed to get allowances from both of us for this purpose.

Our Malay captain on the look out

We had a most successful little cruise among the less frequented islands of Malaysia. At most of them a Dutch Resident and a few traders gave a flavour of civilisation to the scene, but we lived entirely on the *Swallow*, contenting ourselves with the lazy life; steaming through blue waters, anchoring off the thickly wooded islands and watching the swarms of little boats which quickly surrounded the yacht with loads of fruit and fish. Some day perhaps I may return to those sunny days and tell of the spice groves, the native markets held in boats; the islands where Buddha is still worshipped and caste distinctions are found; of Dobbo, where annually hundreds of natives meet for a great water fair, and all the other strange and beautiful sights of the Malay islands. But now we must hurry on to the last days of our cruise on the *Swallow*. We were anxious, from the north coast of Celebes, to get to Dutch Borneo. From there we hoped to find a ship to take us back to Singapore, since the *Swallow* was due to meet her master at Macassar. Now, Celebes is the home of a daring race of seamen known as Bugis, and as these, until very recent times, were pirates and accustomed to raid the coast

of Borneo, we thought we were safe in trusting one to act as our pilot. He would take us, he said, straight to Boelongan. Therefore, it was with easy minds that we sighted the low-lying Borneo coast, and soon our pilot informed us that we were opposite the Boelongan river. The very antiquated charts belonging to the yacht informed us that a sand-bar stretched across the mouth of this river and could only be crossed at high tide, and, sure enough, at that moment we slid with a jerk into something! The engineer gave a yell, and in a few seconds the reversing engines pulled us off again, but by this time our pilot had begun to get nervous and said he thought the river was "over there," pointing vaguely down the coast. Andrew and the engineer then deposed the ex-pirate, and calling for the old Malay captain held a council of war. After manœuvring for some time with various instruments about which they all seemed equally ignorant, they decided that we were altogether in the wrong latitude, and accordingly put out to sea, and then began to steam slowly down the coast. Afraid of missing the river's mouth in the dark, we anchored for the night under the lee of a small island, and next morning proceeded on the voyage of discovery. At tiffin a disagreeable fact was disclosed. The stock of bread was all gone, and Ah Ting had no flour to make more. We tiffined unpleasantly off sweet biscuits and fish. About four o'clock we sighted a distinct opening in the coast, and the pilot came rushing up, pointing to it and saying "Boelongan" with a triumphant air. Very cautiously we steamed in, and found ourselves in a sort of fork, with an island in the middle and several narrow passages apparently meandering inland. The question was —which? And the place by no means corresponded with

descriptions we had had. A few native boats with wretched-looking Malays on board shot out from the reeds and rushes, and we could see that they were fishers. Then came a fair-sized boat with a small covered place at one end and the other heaped with a miscellaneous assortment of tinned meat, milk, pots, pans, fruit, cloth and cottons. A Chinaman paddled at one end and evidently was the owner of this floating store. It was explained to us that the enterprising John travels thus among the scattered fisher-folk of the coasts and rivers, and barters with them for gutta, edible moss which grows on the coral reefs, and birds' nests. These they collect and keep for him, and no doubt he makes an excellent thing out of the exchange, since the articles he gets command a high price in China. What is most striking, however, is the daring way in which a solitary Chinaman trades alone and unprotected among these wild and lawless Malays—many pirates, and others sea-Dyaks, with an unenviable reputation as head-hunters. At one isolated point on the East Borneo coast a Chinaman actually established a store. Occasional Chinese junks called in there, and he collected jungle produce from the natives and disposed of it to the traders who came. He prospered, and built a large go-down; began to exercise authority over the whole neighbourhood, and kept excellent order. At last, however, he began to press the lax Malays for what was due to him. Many owed him money, and all were more or less in his debt. One night his house and store were set on fire and he himself murdered. The Malays thought they had got rid of their tyrant. But no! By one of the first junks arrived another patient, courteous Chinaman, who rebuilt the go-downs and started to trade in the old way. I believe he is there still, but it must be hoped that he gives unlimited credit.

From the natives who were paddling about we elicited the

following information. They knew nothing of Boelongan, but were quite sure the "big ship" could not go up any of the channels. The pilot, who had been very cock-a-hoop up to the present, strutting about on deck with an "alone I done it" air, now disappeared suddenly and was not to be found, though the engineer sought him high and low, breathing vengeance. We had no option save to anchor for the night, and Ah Ting announced the mournful news that we had arrived at our penultimate tin of soup and that the last fowl had just died. We dined chiefly off tinned sausages and sweet potatoes, the latter also the last of our vegetables. Next morning we again put out to sea and proceeded to steam down the coast, but soon after a meagre lunch of biscuits, sardines, and jam, which reminded me of art-student days, we sighted a series of wide openings in the coast corresponding with what we had heard of the Boelongan delta. It was decided that we should anchor where we were —we had steamed in as near as we dared to the supposed sand-bar, and could see the line of the breakers and a buoy bobbing about not far off—and that Andrew in the lifeboat should go nearer in and endeavour to find natives to guide us. I watched the boat growing smaller and smaller until it was only just in sight and I could no longer distinguish Andrew's white coat and sun-hat. Suddenly a shout was heard and the engineer came springing on deck. "There's a ship over yonder," he said, and sure enough, several miles up the coast, we could see a large vessel steam slowly out of one of the openings. Once clear she apparently anchored, and we presumed that she was waiting for high tide to cross the bar. The question was how to attract Andrew. In the somewhat forlorn hope that one of the sailors would understand, we hastily got out the signal-book and ran up "Return," and to our joy we saw that the boat was actually turning

back; but it was another hour before Andrew and his men reached the *Swallow*. It seems they had not noticed our famous signal, but had seen the new-comer. It was decided that Andrew should go off again with a fresh crew to the stranger ship, and should either get a pilot to take the *Swallow* in or push on up the river to Boelongan and get aid from the Dutch *contrôleur*, to whom we had introductions. At four o'clock I said a tearful farewell for the second time. A little breeze had sprung up, and, riding at anchor in an unsheltered spot, the *Swallow* was tossing backwards and forwards in the most uncomfortable way. My farewells to Andrew were, therefore, mixed up with an agonised appeal to Ah Ting to bring me a bucket. But Ah Ting was himself incapable at that moment; and as I braced myself tightly against the taffrail, and endeavoured to pull myself together sufficiently to wave my hand to my departing husband, I became aware of my "boy" in an attitude of complete abandonment over the side of the lower deck just beneath. Later on he clambered up the steps and did his best for me, but he now developed a pessimistic view of things which made him suggest appalling possibilities. "Master go 'way long time?" he asked. I replied with warmth: "No, Ah Ting, master go 'way velly little time; back chop-chop!" Ah Ting intimated that he had nothing for master's dinner; but I replied that master would doubtless bring bread and that the last tin of soup must be divided into two portions.

The brilliant sunshine faded into an angry sunset, and the light grew dim. Far away I could see the little boat tossing

up and down, and discern Andrew's white hat. At last, through strong glasses, I saw him reach the distant ship, and the white speck vanished over the side. Then darkness came down and it began to rain heavily.

The *Swallow* was a dear little boat, but in wet weather she had drawbacks. The lower deck, on which were the little eating and sleeping saloons, the bathroom and the quarters for the crew, had a very narrow deck on either side. When it rained doors and windows had to be shut. If the boat heeled over or a big wave came the water usually washed over this deck and into the cabins, so that it was advisable to leave nothing on the floor. The upper deck was protected by an awning and tarpaulin was lashed round the sides; but somehow or other the rain washed in and swished about on the deck. There wasn't, on this occasion, a dry spot anywhere; but still, retreat to the shut-up cabin was impossible. I got into a long mackintosh-coat, and with a rug round my feet and an umbrella over my head I extended myself in a long chair which was lashed to the mast, for by this time the *Swallow* was dancing merrily about on the waves.

I don't think I should have minded if it had not been for Andrew, but as hour after hour went by and he did not re-appear, I suffered agonies of apprehension. In the first place, I pictured him returning in the open boat in his white linen coat and getting soaked. I *knew* that would make him ill. Then as it became apparent that he was *not* returning, I had to divide my anxiety equally between two dangers: either he had started back and been swamped or he had gone up the river. In the latter case I pictured him, with his small crew, falling in perhaps with some pirates or other evil-doers. Perhaps he might even have to halt and spend the night in the wretched huts of some sea-Dyaks. I could

see him slumbering peacefully—he would slumber anywhere! —on a bit of dirty matting, while a treacherous Dyak stole behind and—oh, horrid thought!—cut off his beautiful head to add to the collection already drying among the rafters. I remembered all the unkind things I had ever said to him, and reflected tearfully on the fact that I had not *one* black dress in my trunk. All the time I could see the masthead light of the stranger ship, a speck of yellow through the darkness and rain. Ah Ting came on deck. "Master stay 'way long time?" (I verily believe Ah Ting thought Andrew had deserted me!) I told him sternly that I expected Master every minute, and that the dinner, such as it was, must be kept *hot*. About nine o'clock, however, I felt that Andrew could not be coming back, and accordingly I managed to consume a little of the soup. Ah Ting now varied the form of interrogation. "Missisee stay this side long time?" "No, Ah Ting, certainly not; missisee go away with master chop-chop!" Ah Ting ruminated. "No can catchee any bleakfast," he remarked gloomily.

The engineer and I, being the only two English-speaking people on the boat, now felt drawn together. He usually kept to his own quarters on the lower deck, but not liking to desert me, I suppose, he came up and sat at a respectful distance. As I was in, comparatively speaking, a dry spot while he was out in the rain, and as another long chair was moored alongside mine, I could not see why he should not occupy it, but I suppose his sense of decorum forbade. The situation had an element of the ludicrous. We were two lonely white people afloat on an unknown sea. It was wet, cold and rough. We were cold and hungry and miserable, and yet we had to converse as it were across a social barrier—I at one end of the deck and he at the other. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I peremptorily ordered him

to occupy the long chair. As soon as he had slipped into it we became more sociable and talked about his wife, and how Singapore was not a nice place for a lady by herself, and many other personal topics. It transpired that his wife had recently come from England first-class on a P. and O., while we had made the journey by the cheap Japanese line! Anything was better than lying still wondering what had become of Andrew. We made up our minds that if he had gone on up the river it might be a couple of days before he returned—a nice prospect!

I certainly counted the watches during that longest of nights, and I shall never forget the joy with which I hailed the faint, grey glimmer in the sky which presaged the dawn. It was still raining, and even broad daylight disclosed nothing save a few yards of rain-lashed sea around the yacht. The light of the stranger ship had disappeared about two in the morning, and I felt sensibly lonelier for the fact.

Having spent about fifteen hours in my long chair I began to feel a little cramped, and I reflected that, supposing Andrew were to be away two days, I couldn't possibly spend all that time without moving or eating. I therefore descended and demanded of Ah Ting what food was to be had. Ah Ting said he had nothing but "two piecee egg," and with the prudence of a shipwrecked mariner I ordered "one piecee egg" to be boiled for my breakfast. It is wonderful how one's spirits rise when daylight puts an end to the mysterious, terrifying darkness of night. I tidied up my hair, which was lank and damp as sea-weed, washed my face and hands, and even ferreted out a novel, with the determination to employ myself to make the time pass. Just then Ah Ting came along wagging his old head mournfully. "Engineer velly sick—fever!" he said. My heart stood still. Alone on this tiny yacht with none but Malays and one idiot

Chinaman, and my one prop and companion down with the fever! I went hastily along to his cabin, and found the old Malay captain and crew standing outside with a solemn air. I pushed my way in and saw the unfortunate engineer extended on his berth. He was dressed save for his coat and shoes, and had evidently flung himself down in exhaustion. I remembered to have missed him from the other deck about three hours before. My entrance evidently disturbed him. He sat up—very briskly for an ill man—and looked at me with not unnatural surprise. "I am so sorry you are ill," I began. "Ill—who says I'm ill?" he replied, ramming on his jacket.

"Ah Ting said so," said I, beating a hasty retreat. "The old liar!" wrathfully ejaculated the engineer, "I'm perfectly well; I merely came down to have a sleep. I'll give that old boy Ah Ting beans when I catch him."

Ah Ting had evidently overheard this conversation, for he was in full flight down the deck when I appeared. Soon after, he brought me my "one piecee egg" with an air of injured innocence, and declared that Rahman, the Malay captain, had told him "master engineer velly sick." Ah Ting, for many reasons, never attempted the engineer's name, which was "McGuthrie."

As I was trying to reconcile the flavours of boiled egg and sweet biscuit, and blend them into a harmonious whole, I heard a shout. Ah Ting waddled into the cabin with more expression on his face than I had thought it capable of showing. "Big ship come!" he cried. I rushed out at once, colliding with the engineer, who was just coming to bring me the same joyful news.

Sure enough, through the blinding rain we could see the outlines of a vessel moving slowly towards us. Half a dozen times we thought we could distinguish Andrew through the

glasses, but at last the ship anchored within about a couple of hundred yards, and my long-lost one was plainly visible standing on the upper deck, neatly and tastefully attired (as the saying is) in a long oilcloth coat (borrowed of course), with a *solah topee* on his head and a white, green-lined umbrella in one hand, while with the other he waved an exceedingly dirty pocket handkerchief.

A boat was put off, and very soon I was clasped in an oilskin embrace, while a pair of very wet moustaches scrubbed my cheeks. Andrew explained that on his arrival on board the *Sarie Brunei*, as our rescuer was named, he had been able to arrange with the captain to give us a passage, but that owing to the darkness, rain, and roughness of the weather, the captain had persuaded him to stay on board and not attempt to return to the yacht. There were dangerous breakers to be crossed; and above all the lights of the *Swallow* were not strong enough to be seen through the rain. As the men had already done some stiff work, and as the actual distance was quite five miles, Andrew felt it would be foolhardy to make the attempt; but he pictured to me his anguish at leaving me in such a situation, and I think he must have felt considerable anxiety as to finding the *Swallow* where he had left her, since we were anchored without any shelter, and had a breeze begun to blow we should have been compelled to run before it to the nearest haven.

As I was a good deal exhausted, Andrew and Ah Ting did all the necessary packing. Some weeks after, being unable to find a pair of boot trees, remembered this and made inquiries. Andrew confessed that having overlooked them he was obliged to "stick them somewhere." Ah Ting took one and planted it on the top of my one and only hat in my sacred hat-box; Andrew merely shoved the other into the soiled-linen bag!

The rain continued unceasingly, and it was with a very draggled, woe-begone appearance that I clambered over the side of the *Sarie Brunei*. Andrew, for all his anxiety, had slept dry and quiet after a comfortable meal, and he pictured in glowing colours both food and cooking. I was not sorry to contemplate a change in diet from sweet biscuits and boiled eggs. Before I describe our new quarters I must say good-bye to the dear little *Swallow* and her kind engineer. Supplied with some food he felt quite sure of finding his way safely across to Celebes, and once on that side of the sea Rahman knew every inch of the coast. As we stood on the top-deck of the big merchant vessel and watched the *Swallow* ducking and flopping about with every swelling wave, I heard a quiet little voice at my elbow: "I vould not like to be on that leetle cork myself." It was Captain Flack, skipper of the *Sarie Brunei* and our host. "Good-bye," sang out McGuthrie; "three cheers, men—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

CHAPTER VI

OF THE *SARIE BRUNEI* AND SEA DOGS

New quarters—A mixed crew—Of accents—A Scots engineer—Flotsam and jetsam—A popular delusion—A jovial Dutchman—"Now Jacob was a hairy man"—A dissertation on fruit The cult of the mango—Carrion on custard—Wanted, a good conscience

THE *Sarie Brunei* was a fair-sized trading-ship plying between Singapore and the south and east coasts of Borneo. We afterwards learnt that, had we not met her, we should have been obliged to wait ten days or a fortnight at Boelongan before any other kind of vessel would have been available to take us on our way. As a matter of fact, however, we should probably have been unable to find the correct entrance to the river since we possessed no clue and did not understand the buoys placed by the Dutch. With the very incomplete information we possessed it had been an act of folly to attempt to "make" Boelongan, but we had trusted to our "pilot." I must, in justice to that individual, add that, some time after, we obtained information that the creek into which he had first taken us actually led by a narrow passage to Boelongan, and was used by the natives in their *prahus*.

Through this passage he had doubtless made the journey before.

I have said that the *Sarie Brunei* was a fair-sized vessel, but her accommodation for passengers was, of course, limited. The captain gave us his comfortable cabin, and there were two others occupied by the officers on the same deck. The lower deck always seemed to me to be simply swarming with Chinese and Malays, sailors, coolies, and deck passengers, and these, as the ship filled up, gradually invaded the second deck until they were everywhere except just alongside our cabins, which were protected by a rope. We lived chiefly, however, on the upper deck, which was of fair size and protected by an awning. This awning had been recently added by the captain, and as he was a very little man, about five feet high, the awning had been made to match. Consequently Andrew could never stand upright under it, and suffered frequent concussions which led to a great deal of unparliamentary language. All our meals were served on this deck, and exceedingly pleasant hours we spent under the much-abused awning.

The nationality of the *Sarie Brunei* was a most puzzling question. She was built at Glasgow, sailed from Singapore, carried the Dutch flag, was Chinese-owned, had a Danish captain (who was a British subject), a Dutch mate, a Scots engineer, a Chinese super-cargo and a crew of Malays. The English language was spoken on board, of course; but I leave you to imagine the variety of accent. The Scottish element predominated, for at Banjermassin we were joined by the skipper of another boat, who was escorting his wife and family to Singapore. These people hailed from Glasgow, and despite the fact that the three children had never set foot in their native land, they had a burr that set one's teeth on edge. The engineer was a Highlander, and received us

with effusion. He was, I regret to say, a good deal on the wrong side of teetotalism, and as he had a natural impediment in his speech, his conversation was at times wildly difficult to piece together. "Ye're Hielanderrs," was his greeting. "F-f-f-er-ry p-p-p-roud to mak' ye'r acquaintance. *We*" (with a magnificent reference to the particular clan of "Macs" to which he belonged) "ar-r-e likewise frae the Isles, but we also c-c-c-claim the C-c-c-lyde!" This was one of his sober days. On others, which I regret to say were the more frequent, he would be desirous of entering into political and literary controversy, but ludicrous as the spectacle was, the pity of it was stronger. This was a man full of the Celtic poetry and imagination. His cabin was estaked with books—many new ones just obtained at Singapore, and the choice of his library proved a culture far beyond that of an ordinary working engineer on a trading-ship. I remember that, among others, he lent me "The Choir Invisible," and my recollections of that tender and charming book are inextricably mingled with the picture of the tall, thin Scotchman, with his handsome, dissipated face and soft Highland speech, stretched sometimes for days together in his berth half sodden with drink, but still finding pleasure in the dumb companionship of his books. There was a wife, too, a pleasant-faced girl from her photograph, and an "auld mither" in a far-away Highland glen. One day, when passing through scenery of wild tropical beauty, I spoke of it to him, but he said he loathed it. "I'd give all the tropics in the world for a glint of grey moor or a whiff of heather," he said.

I have lingered long over this wreck, this flotsam and jetsam of life, which is too common a type in Eastern waters. I fear his recollections of us must have been a little bitter, since shortly after we took up our abode on the *Sarie Bruci*, the captain, scandalised at his appearance one day when he

had been drinking, gave him a hint to keep out of our way, and from that time we only saw him in the distance.

I think the popular type of rollicking dog described as "sea-captain" must have been drawn largely from imagination. I have met rollicking middies and even lieutenants, while I have made the acquaintance of one or two frisky admirals. In the Merchant Service I have known cheerful mates and officers, but captains in the Royal Navy have always seemed to me serious, polite, and thoughtful people, while the commanders of passenger boats are for ever anxious and heavy-fatherly with the chaperonage of young ladies. As for the skippers of trading-ships, among whom I made an extensive acquaintance during our unconventional journeys, they are as a class silent, depressed (if not morose), pessimistic, and mournful, with wistful eyes and quiet manners. Captain Flack, although sprung from a race of Norse sea-dogs, was the mildest, saddest little man imaginable. He hated the sea, which had been his home for thirty years—this is another disillusion after one's preconceived ideas about "the old tar sniffing the briny"—hated ships, hated the sailor's life. Oft in the stilly night, when by all the canons of art he ought to have been roaring out "Black Eyed Susan" in a deep bass voice, he would

"Roaring Black Eyed Susan"

bring out a thin-toned violin and play mournful little tunes. I knew another captain who performed in a similar heart-rending way on the clarionet. For hours the little captain would sit moodily staring out to sea. His one amusement, barring the violin, was to play bézique (with a very dirty pack) with the jovial Dutch mate.

"Playing Mournful Tunes on the violin."

I am quite glad to be able to record that the Dutch mate was jovial, but I suspect that a great deal of his exuberance of spirit was due to the fact that this was the first voyage he had made on the *Sarie Brunei*, and that he had made a considerable rise in his profession in shipping as first officer.

The first time I beheld him I thought I had never before seen so hirsute an object. He was a shortish, square-built man, with black hair and moustache and a chin that was of a strong indigo blue when I first beheld it. I watched the deepening of that tint and the evolution of a bristly black beard up to the point when, just before our arrival in Singapore, the mate turned up clean-shaven, and I hardly knew him again. My first view of him was after I had tidied myself in my cabin, when Andrew assisted me to the upper deck and deposited me in a long chair. It was still raining, but I was blissfully enjoying that most perfect feeling of repose which comes when, after tossing about for days, one at length lands on something firm and steady. The mate was keeping his watch and was doing a sentry-go up and down the fore part of the deck. He was clad, as it was raining, in the remains of a blue serge suit. I say advisedly the "remains" because it had lost certain integral parts, such as the knees and the elbows.

These had been patched, but the garment had shrunk, and enclosed the burly form of the Dutchman with the greatest reluctance. The breast was open and revealed no shirt, but an enormous hairy chest with blue tattooing marks; the sleeves having retreated made similar disclosures as to a pair of brawny arms covered with a small forest, and, unladylike though it be to mention such a thing, the rolled-up and ragged trousers revealed the very hairiest legs I ever hope to see off an orang-outang. The mate wore no shoes, but betrayed not the slightest consciousness of any deficiency in his costume at first, greeting me with a cheery guffaw (he always guffawed on the slightest provocation) and continuing his tramp. The captain shortly after came on deck—he was always neatly attired in white duck—and perhaps something in his eye attracted the mate's attention, for he presently fled, and returned wearing a mackintosh and a pair of carpet slippers in addition to the blue serge remains.

Never in all my journeyings have I met better fare on board ship than that provided on the *Sarie Brunei*. The service, too, was excellent. Two smart Chinese boys waited on us, and I may mention that one, who was always neatly dressed in white, had the thickest, blackest, and longest pigtail I ever beheld. Most Chinamen's pigtails are frauds. The smallest wisp of hair is gathered together and lengthened with long black cords to a respectable *queue*, while a red, or if in mourning, a white, cord is twisted in near the bottom. A well-dressed tail reaches almost to the ground, but of this only about a foot is genuine. Ah-Fong's tail, however, reached naturally to below his waist, and the thick, glossy black hair, tightly gathered together, looked like an ebony skull-cap on the back of his head.

Not only was the food excellent but it was well cooked, and we had a wonderful variety. Fruit there was in abun-

dance, and, in particular, great clumps of bananas were strung up to the awning on the upper deck, and we just plucked and ate these as they ripened. I have never been able to enjoy bananas since, but even that deprivation does not outweigh the privilege of knowing what a banana *can* be. People at home who are accustomed to the yellow, soapy fruit one buys in London, for instance, cannot imagine the flavour of such bananas as those we ate on the *Sarie Brunei*. There are many varieties. A short, thick fruit with a white, woolly flesh and delicate flavour; another extremely long and large, and of a rich yellow colour inside. But the best of all is a medium-sized deep golden fruit which comes from Celebes. The flesh is streaked with juicy veins and the flavour has at times a reminiscence of strawberries and at others of pines. It melts in the mouth!

On the *Sarie Brunei* I first made a pig of myself over mangoes. I had consumed plenty of mangosteins—by some considered the best of all Eastern fruits—in Java, but I certainly prefer mangoes. Mangosteins are the prettiest fruit in the world. They have a thick prickly green shell, which ripens to purple, and this must be broken open; then the flesh of the fruit is seen, the size of a small egg, of a beautiful snow-white, lying in a rich red shell. It has a most refreshing taste, something like raspberries and cream with a dash of lemon squash, and is of the consistency of whipped cream. The red lining of the kernel, however, if allowed to bleed, has not only a most disagreeable bitter taste but makes an indelible stain. The mango is a stone-fruit, and varies in size, a medium one being about the same bulk as a large pear. Mangoes are oval in shape, flattened at the sides, have a smooth thick skin, and ripen from pale green to golden. The flesh is like that of a peach, or rather of an apricot, and is the same hue as the latter. A ripe

mango is so juicy that to eat it politely is almost impossible, and besides, to touch it with a knife is fatal. The skin must be peeled away from all but the extreme end, by which the fruit is held, and then the flesh must be torn with the teeth from the large flat stone in the centre of the fruit. Juice trickles down the chin, and stains the lips, but no matter! The true mango-lover is absorbed by the subtle delicious flavour and thinks of nothing else. After several attempts at describing the flavour, I wrote in my diary that it was like apricots, strawberries, bananas, ripe pears, and lemon-juice all mashed together to a delightful, crisp, succulent consistency. There are people who say that all these fruits are as nothing beside the *durian*, prized especially of Chinamen to such an extent that they will give fabulous sums to obtain the earliest specimens. The *durian* is called by the Dutch "stancker," and no more appropriate name could be desired. I can't describe it because I never got within shouting distance of it. The reason lies, as the Dutch name signifies, in the extraordinary aroma which exudes from it. I had never smelt anything like it in my whole life, but I am credibly informed that it is the odour of corpses—nothing else. "Carrion in custard" is the description given by one traveller, but I may add that even European ladies conquer their aversion when they have tasted this wonderful fruit and become a worshipper at its shrine. As an example of the strength and persistency of the odour, I may say that a friend of ours on one occasion, being fourteen miles from home, ate a *durian*, bicycled home, had a bath and changed his clothes, and then entered his wife's drawing-room. Almost before he had crossed the threshold she called out: "Oh, go away; you've been eating *durian!*"

But to return to the *Sarie Brunei*. There was one peculiarity of her arrangements which made a long sojourn rather

trying. The dinner-hour was at 5.30, and after that came a long evening, faintly illuminated by an oil lamp, during which it was practically impossible to do anything but talk. The skipper and mate, good fellows both, were not exactly brilliant conversationalists, and the Scots engineer was seldom visible at so late an hour. For us it was merely a tiresome interlude, but those long, semi-dark evenings must have been trying ones for the men who knew nothing else for months together. I think seafaring men must need very good consciences!

CHAPTER VII

OF RIVERS AND TOWNS IN DUTCH BORNEO

A Malay river—Samarinda—River life—The leisurely Malay—Scenes from my diary—Pulo Laut—On the Barito—Banjermassin—Hotel life—The ways of the Colonial Dutch—The *pahit*—A quaint army—The footsteps of a tragedy—We spend the night—Heat and mosquitoes—Social functions—A place to live out of—Brown babies—Boats and their owners—Back to the *Sarie Brunei*—The skipper's yarns—About Christmas Isle—The ways of Dutch officials—Ah Ting retreats

AFTER sailing down the coast that day and next we entered the Kotei River about four o'clock, and were boarded by no less than three pilots. Two were going back to headquarters, being pretty tired with waiting ten days at the river's mouth for a ship. The captain said pilots were a great imposition, as all the "traders" on that coast know the river as well as possible. It is simply a Dutch method of taxing the shipping. The first part of the river in the delta is winding and narrow; on either side nothing but low-lying mangrove swamp or jungle. Here and there a little clearing and a few huts show the presence of natives. When the many streams of the delta unite, however, the Kotei is a noble river, broad and deep, navigable for between

four and five hundred miles. This is the greatest river of Borneo.

The banks began to show faint undulations, the vegetation grew less coarse, and at length we were steaming between wooded slopes, the distant horizon showing a faint line of low hills. The scene in the moonlight was sufficiently beautiful—the wide smooth expanse of water, the dark line of banks, the occasional twinkle of light from native boat or hut, and hardly a sound unless a floating log or palm tree bumped against the ship or was knocked aside with a splash. We passed the harbour-master's place in what looked like a village of brown huts, and the captain had to go on shore and personally make his bow to that official, which seemed a rather useless bit of red-tapism. This was just at the end of the delta, and here we dropped the pilots. After one and a half hour's more steaming up river we at length came round a bend and saw the twinkling lights of Samarinda. This place lies on either side of a river about twice as broad as the Thames at Kew. On the left bank is a Chinese town—one long street of squalid houses and shops—and a few better houses and bungalows belonging to wealthy Chinese and to Europeans. There are said to be some thirty Europeans altogether, engaged in various trading enterprises or in the employ of the Dutch Government. There is actually a carriage, or rather, a two-wheeled trap, drawn by a stout little pony. This we saw for ourselves. Parallel to the Chinese street runs a road along the edge of the river, which is studded with go-downs and wharves. Here we moved along from wharf to wharf, picking up a cargo of rattan, gutta, or sometimes of pepper.

The street and wharves are full of Chinese, all hard at work in shops, carrying rattan, or hawking about edibles and drinkables. There are a fair number of Malays too, in

their unspeakably dingy *sarongs*, their little round plush caps, and loose white coats. They are, as a rule, strolling leisurely about or sitting in an attitude of contemplation watching the Chinese at work. There is also a sprinkling of natives, attired generally in light cotton trousers of startling hues. They are evidently also of the brotherhood who "cannot dig," though I am not so sure that they would not beg. To do them justice, however, the people of Borneo—Malays, Chinese, or natives—do not beg. We never were asked for alms during our whole stay, and only saw one beggar, who, deprived of his arm by an accident in a sawmill, is now a sort of licensed alms collector. This man, by the way, two days after his accident and subsequent treatment in hospital was met out walking!

The other side of this great river is fringed for perhaps a quarter of a mile with native huts, standing partly on piles over the water. Native boats ply backwards and forwards—little shallow cockle-shells, in which men and women crouch, paddling along in canoe-fashion. Some are longer and deeper, and have a mat awning down the centre, being laden perhaps with fruit and vegetables. There is a good proportion of thin, brown-skinned natives, garbed in fantastic cottons with great scrawling patterns. The Malay population are mostly Bugis, who have come over on trade intent from Celebes. They all seem good-natured and happy. The children play about the streets; the little boys squat on the wharves, fishing or staring with their lazy contented stare at the lading of the ship; the native policemen stroll about casually, with their blue and red uniform put on anyhow and variegated turbans on their heads.

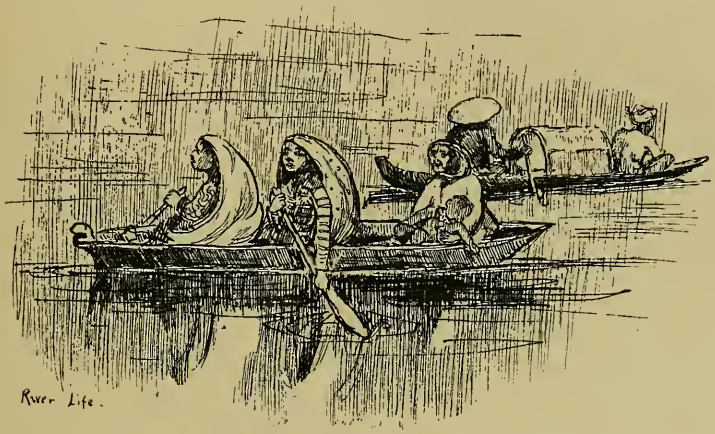
Up the river lives the Sultan of Kotei, the monarch to whom the country formerly belonged. His flag flies side by side with the Dutch one in Samarinda, and his ships

compromise by flying a double flag, with the blue, white, and red on one side and the tiger of Kotei on his yellow background on the other. The late Sultan had a great craving for the benefits of civilisation, and indulged himself in musical

boxes, steam-launches, jewellery, electric light, and so forth, without, if rumour says true, being particularly anxious to pay for them. A small launch runs from Samarinda to the Sultan's place every day; but as it is very crowded and hot, and the journey takes five hours there and five back, we did not go.

Before the advent of the Dutch there were a number of Arab traders at Samarinda who did a brisk business in jungle

produce. At present, except for growing pepper, there is little done there, and the place has a stagnant appearance. There is, however, a steam sawmill, and a good deal of timber is available. The Hotel Wilhelmina stands in an enclosure in which some attempt has been made to cultivate flowers. A fine crop of ornamental flower-pots and a few



dusty hibiscus are the result. The hotel has received a coat of white paint, and the verandah is decorated with some pictures as well as the inevitable long chairs. The nicest bungalows are at the other end of the town, where the street becomes a palm-shaded road and leads uphill to a cool and thickly wooded hill.

We lay off Samarinda all day and watched the river-life with interest. It constantly reminded Andrew of Burmah. The little boats skimming along, the brown legs and arms and coloured turbans, the occasional family party going for an evening row, the fruit boat, or perhaps three urchins in a primitive craft paddling about—all made up a lively picture. The night was cool, the morning rather misty at first. We

started about six o'clock, and as the sun got strong the mist rolled away and the great bosom of the river lay unruffled, like a polished glass reflecting the soft green of the tree-covered banks and the tender fleecy clouds of early morning.

Once out of the river we steamed down the coast, and during the day passed Pulo Laut, which is a large island, 50 miles long by 20 broad, lying on the south-east coast, so that ships pass between it and the mainland. We anchored for the night at a small place facing this island, where we took in a number of native passengers. It is a Malay village, standing on piles over the water, and extending for some distance along the water's edge. At the back rise gentle grassy slopes, only partially wooded—a rarity in these parts, and behind again a considerable hill covered with the usual forest. The village has a certain amount of trade, and is the seat of a Dutch Resident, but there did not seem to be many European bungalows, and these were down on the shore. The Dutch seem to prefer this, and do not perch their dwellings on the nearest hill, as is the custom of the British in tropical countries. A tremendous quantity of bananas must be grown here, to judge from the boat-loads that hung about the ship. Large boats with mat roofs and with wicker cages full of fowls at each end came alongside, and from one of these I saw a fowl fall into the water, when curiously enough, instead of sinking, she balanced herself, and with much clucking managed to paddle to a piece of stick, where she obtained a foothold and was eventually rescued.

The scenery along this island was extremely pretty, presenting more variety than usual, as frequently the hills were green and smooth, instead of being covered with the monotonous jungle. Long stretches of white sand were fringed in places with cocoanut palms, behind these rose the emerald slopes, and beyond the grey-green of a wooded hill. We

were reminded, in one place at all events, of Ceylon. There are native villages here and there, but no Dutch settlements.

After a day or two's pleasant, peaceful voyage we again entered a river, this being known as the Barito, and leading to the town of Banjermassin. It is not so broad and imposing as that of Kotei, and all along its low, swampy banks, as one steams up towards the town from which it takes its name, are numberless huts, forming an almost continuous village as it were on either side of the river. Little glimpses of life in these tumble-down huts make an interesting sight. Brown babies swarm everywhere. Tiny boats are moored all along the banks, and shoot out here and there, propelled perhaps by a naked youngster, whose great desire is to feel the rocking caused by the wash from the ship. The tide when full floods the land underneath the huts, and when it ebbs leaves pools and swamps horribly suggestive of fever and mosquitoes. As one nears Banjer itself, the huts grow larger and are glorified almost into bungalows; landing-stages run out into the river and graceful boats are moored beside them, but the first sight of the town shows little but a large wharf, crowded with natives in every shade of cotton clothing. Numbers of boats are plying backwards and forwards, from the primitive "dug-out" to the beautifully built sampan of some wealthy Chinese, with its curved prow and stern and gaudily decorated awning. Large coal-rafts are moored along one side of the river, the coal being partially immersed. It is curious to see it being dug up and loaded into smaller boats, from whence it is passed along to the ship's side. There is a perfect colony living in boats and rafts on this river. We watch as we pass the preparation of a meal by one of the women at one end of a ramshackle boat. From under the bamboo hangings which make the house o this family, a younger woman crawls, and stooping over the

side washes her garments in the river. At the other end lies a man asleep, in a flat uncomfortable attitude, with no pillow. Half a dozen children swarm about the boat, destitute of

clothing, but well provided with bracelets, necklaces, anklets and charms.

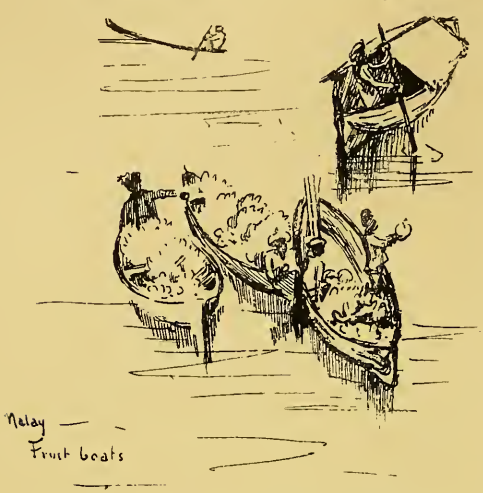
Banjermassin consists of an extensive river frontage of wharves, fish and fruit markets, a number of rough untidy Chinese streets just behind this, and a long, straight, beautiful avenue, known as the Boomplatz, which leads one under pleasant foliage to the club house, and from there deviates to a river path, and finally becomes merely the approach to native huts. The Boomplatz has a canal on either side. That on the left as one goes towards the club is crossed by

a number of little white bridges which lead to tidy little bungalows. Graceful palms make a shade for these, and are reflected in the canals. On the other side are the schools, barracks, the Banjer hotel, and various other buildings, but

the whole effect is of a quiet shady country road, agreeably broken by the line of water on either hand, and by the quaint little bridges. Along this road, in the early morning, the young hopefuls of Banjermassin are going to school. They come towards us in little groups, sedate and prim, hand in hand with slates and books. All are neatly dressed in white or light-coloured cotton frocks and suits. Their hair is smoothly brushed, their faces and hands well washed.

Alas, for the disillusion as we get nearer! These are no buxom bonnie Dutch children, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. They are solemn, dark-eyed, thin-legged, little people, and they vary in colour from cocoanut brown to light yellow.

Their mamas come out to go to market, or for a morning stroll, and it must be confessed that neither near at hand nor far off is there much risk of illusion about *them*. The universal dress is the *sarong* and *kibaya*; the ugly checked or patterned skirt fastened tightly round the legs produces a shuffling walk (the feet are bare, and thrust into slippers with embroidered toes but no heel); the shapeless white jacket, with its tight sleeves and straight back, no matter how fine the material or embroidery may be, is inevitably unbecoming to the most graceful figure, and when worn by a stout and podgy woman, with immense double chin and black hair scraped into a bun behind, the effect is indescribably ungainly. Just as in Java the ladies, who were evidently Dutch from their fair complexions and hair, did not seem to mind walking about in this costume. It is hard to understand how a woman can lose so completely not only her sense of what shows her to advantage, but all desire to be original in her costume.



The club is a spacious and comfortable-looking place, but

the most important part of it, to judge from what we saw, is the garden in front, where under the shade of the trees a large round table stands. Around this, at certain hours of the day—before "rice table" and before dinner (about 8.30) —a large group of men will always be found consuming "pahits." It is not actually known how many of these refreshers a Dutchman *can* consume before each meal, but a well-authenticated story relates that a small English boy, who had been left alone with a Dutch friend while his father went out of the room, greeted that parent on his return with the remark: "By Jove! papa—*seventeen!*"

Banjer is the largest place in Dutch Borneo, and apparently the only one in which any attempt has been made to render the place habitable for Europeans—and with what result?

The best hotel, though not bad from the standpoint of Borneo, is miles below any decent European hotel. The beds and linen are clean, the cooking fair, but the sanitary arrangements are of the most primitive; the building is entirely of wood—indeed there are no stone houses in Dutch Borneo—and gets extremely hot. The floors are bare, or covered with dusty matting: the walls have received a rough wash of bluey-white, and are discoloured with damp. The first room into which we were shown had a back window which opened on to a swamp, and was overlooked by a group of native huts. I chose another, without a swamp, but absolutely closed in by the hotel dining-room in front and some other building behind. At dinner we discovered that neither ice nor soda-water was to be had. There had been an ice company in Banjer, but it had come to grief. As we sat at dinner I watched an enormous rat scuttle backwards and forwards on a piece of wainscot. No breath of air stirred the palm trees or waved the ferns that grew in ornamental

pots in the quadrangle of the hotel. It was absolutely still and breathless, and the mosquitoes just sat on us and fed! A moonlight walk, however, showed us scenes of exquisite and fairy-like beauty. The broad river shone like silver, and little dark boats shot backwards and forwards. In the Boomplatz the trees made a delicate tracery across the road, and the water on either side ran darkly or caught here and there a streak of light. The pale trunks of palms rose like spectres, and their still paler reflections quivered in the water.

As soon as dinner was sufficiently digested and our walk over, we went back to our mosquito-infested room, and got inside a sort of tent, made of thick opaque muslin. I don't know whether the Banjer mosquitoes are too fierce to be kept out by ordinary netting or not; anyway, this thick stuff is used in the hotel. We were so tired that despite everything we slept well, and woke about 6 o'clock to find a cool morning. I believe the nights are not, as a rule, hot; about 9 A.M., however, by which time we had walked down to the wharf and back, the heat became intense, and we knew from experience that this must continue during the whole day, and that not till the sun was down should we feel any relief, if then!

There is another hotel in Banjer, presided over by a lady who rejoices in the sobriquet of "Mutter;" and she apparently lives up to this by introducing the most parental legislation into her dealings with her guests. She decides exactly what they must eat and drink, and doles the meals out with the utmost precision and a good deal of stinginess. She settles at what hour they must rise, go to bed, &c. &c., and in short she rules with a rod of iron. We met one of her quondam guests (a Frenchman), who complained that under her *régime* he had nearly starved.

For amusement one must put up with very little. There is no chance of riding—horses are almost unknown, and the few traps and pseudo-carriages are drawn by tiny ponies. Besides, there is nowhere to ride or drive to. Many of the Dutch officials, as well as the Chinese, ride bicycles, probably as an easy means of getting to and from work. A military band plays certain evenings in the week, and the *élite* can sit round and listen or stroll up and down the Boomplatz. I saw a programme of festivities for the celebration of Queen Wilhelmina's marriage. It looked wildly dissipated, and spread over three whole days. It began, if I remember rightly, with a military review, and ended with sports for the natives. There was besides a reception and ball, given in the municipal buildings, or whatever corresponds to that in Dutch. The third day got rather "thin" in the way of entertainment, and the early morning was merely to be celebrated by a serenade from the band, while the sports "came off" about 6. We regretted very much that we could not witness these festivities, especially the ball.

There is something offensive and depressing in the arrangement of Banjer. The canals and swamps—where there is no swamp a cutting is made up to the house—round every dwelling, and the consciousness that these are the receptacles for the refuse of the household, makes one inclined to be ever sniffing for unpleasant smells. The river itself is fou and muddy, and constantly sullied with dead birds or animals. The natives, nevertheless, use it for washing their clothes, bathing their bodies, and even for drinking purposes. In the hotel, I believe, they drink rain-water, but we did not try it!

Saline Spring is a very good name for Banjermassin. The delta is intersected by many channels, whose waters rise at high tide almost to the bank level, and as there are no *levées*, or embankments, a few inches additional rise suffices

to inundate immense areas or districts. From the steamer deck the whole country often appears to be below the river level.

One longs for a breezy hillside, and a whiff of pure air. We were told that fever is not more rife here than in other tropical places, but it is difficult to believe this. The European women whom we saw looked pale, the children as a rule were thin, but the majority of these were not pure European, which is probably the reason they can live at all.

There are one or two large stores in the place, but the mere fact of there being no ice in a town of this size indicates a low standard of comfort. The natives we saw were all Malays, many probably Bugis from the Celebes. They seem to live almost side by side with the Europeans, their wretched huts clustering close to the bungalows and hotel. They looked to us very low in the scale of humanity as a rule, though on the wharf we saw a few better dressed and of more dignified aspect. There are, of course, a number of Chinese, and some seemed to be prosperous traders, and wore good European hats with their clean white clothes, and were rowed about in elegant sampans. What on earth the visitor to Banjermassin must do with himself during the best part of the day I cannot think; it is, however, possible that no one ever comes to Banjer purely as a visitor. The consumption of *pahits* occupies successfully many hours of the day, but those who are not seasoned to it cannot fall back on this pastime. There *may* be a library at Bandjer—we never heard of one; but even with the aid of books it must be monotonous to pass six or seven hours of every day in a long chair dodging the mosquitoes with one's book—*et après*, when the "cool of the evening" arrives, what is there to do but to stroll and loiter round the club house and consume more *pahits?* No attempt at providing out-door exercise

and amusement, no possibility of comfort in the low-lying, closely-built-in bungalows—truly the dweller in Banjer, if he has ever known life in Europe, must revolt at his exile!

The specimens of the rank and file of the Dutch colonial army whom we encountered were curious. Some were white and thin, some white and fat, the majority were of all shades of brown, shading almost to black. All sorts and conditions are swept together, and form a body in comparison with which the *Legion des Étrangers* would be select. A countryman of our own achieved great popularity here not long ago as an officer. He was described to us as a gentleman and a charming companion, and he had had his training as an officer in the British army. His name was that of a proud old family, and as we heard the outlines of his story we felt as if we had chanced on the footsteps of a tragedy. A certain proportion of the officers are sent out from home at intervals, and have hitherto been given command over the heads of the Colonial officers without passing through the usual routine. This is, I believe, to be altered, as it naturally led to great discontent. It may be added that an ordinary sight all over the Dutch Indies is that of a soldier in uniform, with unbuttoned tunic, braces hanging down and no boots, taking a stroll accompanied by a brown wife and half a dozen buff-coloured children.

Altogether, Banjermassin, as the principal town of Dutch Borneo, seemed to us a great failure. Practically the capital of a country rich in oil, coal, diamonds, gold, timber, gutta, and many other valuables, it is not a paying concern. As a stronghold of an European nation in the Far East, it is unworthy of its position. It lacks the refinements of civilisation, and is largely peopled with a hybrid race. The native is left in his pig-sty, and the European seems rather inclined to

wallow himself than to "trail clouds of glory" before the benighted Malay.

There is a sleepy, decadent, stagnant, rotting air everywhere. There is no appearance of artistic or social life.

There is apparently little enterprise and no enthusiasm in the place. There is a beastly climate, and above all there is the eternal *pahit*.

I have already mentioned that at Banjermassin we were joined by a Scottish skipper and his family, and from the time of their arrival our little happy family—melancholy captain, jovial mate, drunken engineer, Andrew and self—was a good deal broken up. Captain Flack had an unconquerable prejudice against the new-comers, and became more morose and pessimistic than ever, only brightening up when they were out of sight. The new skipper had a reputation, which I

believe to be well founded, of being the biggest liar on the coast, and this, added to a soft manner and an all-embracing smile, made him particularly repugnant to sturdy, truthful little Captain Flack. I remember on one occasion he boasted to us of his servants. "I had one Chinese boy, sir," he remarked, "who stayed with me fourteen years—fourteen years, sir; and I never had to speak sharply to him. At the end of that time he spilt some curry one day and I said, 'You clumsy dog!' He left at once, and took all my loose cash with him!"

Almost before the *raconteur* was out of sight, Captain Flack, who had been bursting with indignation during the whole story, broke in: "He is von liar! He never not keep von servant fourteen year! I know well he only come out here twelve—ten years ago, and he have different servant every time I see him!"

Captain Flack also objected to the children, particularly to the boy, and indeed they had been terribly spoilt by a too indulgent mother. Poor little things, accustomed to the free unrestraint of life in the East, with a patient Malay or Chinese servant to order about, and with absolute choice as to what they should eat or drink (they appeared to live chiefly on curries and chutney), they were shortly to be introduced to a very different phase of life. They were being sent home to a school in Aberdeen, of all cities in the world, because their father's only relatives lived there. They had the vaguest idea of the old country, and I tried to prepare them a little for their arrival in that cold grey city of the North in the bitter month of March. I often thought of them afterwards, and pictured them, fresh from the sun and flowers and green palms among which they had lived all their short lives, accustomed to the dusky faces, brilliant garments and easy ways of the natives, arriving in the big, bustling

city of stone, with its hard-faced and sharp-tongued, albeit warm-hearted, denizens. I hope that Scottish discipline was meted out gently to them at first, and that they were not made to tackle the Shorter Catechism on the very first Sunday.

When in the mood our morose little captain could spin a very good yarn, and I remember one in particular which especially took my fancy. It was of his landing on Christmas Isle—the first European to do so, as far as is known, since its existence was first discovered. He was then in the service of Mr. Ross of the Cocos Islands, and was instructed, if it fitted in with his voyages at any time, to land and report on the island. Accordingly he one day dropped anchor in the little harbour and proceeded to land. The myriads of fish that swarmed in the bay all came round the ship to see what new kind of fish it was. They even raised themselves half out of the water to take a look. The birds on shore also came flocking down and perched on the heads and arms of the intruders, for evidently it was the first time either birds or fishes had seen man, and they had no idea that he would hurt them. And yet there was one evidence that human beings had visited this island, for an inscription was carved on a tree. It had become so twisted and overgrown that only one letter (R) remained decipherable. Christmas Island was afterwards acquired by a syndicate and a plantation established there.

Another of Captain Flack's stories related to the habits of Dutch Customs officials. On one occasion the captain had been presented by Mr. Ross with a fine pig, and desired on landing at Sourabaya to present various portions of it to friends in that place. The Customs officer, however, said "Impossible! No such thing can be brought ashore under Rule ——," and here he quoted from the Dutch colonial

tariff, which is a truly wonderful production. The captain ruminated for a minute and then said, "That's a pity. I had been thinking that you would like a taste of pork yourself—and I can only use three of the four quarters—however, if it is *quite* impossible . . .?" The Customs official *licked his lips*, and the captain's friends were made happy with the remaining three quarters.

With stories and chat, and a good deal of reading and sleeping, the time went by not disagreeably; Andrew's one cross was the awning which prevented him from walking the decks with comfort. It was no relief to him to feel that the awning gave him a perpetual excuse for lying in a long chair, for Andrew is one of those men who always speak the truth and despise easy chairs. Lolling is his abomination, and the sight of a modern youth in a drawing-room lying back against the cushions, with crossed legs sprawling out, is one that makes him perfectly ferocious. He is possessed with a strong desire to smother that youth in his own cushions. I recollect one occasion when we were having tea in the smoking-room of the *Aladdin*—where, by the way, one seldom sees ladies really enjoying a smoke, though sometimes they hold a cigarette awkwardly and take wild pulls at it every now and then. A young man was being entertained by a maiden. He sat well back in an easy-chair, his head resting on the padding, one knee across the other, and his irreproachable trousers pulled up to display striped silk socks above his patent boots. His hostess, a smart and pretty woman, sat on the edge of a high-backed chair. Tea was brought and she poured it out and handed it to him. He accepted it with lazy grace, and even went so far as to raise his head. All the while he was chaffing her in a gentle tolerant way. Oh, my dear young man, if you only knew how the sober young woman who sat with her back to you

was taking stock with the eyes that every woman conceals in her back hair, and how she longed to box your ears or joggle your elbow and upset your tea all over your immaculate waistcoat!

Thank heaven! Andrew is not a modern youth. It is not often that I publicly own how much I prefer him to other men—having once made a full confession of that weakness in a cold church on a bleak March day, attired in an absurd white dress, I feel I can let the subject alone as a rule—but in this affair of manners I must say that after associating with Andrew and his kind one gets a perfect shock at times on being precipitated into modern society. Oh ye maidens, don't stand it! Don't pretend to like it and say it is "awfully jolly" to be "real pals" with a man and not stand on ceremony. One can be "pals" without forgetting politeness, and if you allow your pal to forget that you are a lady and he is a gentleman you are losing a good deal more than you gain. So much has been said on both sides of this question that it is not for me to raise my voice; no one can appreciate more fully the boon of freer intercourse between men and women, but, dear girls who read these pages, take this hint from me. Politeness and courtesy are partly the result of breeding, partly of unselfishness. If a man is deficient in manners you must inevitably suspect that he is either ill-bred or selfish, or probably both. It is of no use saying "it is only his way"—selfishness or ill-breeding alone permit a man to commit such breaches of manners as sprawling in unseemly attitudes in a lady's drawing-room, allowing her to wait on him, and so forth. There are, of course, circumstances and occasions when a hard-and-fast rule of conduct cannot be drawn, but the advice of a woman who has been singularly fortunate in her relations with the other sex is, "Draw the line as near as possible to conventional standards, for these standards are

the results of accumulated experience and are part of the civilisation to which we are born. The more consideration you expect the more you'll get, and *vice versâ*. Otherwise you may make friends with, or perhaps marry, men who are ill-bred and selfish, and a worse fate cannot befall you." Of course I am speaking of grown men, one can't be too hard on callow boys, but if every self-respecting girl did her best to improve the manners and raise the tone of the boys of her acquaintance we should get a better crop of gentlemen. Of course we cannot expect better manners from our friends than we practise ourselves, but ——!

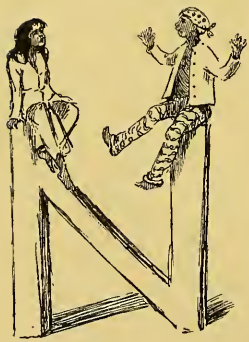
Andrew says I am rapidly getting on to my pet topic, the education of girls, and that once there we shall never get back to Singapore. He is terribly sensible at times, is Andrew, and really I almost wish he had not such a clear perception of the relevancy of things, for I do like to "maunder" on.

It is time, however, to say good-bye to our little family on the *Sarie Brunei*—for one thing, I've eaten all the bananas and Ah Ting has picked a deadly quarrel with Ah Fong. They can't understand each other except in pidgin English, as one is a Cantonese and the other comes from the north. Therefore as we shake hands with pessimistic captain and jovial mate, we hear Ah Fong following the retreating form of Ah Ting with words like these: "You velly dirty sneak-pig-damn-dog! Makee muchee tlouble this side! My velly glad you go 'way chop-chop!"

CHAPTER VIII

A VOYAGE OF MISERY AND A HAPPY ENDING

A roundabout way to Manila—We start off with impaired digestions—How to cater for passengers—Life on the ocean wave—Of cats—A night alarm—Of whisky "as used in the Houses of Parliament"—The Scots traveller is sarcastic—He is thirsty—Andrew and the Dutchman sit it out—Labuan at last—A deserted Crown Colony—Scenery and stories—Kudat—A night attack—Baffled by condensed milk—Dutch phlegm and Highland pluck—A lonely woman—Sandakan—An invitation from Americans—Concerning clothes



NOW I am going to skip many pages of my recollections and take my reader slowly but surely to Manila. We decided to go there *viâ* Labuan and North Borneo, as there are German steamers which do the trip by this route from Singapore to Manila. I don't recommend it to any one for comfort! We had secured the captain's cabin on account of its superior accommodation, and made every other preparation possible to ensure our comfort, but the way that boat rolled was indescribable, and this, added to absolutely uneatable food and a perfect symposium of smells, knocked me over completely.

I saw two enormous cockroaches walking across my berth, and then I fled into the open air, and resolved to stay there the rest of the voyage. There was another unfortunate woman on board and we soon exchanged words of sympathy. She was in worse case than myself, for her husband was a very bad sailor, had already collapsed, and lay face downwards on a cane chair, looking perfectly dead. I must mention that we were made to come on board twenty-four hours before we started, so that our insides had become thoroughly upset by the food before the tossing began. It was explained to us that these boats, mainly intended for cargo, have been fitted for a few passengers, and the captain is allowed so much per head for food. He in his turn gives his head boy so much, and the head boy expends what seems to him fit, the sum diminishing each time. The first day we all sat down to dinner, but the head boy evidently thought our appetites too good, for he introduced us to a kind of rissole —ugh! my gorge rises at the thought of it. Next day the ladies and my friend's husband were not present, and of the half-dozen men only three held out to the third day. These were a Scottish traveller in whisky, a Dutch concession-hunter, and Andrew. The traveller gave in on the fourth day, but Andrew and the Dutchman sat it out, though I believe the latter left before cheese.

If the food was bad the drink was worse. The universal male demand for whisky led to the production of a bottle bearing a wonderful label and the statement "Used in the Houses of Parliament." The commercial traveller tasted it, put down his glass and stared thoughtfully at the label. Then addressing the head boy he said with his slow Glasgow accent: "Whaur-r did ye find yon bottle?" The delicate Scots irony was, I fear, entirely lost. It was the same commercial traveller who, a few days later, was invited by Andrew

to share a rather less poisonous drink unearthed from somewhere. "Thank ye, no!" he replied. "Aw'm thinkin' aw've hed as much as is guid for-r me." He then related how, feeling thirsty in the middle of the night, he had got up and drunk what he believed to be about half a bottle of water. In the morning he discovered the water bottle full and the whisky bottle empty! "I thocht it was vary guid water-r!" he remarked.

It was not only slightly rough weather, but it was very hot, the sort of temperature which makes frequent baths a necessity. Mrs. F. and I investigated the bath-room. The bottom of the bath looked very black, and as we gazed it seemed to move a little: we fled, first to the ship's side and then to our long chairs. We all had our mattresses and sheets brought up at night and camped out on the little deck, Andrew and I at one side, in the lee of a sort of chest, the F.s in the corner by the companion, the others sardine-wise on every other quarter of the deck. The mattresses were thin and the boards were hard; peculiar odours seemed to be wafted on every breeze; the vibration of the screw went through and through us. Andrew slept like a top. I recollect one night of mingled stiffness and sea-sickness when towards the dawn I fell into a light doze and dreamt I was in a comfy bed at home. I was awakened by a *miaou*. Now I hate cats, it gives me the creeps to have one touch me; so imagine my feelings when I saw in the dusk a long, lean, mangy creature tip-toeing towards me with gleaming eyes, and followed—oh horror!—by four little, lean, mangy objects just like itself! I dug my elbow sharply into Andrew and screamed. Andrew woke up with a yell, the F.s thought the ship was on fire, and the next few minutes were lively ones all round. Unfortunately the cats escaped, though I threw Andrew's slippers after them. The odours by which my slumbers were disturbed

were afterwards explained when I found that the cook kept all his vegetables, including onions, in the chest against which we slept.

During that most miserable voyage the F.s and myself subsisted on Brand's essence, of which luckily they had brought a store; and I will give that essence a gratuitous advertisement, and say that it kept us alive if little else. Brand's essence is one of the things, however, that I shall never fancy again. The Dutchman used to regard us with a beneficent smile every few hours, as we lay in a row, and say, "How is ze hospital? Are you hongry? 'Ave a pork chop?" He and Andrew smoked enormous cigars all day, which was a little unfeeling, but they atoned for it by raiding the larder, and discovering where the head boy had secreted a store of oranges, which were very welcome to us.

Labuan was the first stop, and is a little island lying off the north coast of Borneo. Here is the description of it from my diary:

An island shaped rather like a wedge, with a spine of hills running up to the point, the whole covered with low coarse scrub, save here and there in the valleys patches of green *padi* and occasional stretches of grass on the higher ground. These have been toilfully cleared from the original jungle. All over the island, rising above the ferns, mangoes, palms, and a few common flowering shrubs, are the ghosts of enormous trees stretching lean arms to heaven, or standing like broken columns of some ancient temple. They are calcined till they are ashen grey; their trunks rise bare, their branches are mere stumps, and they are so extraordinarily out of proportion with the vegetation beneath as to suggest the words: "There were giants in those days." These are the remains of a far more luxuriant jungle, destroyed by fire in the early sixties. Jungle fires still keep down the bracken and scrub.

leaving burnt brushwood to mingle with the young green leaves, but this great fire licked up not only the small and frail but the lords of the forest—the great and majestic trees, of which not one is left. When the first Englishman landed at Labuan, however, the island was merely an uninhabited jungle. It is to the initiative of the first Rajah Brooke, who saw in the harbour and the adjacent coal supply the *raison d'être* for developing the island, that Labuan owes its emergence from this condition. The name simply signifies "a harbour," and this was the keynote of early British intercourse. The Rajah hoped that Labuan would rival Singapore. European troops were quartered on the low swamps near the harbour, where they died off like flies. Later on they were moved to the higher ground, and convicts—some of the flotsam of the Indian Mutiny—were set to make roads and build barracks. A native regiment replaced the European one, the coal-mines were worked spasmodically and unsuccessfully by various companies, fever lurked constantly among the swamps, and the British Government began to weary of a possession which, nominally a Crown Colony, did nothing to justify its existence. In 1883 a charter was asked for, and granted to a company, the exploitation of North Borneo, and in 1890 Labuan was also formally handed over to that company, to the disgust of the few British residents in the island, who, it is related, refused at first to live under the "Borneo Cat" (the company's flag), and hauled down that ensign which had been hoisted by the first Governor for the company.

The arrival at Labuan is made picturesque by a number of small islands, thickly covered with trees and scrub, which lie dotted about and have to be carefully steered through, until at length the steamer lies close to the island of Labuan. The harbour looks quiet and deserted; a line of sheds

(godowns) with corrugated iron roofs lies on the edge of the water; a few native huts cluster round the side of the bay; an ugly wooden pier runs out, and several wooden buildings glistening with white paint seem to represent the shipping offices. A small steam launch and some native boats—long, shallow dug-outs, in which the natives, packed tightly knee to back, are paddling canoe-fashion; one Chinese boat with a big swelling red sail—this is practically all the traffic in the harbour. The mail steamer for Singapore lies at the side of the wooden pier, and a stream of brown figures trickling across the wharf to her side shows she is coaling. A rather desultory-looking railway-line runs down to the pier and brings the coal from the mines at Coal Point. There is a straggling, unfinished air about everything, and one misses the bustle, colour, and noise of the usual landing at Eastern ports.

A roughly improvised path across a sort of mud flat brings one to the road, and here an ancient *gharri*, or tiny hooded waggonette, with a diminutive Sulu pony, receives us, and we bowl along a white road towards Government House. We pass through a Chinese street of shops, if one can dignify with that name a row of huts with a rudely covered side-walk. Here are the usual signs of Chinese industry. The barber operating on a customer's ear, the tailor's shop with its machines and irons, and the general store where a quite respectable assortment of tinned things can be had. This is the "Whiteley" of Labuan, and it is remarkable what a catholic assortment of things has been collected by Eng Watt in this little shanty with its open front. In all the shops there is the usual assembly of bare, bronze-backed Chinamen in their blue drawers, doing absolutely nothing, and in the gutter which divides the street from the sidewalk the inevitable lean fowls are scratching about, while brown babies

—shirtless, or with extremely inadequate shirts—play happily in the dust. Even the elder children are often beautifully disencumbered with garments, but a percentage are clad in trousers with no knees, and little Malay boys all possess caps, if nothing else. The little brown, nude babies, with curious tufts of black hair hanging from their shaven pates, are adorned as a rule with bracelets and anklets of silver or beads, and the little imps scamper and roll in the dust, or stand finger in mouth staring at the stranger with questioning black eyes.

The Brunei Malays, many of whom are to be seen at Labuan, come from the mainland and are descendants of early colonists who founded a powerful Malay State, which, as early as the sixteenth century, was the paramount power in Borneo, conducting a considerable trade with China and the Philippines. This State of Brunei is now in its extreme decadence. We made the acquaintance of one of the Royal House, whose only sign of power and magnificence was the presence on his first finger of a large gold ring set with a white pebble. He was otherwise attired in an old blue jacket and tight trousers with a *sarong* twisted kilt-wise round his waist; he wore a plain round cap and carried a large blue cotton umbrella. This was our first *rencontre* with a Malay prince.

Leaving behind the hot wharf and the Chinese shops, a fairly good road takes us past the little white wooden school which also serves as an Anglican church; past the barracks, where a dark-faced Sikh in khaki stands sentry; past a group of prisoners in dingy white clothes and wicker hats, busy in some work of repair to the road; across a railway line, which cuts athwart the road with no accessories of gates or barriers (this is a convenient place to catch the train out to Coal Point; one puts up a hand and the puffing, snorting engine stops), then into an avenue, green and beautiful.

Soon the road is bordered on either side with trees and jungle with occasional bungalows nestling among the palms. These are built native-fashion on piles, and are surrounded with matting screens as a pitiful attempt at coolness. The absence of verandahs and the box-like nature of these hastily built bungalows, sparsely shaded by palms, makes one shudder to think of the heat inside. The road at one point makes a picture not to be forgotten, running straight and white beneath arching boughs. The trees are soft and feathery, their foliage of a silvery grey green, save where here and there the spikes of a palm break the monotony. Numbers of the trees have been destroyed by fire, and we pass through a sort of avenue of blasted trunks whose whitened shapes and delicate tracery of branches stand out against the surrounding green. A Sikh policeman in khaki, a group of white-shrouded Tamils with their lean legs and their dark faces, some native women with a welcome note of colour in their faded red and blue swathings—all these pause to stare as the Government *gharri* passes, and raise their hands to their foreheads as a salute—not *à la* Tommy Atkins, but touching their frontals with the tips of their fingers, their knuckles being outwards. Government House lies in an almost English-looking park, with grassy knolls crowned with trees, a winding drive with trim white gates, and a view from the verandah of the distant bay seen like a streak of silver framed in green. Were it not for an

Return from Market Sandakar

L. of C.

occasional palm, or the crimson trails of a *bougainvilliers*, or perhaps the red note of the "flame o' the forest," here and there amidst the rich green, one might well be in England. The illusion is fostered by trim lawns and flower-beds, in which canna and cactus are flourishing, while chrysanthemums are struggling to support a stunted existence.

The unaccustomed eye, however, notices the difference in atmospheric effect. The distant shores of the bay have no exquisite veil of translucent violet. They are green, and their banks are brick-red; less so than the foreground, but still distinct and unwavering in their colour. It is always noon-tide; the shadows lie flat; the smallest leaf has its outline and the tiniest branch is distinct against the clear sky. The very shadows lack depth and richness, and the whole landscape, beautiful as it is, with wide stretches of grass and trees, with brilliant foreground of shrubs and glimpse of water in the distance, seems painted in colours that are bright but flat, for the play of light and shade is lacking. The high lights dazzle; the shades have no gradations, no cooling greys and blues; and there are no half-tones. It is beautiful but soulless. The setting sun alone can give the touch that is needed, and the fairy moon when she rises has to make a new world and turn all the lights to silver and the shadows to ebony. It is still, close, and airless here; but when we reach the summit of the tiny range which makes the backbone of the island, a pleasant breeze greets us. Here we have a view of Borneo mainland, with green foreshore and a trace of blue hills in the background. Here are the hospital, several pleasant bungalows, the telegraph quarters, and the cemeteries—rather desolate enclosures, suggesting sad thoughts of the lives that have been spent on fruitless work in this out-of-the way spot and of those who lie here so far from home. They are not always permitted to lie in peace.

IN A LABUAN GARDEN.

Whether the hunt be for treasure or for some particular bone, there is a terrible possibility overhanging every grave in these cemeteries. Within the last few months the tomb of a police official from Borneo, who died and was buried here, has been—and not for the first time—torn open and his bones scattered far and wide. Some years ago one of the European residents, unable to sleep for the heat, wandered up the hill in the moonlight and leant over the gate of the little burying-ground. There among the gravestones were two dark figures hard at work digging. He sprang over the gate, whereupon they fled before he could distinguish their appearance. It does not seem to be skulls these creatures are seeking, for when they violated the grave of a mother and her infant, the two skulls were found stuck on posts outside. These gruesome stories are quite of recent date. The wife of an Englishman who died while he was Consul at Labuan was buried by him and one faithful native in the Government grounds at dead of night, and to this day only he and that native know the whereabouts of the secret grave.

In modern, and (from the native point of view) degenerate days, head-hunting has been officially suppressed both in Sarawak and North Borneo; but the practice still obtains in the remoter districts, and in the most degraded form. So great is the passion for obtaining a head *somehow*, that nowadays men do not go on the war-path (as in old times), but lurk about the edge of the forest, near some cultivated field, and suddenly pounce down on some poor unsuspecting old man, and even woman or child, who is taken unawares. Singing songs of his prowess and daring, just as if he had performed some deed of valour, the man then returns, and is well received by the women of the village. The Governor of North Borneo told us he had counted thirty skulls on one

hut, and of these many apparently of recent date, and some undoubtedly *females!*

The history of pioneering in North Borneo is full of grim and ghastly tales, but none perhaps more dramatic than that of the twin brothers, whom I will call the Stones.

Henry Stone was up-country on the Kinabatangan river, trading and living peaceably, and had given the natives credit to a considerable amount. He began to press for payment. The people rose against him, tied him up to a tree, had feasting and dancing for twenty-four hours round him, and then murdered him. The chief's wife struck the first blow with a big piece of wood. Being frightened afterwards, they sent all his property safely to the nearest post, and gave a circumstantial account of his death from sickness. His twin brother was second in command of the police, and several months after, accompanied by one other official and twelve Dyaks, went up country to get his brother's bones for burial. They found the grave and the skeleton in a condition which admitted of no doubt as to the manner of death—smashed to pieces and the head severed from the body. Without pausing Captain Stone and his party pushed straight forward to the village where the murderers lived, arrived there before he was expected, and found the people all off their guard. Two Dyaks stole out of the jungle, and, listening under the great house where the natives all lived together, heard them laughing and talking. They took back the news; Captain Stone led his men up, surrounded the house, and, rushing in, killed every man. The women and children were spared; one or two, however, were shot in the *mêlée*. This sanguinary vengeance, though contrary to the usual practices of the English, is said to have had an excellent effect, putting an end to many bad characters, and ensuring the safety of white men in that part of the country. There

was a good deal of talk about it at the time, but nothing was done to punish the chief actors, who enlisted sympathy by their pluck and by the nature of the crime they avenged so grimly.

Leaving Labuan, we went on up the coast to Sandakan, dropping in on our way to spend a few hours at Kudat which is one of the harbours. The English community was still a good deal fluttered by a recent rising of the natives. Everybody who knows anything of Borneo has heard of the rebel Mat Salleh, who gave the company so much trouble until he was killed. After his death the Europeans thought they would live in peace, since the tribes of the interior were scattered and broken up. Little outbreaks, however, have occurred at intervals, for the interior of Borneo is so wild and unknown that it is easy for the offenders to escape. On this occasion it is thought that a rebuke administered by an European to a native servant aroused the anger of the latter, who went back to his tribe and incited them to vengeance, telling them at the same time the arrangement of the barracks—a sentry here, another there, a guard asleep in front; the method of challenge "Hookumdar?" and the answer "Fren," whereupon the "friend" shoots the sentry dead. The villagers who desired to make a raid picked up others as they passed along, offering them shares in the loot. A man came to warn the Resident of this attack, but his story was disbelieved and he himself put under arrest. The attacking party counted on the sentries having only five charges of shot with them, that being not unusual, as the Sikhs are lazy and will not carry more though it is served out to them. On this occasion they were luckily better provided. It must be explained that these police all over the territory are called Sikhs, but very few are really so, being all sorts and conditions of Hindoos, and they are little

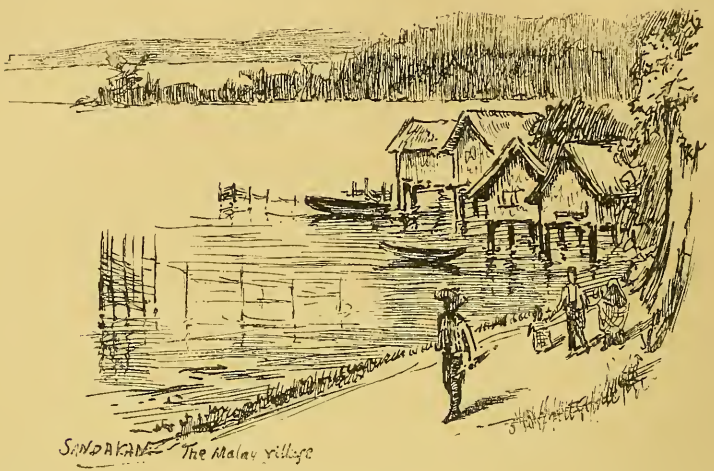
suited for isolation or up-country work. For instance, one station, garrisoned with eight or nine of these Sikhs (without an European officer), when attacked by the rebels, was evacuated by the police, who threw down their Martini-Henrys and ran away, and the rebels in that district are consequently the richer by guns and ammunition. As a rule their arms are old guns, and they collect empty cartridges, which they refill.

On this occasion the affronted natives accordingly came along the shore, took the barracks and arsenal, which are quite unprotected on two sides, and shot the sentries. After firing a few shots the rest of the police got away. News was sent up to the Resident, and every one thought Kudat was in hands of the rebels. At daybreak the police were collected and marched back in two parties, and it was found that the rebels, thinking their victory secure, had broken into the store and were busy opening tins of condensed milk. A scuffle ensued, about thirty rebels being killed or wounded, and the rest captured. During this scuffle a Dutchman, who was staying in the Kudat hotel, was awakened early in the morning by the sound of firing. "D—— those energetic Britishers!" he said. "Fancy their having target-practice at this time in the morning, spoiling decent folks' sleep!" As the firing went on he gave up the attempt to sleep and went down to his bath. A bullet came *ping* through the *kadjong* walls and embedded itself in the door. The Dutchman was furious. "They can't even fire straight but must go shooting all over the shop, wasting ammunition too! I shall go up and complain to the Resident!" He carried his complaint, however, first of all to the hotel keeper and found that worthy in an extremely perturbed frame of mind. They grow cool people in Kudat. A young official there on outpost duty on the same occasion, not wishing to give the alarm

by firing, on being approached by a native seized him, pummelled him well with his fists and tied him up with his handkerchief just in time to tackle a second one, whom he treated in a similar fashion. There was one English lady living at Kudat, but her lot, though lonely, was nothing compared to that of the wife of one of the railway employés who were making a line through part of Borneo. This woman, when we saw her, was at Jesselton, smaller, lonelier, and more squalid than Kudat, with only half a dozen Europeans in all. She gave us tea in her tiny bungalow and told us simply that she always went with her husband wherever his work took him. She had been three years at Buluwayo in the early days. She was just preparing to move with her husband some eight miles up the line to a practically isolated spot, and in view of the not very friendly character of the natives I thought this very plucky and told her so. She replied that a white woman commanded respect in these parts, but she added, with a meditative eye on the flimsy walls of her bungalow, "It would be more comfortable to feel that one's sleeping room, at all events, was bullet-proof"

Sandakan, our last place of call in North Borneo, is quite a big place and very pretty. It is built on a little peninsula, so that from the top of the hills behind the town one can see the sea on either side. Sandakan possesses a very nice club, with tennis grounds where a Filipino band plays twice a week, a stone church, still incomplete, Government House and offices and a number of pretty and spacious bungalows, many of which stand in their own grounds, which are bright with flowers. I imagine the European population to be about thirty or forty, perhaps a few more. There is a large and picturesque Chinese quarter, and a very pretty Malay village, but the nicest thing about Sandakan is the road which meanders through the town, along the cliff side towards the

Malay village in one direction, and in the other by twisting, winding paths, overhung with exquisite foliage and flowering shrubs, to the point of the peninsula, whence a splendid view of the sea can be had. There are several traps in Labuan, and at least one, always spoken of as *the* buggy, in Kudat, but I don't think there are any wheeled conveyances in San-



dakan. Every one rides the sure-footed, fat little Sulu ponies, or goes about in a chair carried by two Chinese coolies. Andrew always had four to his chair, and his *cortège* was most impressive.

At Sandakan we had our usual luck, for some American officers came over from the Sulu islands, and when they heard Andrew's name, and that he had credentials to the American executive in Manila, they offered to take us with them, which would give us an opportunity of seeing some of the islands *en route* to Manila. They were with a scientific party, travelling in a small steamer hired for the purpose, partly for pleasure, and partly to obtain some information about the

islands. At the word "information" Andrew pricked up his ears like a terrier who hears "rats!" I pricked up mine also at the news that there were several ladies on board, and I began bitterly to regret that I had sent all my nice things on to Hongkong.

I may add that never, at any period of my travels, did I succeed in having exactly the clothes I wanted, despite the fact that I had in my luggage practically every kind of garment that I needed. It was impossible to take the whole lot with me, however, and I never managed to have just the trunk I required. Later on Andrew simplified the matter by losing all my trunks—but that story must come in its place. When I started off on this journey, I made great inquiries as to clothes. Andrew had only one idea. After meditating for a long time he said he was sure I should want a *solah topee* (sun hat) but couldn't think of anything else. I will now give all my readers a tip which would have been worth goodness knows what to me. Take for evening wear, whenever you travel in the tropics, the thinnest black gown you can get with long sleeves—not very tight. The reason is that one's arms get mosquito-bitten and that long gloves are out of the question in the heat. It is better to have the dress black because if you are seasick and your Chinese servant or your husband packs for you, he will probably put the stuff you shine your patent shoes with on the top, and it will break and inundate the whole trunk. Boot-blacking smells nasty but doesn't show—much—on black silk. Don't take fine muslins or coloured cottons, except for special occasions. Don't have collars to your frocks, and don't take Paris hats. All these things are a weariness to the flesh. In all kinds of tropical travelling one wants:

(1) A warm coat and skirt—serge for preference—rain-proofed.

(2) An unlined alpaca coat and a couple of skirts.

(3) Quantities of white cambric and silk blouses, and plenty of linen skirts.

(4) Some dark-coloured cambric and silk blouses to match coats and skirts.

(5) Some loose wrappers of nun's-veiling.

(6) A Panama straw hat, and a smart burnt straw shape, with one or two made-up "trimmings."

(7) A couple of evening frocks, say one coloured and one black, as described before. A high silk bodice to one of these (unlined) will do duty as an afternoon gown.

With these as the foundation you can count on being neatly and comfortably attired under almost any circumstances—unless, of course, you are going to attend race-meetings or Vice-regal garden-parties.

This is some of the trousseau with which I mentally provided myself before joining the American party, and I tried hard not to reproach Andrew for having beguiled me into the idea that I could get anything I wanted made on the spot wherever I went.

There wasn't much temptation to spend money in North Borneo, though some of the Malay woven *sarongs* and silver work is nice. "Wait till you get to Manila," said Andrew, and I waited.

CHAPTER IX

OF WOMEN, MEN AND THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO

We join the *Cachuca*—Of spinsters—Be good and you will be beautiful—Of American women—Of husbands—A meek millionaire—The Sulus—A Malay dandy—*Siri* boxes—The story of Doña Isabella—A much engaged army

CERTAINLY the next few weeks were among the most pleasant we have ever spent, despite cramped quarters and not very interesting diet on board the *Cachuca*. A scientific big-wig who was bug-hunting in the archipelago was the head of our expedition, and he was accompanied by two daughters, Sadie and Mamie, who interested me deeply as being the first samples of young American womanhood I had had an opportunity of studying. There were several other ladies in the party, all young matrons with the exception of a Miss Belinda Banks, who was neither young nor a matron—perhaps if she had been a matron she would have seemed younger, but she had a way of emphasising her virginity by wearing white muslin and baby-ribbon which added years to her age. She was a soul, too, and prided herself on her deep insight into Nature. For this reason she could never let Nature alone, but had to go on

talking about it all the time—"Isn't the tender grey of that reflection just too lovely? My! what a pur-rfectly adorable shade of green," &c. &c. She had a fat book into which she faithfully copied all her observations, and she read them aloud in a whisper to a thin young man whom she had

annexed as her particular property. I overheard her one day, and from the style imagine that she was writing a detailed account of the tour. It ran thus: "In honour of our arrival the town was gaily decorated with a profusion of arches." (N.B.—The decoration was in honour of a saint's day, but no matter.) "The first of these was of elegant shape, measuring about thirty feet in height and ten in breadth. It was constructed of bamboo interlaced, and twined with ropes of paper flowers, the interstices being some ten inches in diameter and"—but here I fled. A little later on I passed Miss Banks again, and I heard her whisper-

ing: "We were now shown into an elegant parlour" (heavens! in the Philippines!) "measuring some twenty feet square and decorated tastefully with," &c. &c.

When Miss Belinda was not writing in her fat book or reading it aloud, or admiring the scenery audibly and telling us just how it made her feel, she was occupied with some hideous knitting, and I need not explain that it was for a mission. Lest I have been unkind to poor Miss B. B., let me add, too, that she belonged to a very noble army of martyrs —the poor, unattractive younger sisters of the female sex, who with hearts full of love and no one to bestow it on, try to fill up their lives in other ways—and remember pathetically that a cultivated mind and beautiful soul shine through the plainest face. Let me not be mistaken. I know there are women, and not always plain women, who are really happy and useful unmarried, and who remain so for choice, being sensible enough to realise that matrimony can only satisfy one's highest aspirations if one marries the right man. They go on their way serene and strong, albeit a little lonely, but Miss Belinda was not one of these. In her little coquetries of dress, her constant smiles and oppressive cheerfulness it was almost impossible not to feel that she was consciously striving to make up for the homely features bestowed on her by Nature, and to assume the place in people's estimation which is reserved for the young and attractive. One could imagine her saying to herself: "Belinda, dear, you are not pretty, but you are bright and brainy; men like a woman to be bright and brainy!"

Apropos of Miss B. B. I cannot help recording my impression of American women generally, not only from that experience but from others, in which I was brought into close contact with them. It is absurd to generalise about women at all, and I advance my ideas with the utmost

diffidence; but as I think of the list of my American acquaintances, I am struck by one dominant feature. I won't go so far as to say that American women are selfish, but they are certainly to an extraordinary degree self-centred. This does not prevent them from being interesting intellectually, but it always seemed to me that my Transatlantic female cousins cultivate their minds just as one cultivates a window-garden—to make the best show to the world. Every woman who reads at all—and the number is proportionately far larger than in England—belongs to a reading or debating society. She is labelled as the adherent of one or other school of thought. She rushes into print whenever possible. She is not at all afraid of being thought clever, as is the case with many Englishwomen; and although her conversation gains in interest her character loses, for she is apt to get opinionated and a trifle aggressive. American women are better talkers, brighter, and more amusing socially than we, but too often their wares are in their shop windows.

It is all part of that self-centralisation of which I spoke. The bright, brainy American woman is always anxious to make a good impression, always occupied with showing herself to the best advantage, never indifferent or lethargic as are English women of different types. I don't say that American women are always showing off, but I *do* say that the attitude is one they naturally assume and adorn with much ease and grace. It is rare to see an American woman efface herself in any way; and on the whole, although her manners in society are prettier and more graceful than those of her English cousin, she is less ready with the little acts of tact and self-denial that constitute true politeness. Some of the nicest women I have met have been Americans married to Englishmen, and this fact makes me think that the faults of the fair sex in the United States are partly due to the men.

American men apparently don't mind being treated like worms. I know one who is rich, good-looking, and belongs to one of the first families in Boston, and yet he would act as rug-carrier to a girl for days, and the minute some one else came along he was shunted into the background. I met him one day loaded with shawls, parcels, and parasols, toiling behind while his fair one strolled ahead with a naval officer. I inquired politely: "Don't you feel a worm?" He said: "I do—but what's to be done?" My word! If Andrew had been in his shoes there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death before night!

A girl who had lived half her life in the States and half in England, on being asked which she preferred, told me that the States were "far jollier for girls. You can get engaged to a man one day and break it off the next, and nobody thinks any the worse of you!"

The difference between British and American husbands is this: the Briton is the planet, and his wife and family are satellites which have no orbit of their own but revolve round him. I have known young unmarried Britons even, living with their mothers and sisters, who ruled the household with the same lofty air. If they were late, dinner was kept back; if they went out, the cook was told: "Anything will do for dinner, Master Bertie is not at home." The women of Britain have to a certain extent risen against this bondage. They have clubs of their own (the chief enjoyment they get out of them is to invite their men friends to lunch and tea there), sports of their own, trades of their own. The

unmarried ones escape from the orbit of their papas and brothers and circle round themselves in shabby rooms and poky flats in London. For a time it looked as though women were going to have the upper hand, but then the golf mania began and all hopes of women's rights were at an end. The man—who had begun to feel uncomfortably that he was no longer the centre of his little world, and that his women-folk were capable of amusing, and even supporting themselves without his aid—took a mean advantage and departed to the golf links, where he is absolutely independent of the whole world save one minute caddy. The vagaries of his womenkind no longer disturb him. He mounts—metaphorically—a golf club and soars to the empyrean, or, if language is any criterion, he descends with equal facility to "another place." The pleasure or displeasure of his wife or sister has become a matter of indifference to him; the sacredness of the links ensures him absolute peace and quiet so long as he is on their hallowed precincts. He does not rely on female advice, sympathy or encouragement, for his caddy and his conscience are sufficient. He wants no one to spur him on to further efforts—his innate conviction that he will play better next day does that; he no longer looks to female society for change and variety, for the never-exhausted possibilities and varying chances of the game supply all he requires.

Women have tried very hard to emulate this philosophical abstraction of attitude, but in vain. The feminine soul is too complex to find full contentment in "chasing a qui-nine pill over green pastures."

The sad consequence of all this is that, while we hear so much about the freer intercourse of the sexes, and while it is certainly true that up to a certain age boys and girls cycle, boat, play and amuse themselves together, after that time the gulf opens and goes on widening until men and women

are absolutely independent of each other—men for choice and women of necessity. It is, of course, partly because the women went on strike and didn't want to be regarded as appendages of their men-folk any longer. If the really old-fashioned "clinging" type of woman had found that her husband had taken to golf she would have "caddied" for him, and applauded every stroke. That would soon have cured him!

Well! They manage these things better in America. They have golf mania there, but it doesn't break up the happy home. I don't think there are many golf clubs in the States where the ladies' subscription is double that of the men, where they have the worst room in the club-house devoted to them and are debarred from playing two afternoons a week. That is the case in more than one club I know in England, and the attitude is significant. The British golf maniac has "no use for" women. How it has come about I can't say; probably it is partly due to the better adjusted proportion of males and females in the New World than in the Old, but certainly the women of the States succeed in being planets, and their husbands, brothers and fathers make most willing satellites. When an Englishwoman marries she usually gives up her painting, music, debating society, or whatever little hobby she had been addicted to. She says she has "no time." The real truth is frequently that she gets no encouragement from her husband. He doesn't want to hear about the rot they talked at the meeting to discuss Wordsworth. He doesn't see the use of painted milk-stools, and suggests that if she put buttons on the back of his shirt it would be better than practising her violin. He is full of his own affairs, of what he has just read in the papers, of the transactions at the last meeting of his golf club, of his successful "round" on the previous Sunday, or the shocking form of some other man.

Now, as I have not married an American, I don't know exactly what their attitude towards their wives' accomplishments is; but I do know that American women don't consider a house and family, much less a husband, any excuse for neglecting their own mental development. It is possible that they succeed in caring for their children, houses, husbands and for themselves at the same time—I believe some do. The strain must be enormous, and fully accounts for the neurotic diseases of many women. At the same time I am inclined to think that if pressure becomes too great, the American woman too often sacrifices her husband, her home or her children—not herself—and this is why I say that the American woman is selfish. Again, is there any country in the world where the women leave their husbands toiling in the city and go away for months to enjoy themselves, at the sea-side, on the continent, or indeed anywhere? I should like to see the hardworking Britisher—say a bank manager or Stock Exchange man (for I am not talking only of millionaires)—who would sit quiet and write cheques while his wife spent months in pleasure-trips to Paris, or travelled about in the States for amusement.

It all comes back to the same point—the fundamental difference in family life; in Britain the male thing is number one, in the States the female. I don't say which is best. I deplore the habit of too many of my sisters of sinking their individuality in that of their husbands, and limiting their interests to his horizon. But a great doubt assails me whether this is not the attitude in which women are of the most service to the state and the world at large. You see, the cases cannot be altogether reversed; even if the man ceases to be a planet, he must still to a certain extent revolve independently, since he has his business or trade to attend to. Now, unless the woman is the breadwinner, her separate interests must be

works, not of necessity but of supererogation. She is either trying to improve herself or some one else—both laudable but not indispensable employments—I mean indispensable to the life of the family. The ideal woman, therefore, will take the indispensable part first, and will enter into her husband's work and play with all her soul, because if she doesn't some other woman may, and then there will be "ructions" and the family life will suffer. Then she will look well to her children and home, and to those, whether rich or poor, who may need it she will give that rarest gift—sympathy. By this time her life will be pretty full, but the busiest people invariably accomplish most, and if she is a wise, as well as a good woman, she will *make* time in which to inform her mind, and will diligently practise any little accomplishments she may possess. This sapient advice is to married women only; before marriage one's first duty is to oneself, after marriage it is to one's husband. But to neglect one's own mental equipment is not the only way to perform one's first duty.

But to return to our muttons. I wonder how many of my readers have any idea where the Sulu archipelago is! And yet this group of islands, lying between Borneo and the Philippines, has had a deeply interesting and romantic history. Spain, as every one knows, conquered the Philippines more than three hundred years ago, and misruled them until quite recently. The Sulu archipelago, however, was never properly conquered, though expedition after expedition was sent there. In the first place Christianity, to which all the more civilised tribes of the Philippines were converted soon after the Spanish conquest, could never get a hold in the Sulu islands (Jolo is the Spanish name). The people are all Mohammedans, and differ in customs, dress, and character from the Filipinos. They used to be terrible pirates, and were fond of descending on the neighbouring islands, killing

all the old men and children and carrying off the women to their harems and the young men to be slaves. They are a very mixed race, owing to this habit of collecting wives by force, and it is said that they have lost some of their warlike characteristics. Their dress is extremely picturesque, consisting generally of trousers, tight jacket adorned with many buttons, *sarong* twisted round the waist and turban knotted round the head. All these are of the brightest and most startling cottons or silks, frequently patterned in contrasting colours, and the effect is completed by an ornamental *kris* or *bolo*, which is a short weapon with curved blade. A swagger *bolo* is part of every gentleman's full dress, and he thrusts it through a sash at his waist, but he is also fond of carrying a stick, ivory-tipped or ornamented with carving, and if he is a person of consequence his *siri* box is borne by a slave. These *siri* boxes are among the nicest Malay curios. They are of brass or silver, and are decorated in various ways, but usually with geometrical designs scratched on the metal. Often they are of considerable size and contain several smaller boxes for the different condiments with which the Malay mixes his chewing-paste. Besides chewing *siri* their horrid habit is to make the teeth jetty black, and the toothless effect is hideous in the extreme.

A Sulu chief & attendant

Added to that the lips and gums are stained crimson, and the former become loose and protrude, while the gums are surrounded by red saliva. The first place in which I saw betel-chewing was Colombo, where old hags squat at corners of the road and sell little lumps of betel wrapped in a green leaf. One gets accustomed to it after a bit, but it is very revolting, and only the young and sometimes the poorest people are exempt from it. *Apropos* of the black teeth, we were told in Japan that the custom by which women on their marriage were expected to black their teeth and shave their eyebrows is going out. I tried in vain to discover whether by so doing a woman is supposed to enhance her charms, or whether the act shows that she renounces all pretence to beauty for the future. I am inclined to think the latter reason must be the true one, otherwise the custom would never die out!

Although almost to the end of the Spanish dominion the Sulu archipelago remained rebellious, a certain number of officials and soldiers were quartered in different parts of the islands. Among these was one whom we will call Don José Rodrigues, a "Peninsular Spaniard," as the true-born Spanish are called in the Philippines. With him was his wife, Doña Isabella, a handsome, gentle creature, who had her Spanish maid with her. There were at the same station a small body of soldiers and a commandant. One Sunday morning the Spanish ladies, in their black silk gowns and mantillas, went to hear Mass in the little barn-like church that had been raised by a Jesuit mission. The men accompanied them, and the majority of the Spanish soldiers attended as it was a feast day. The devout Spaniards knelt side by side in the front of the church, while the familiar Latin words rolled from the lips of the black-browed friar. About a score of native converts knelt behind, but in a pause of the service

the Governor noted with surprise that the church was filling up—was full of Moros in their gay dresses. Suddenly a clang was heard; the big doors swung to, the Spanish friar stopped suddenly in his reciting, the Governor sprang to his feet. Too late! With a yell the Moros rushed on the little band of Europeans, slashing and thrusting with their deadly *bolos*. Doña Isabella, screaming, flung her arms round her husband—in vain! Cruel hands tore them apart, and one by one she saw the butchery of her countrymen and faithful servants, while she and her maid and a few native Christian women were huddled into an agonised group surrounded on all sides by fierce faces and wild gestures. Then the little band of fainting women was hustled out on to the green in front of the church, and it was evident that divided counsels obtained as to what should be done with them. Unable to understand what was going on, the women clung to each other in an agony of fear, which reached its climax when some of the crowd round them, waving their *bolos*, with angry shouts, seemed to be about to end the suspense. All at once, however, a shrill voice rose above the crowd, and an aged, toothless, but energetic woman pushed her way through the angry men. Gathering the ladies behind her, she harangued her countrymen in shrill, eloquent accents. Several times they seemed to lose patience, and made an effort to push her on one side, but she flung herself fearlessly in the way of the *bolos;* and at length, telling the unfortunate women to follow her closely, she pushed her way through the crowd, chattering volubly and apparently ridiculing those who stood in her way, for more than one laugh greeted her sallies. She led the way to her house—a small wooden bungalow—and there she conducted the ladies to an upper room, and, closing every aperture, left them, promising to return. For many days the wretched women lay trembling in this hot, close room. Their

A FILIPINO SAILING *PRAHU*, WITH CREW
BALANCING ON OUTRIGGERS.

protectress brought them food, and told them she would do her best to save them, but they must not be seen or the anger of the people might arise. Her motive for this act was the honour of her people, and no particular love for Spaniards had prompted her. True men do not kill defenceless women, she said, and she probably wished to avert the vengeance which such a deed would arouse.

It is impossible to describe the sufferings of Doña Isabella and her companions. Her raven hair was snowy white before her captivity ended. At last their protectress managed to smuggle them out in native boats, and they were picked up by one of the little trading-vessels which ply among the islands. They were brought to North Borneo and hospitably treated there, Doña Isabella exciting the deepest pity by her beauty and misfortunes. Sometimes she would throw off her griefs, and then the natural vivacity of the Spanish nature asserted itself, but more often a deep and terrible gloom overshadowed her. Her one desire was to get away from this terrible land, where the faces and dresses in the street reminded her of that awful day, and to return to beautiful Spain. She revisited in memory the orange-groves, the vineyards, the gay, picturesque cities and rich, romantic scenery of her country. Alas! she was never to see those scenes again. On the journey home she fell ill, sank rapidly, and died, never having recovered from the shock she had gone through. This is a true story and only happened a few years ago.

Owing to an accident I was unable to go on shore at the capital of the Sulus; but Andrew went, visited the Sultan, and saw some games which were got up in honour of the departure of the distinguished Americans, who had been bug-hunting for several weeks in the neighbourhood, and had won every one's heart by paying twice the ordinary price

for everything they bought. Unfortunately Andrew has a fatal incapacity for describing anything. He came back and said it was most interesting, and that he had met an American officer who was full of information. When I heard that I despaired of getting any sense out of him, so I attacked the two girls, Sadie and Mamie. They were tall and smart, and had the sort of figures which Andrew likens to a kangaroo. Sadie tucked a pink rose reflectively behind her ear and said: "It wasn't bad, but I guess there are too many married and engaged men in these islands. You see, when they left home plenty of them were unattached, but they've been away so long most have got lonesome and homesick, so they write and propose to the first girl they think of. Of course, every girl in the States is just wild to have a beau at the war; it makes her so interesting; and so there's scarcely a man who doesn't go about with a photograph in his breast-pocket, and wants to show it you and have you sympathise with him. I'm pur-rfectly sick of sympathising." "That's nothing," chimed in her sister. "Only think of me! I wasted a whole hour yesterday!" "How was that?" we inquired. "Why, you know that good-looking, tall fellow, the one we made up our minds was a woman-hater?" "Yes," said her sister; "and I thought you seemed to be getting on pretty well with him. I was right mad, for I do love women-haters." "He's not much of a woman-hater!" said Mamie scornfully. "I laid myself out to be as fascinating as I knew, and at the end of a whole hour, when I thought he was going to tell me I was the only girl he'd ever been able to talk to, he turned round with tears—actually tears—in his eyes, and said he was pleased to meet me because I reminded him of his wife, and he'd been married the week before he left 'Frisco and hadn't seen her since!"

Sadie and Mamie were the first American girls to pass

through the islands after the American occupation, and as many of the young officers at distant stations had seen no women-kind for eighteen months or more they fell easy victims to the charms of the sisters, who left a track of bleeding hearts behind them. Usually, on returning from a visit to the shore, they were followed by detachments of orderlies bearing curios of all kinds, of which the young fellows stripped their quarters to present to the belles. On one occasion Sadie returned almost empty-handed and, in reply to my question as to "loot," said scornfully: "These men are not the *giving* sort; they're only the *promising* sort. Still," she added pensively, "I left my address."

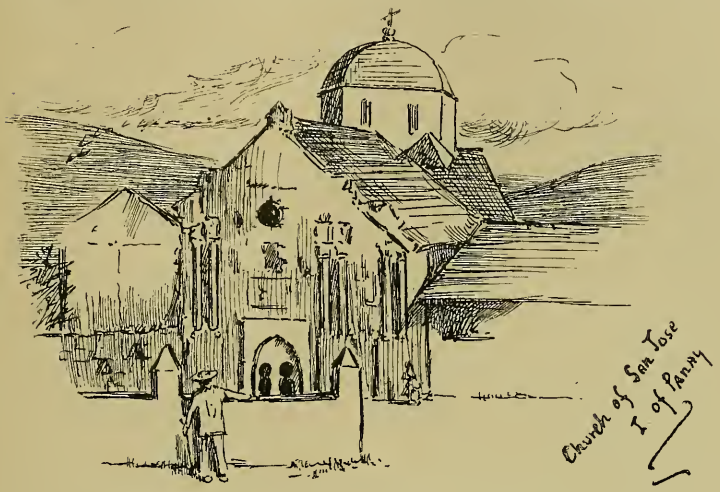
CHAPTER X

AMONG THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Scotland in the East—A Filipino town—The little brown brother—Feminine extravagance—We sleep at the *Alcalde's*—Eating and drinking—Of religious feeling—Cebu and Magellan—The romance of history—The American Voice—A British community—A perilous adventure—We nearly feed the sharks—Andrew is serious

OUR first stop was at Cagayan Misamis, in the large island of Mindanao. The town is not on the sea-shore but lies a few miles inland, and the only sign of life in the little bay where we landed was a small landing-stage on which half a dozen men and boys sat fishing. I was gazing at the scene—the blue water, curving shore with its fringe of sand, and a distant vista of mountains rolling back in folds of green and purple—and wondering of what it reminded me, when the inevitable Scots engineer murmured at my elbow in the well-known accent of the Tay-side: "Eh! It's uncommon like the Gairloch!" And so it was, though more perhaps like

an epitome of all the Highland lochs—a sort of concentrated essence—than any particular one. Except for a palm here and there, nothing in the scenery reminded one of the tropics, and the deep green foliage, bright blue water and purple distance might be matched any glorious summer's day in



bonny Scotland. Every one knows that group of fishers, too. The serious fishers with complicated tackle who sit in complete absorption watching for a rise; the little boys with bent pin and string who strive to imitate them; the idlers who hang around and merely watch.

We drove up to the town in ambulance waggons—my first experience of that sort of vehicle—drawn by splendid teams of mules. Cagayan is such a peaceful-looking village that it was hard to realise the stories told us by the American officers who were our hosts. The most prominent thing about all Philippine towns and villages is the church and priest's house, generally adjoining each other, the latter known as the *convento*. In the old days every traveller was

given hospitality at this *convento*, for inns were unknown, and it was frequently the school of the district and altogether the centre of the universe to the natives. The *convento* at Cagayan had been appropriated as barracks, after it had been severely attacked and captured from the Filipinos by the Americans. The town must have suffered as the centre of some obstinate fighting, but it does not show the same evidence as Iloilo. On one door is a gruesome reminder in the shape of a bloody hand-mark, the fingers wide-spread, little hasty dabs of blood around. One can almost see the rush of the wounded man, the battering with open palms on the closed door, the quick rattling of bolts behind, and the furtive glance over the shoulder as he slips through the narrow opening.

Cagayan is clustered to form several wide, dusty streets, if streets they can be called. The houses stand high, the second story being used for the living house. Most of the houses are wood, thatched with *nipa;* that of the former Spanish Governor being a long white building, with a verandah in front, looking out over a small enclosed garden on to the village green, or possibly it might be termed the *Alameda* in stately Spanish fashion. This is adorned with a double row of picturesque gnarled trees leading up to the church, which is sufficiently simple and weatherworn to be thoroughly in keeping with the rest of the scene. About 8 o'clock, when the señoras and señoritas in their fresh cottons and little black lace veils are coming out of church, bunching up the clean skirts out of the dust, and not without a little pride in the frilled white petticoat beneath, or perhaps even a pair of coloured stockings, there is a pretty picture framed by the dark trunks and foliage of these old trees. The church, partly white, with a little yellow tower, a glimpse of depth of light and shade and rich colours of stained glass showing

A FILIPINO VILLAGE STREET.

through the square open door, makes a fitting background, and it were difficult to imagine a more peaceful scene. But in the midst of all this rusticity an American army is living. Horses and mules are stabled under the shade of these same trees. Carts and waggons stand near by, stalwart men in blue shirts, khaki breeches and sombreros lounge about, march about, swarm in the houses, mount guard at the corners, sleep in the shade, stretched on their campaigning cots, and generally pervade the whole atmosphere. The Stars and Stripes flies from more than one window, and a regimental band sends brazen, cheerful, Philistine strains across the scene.

We were the first white women to be seen in this out-of-the-way spot, and our appearance caused the greatest excitement and amusement. I must confess that the Filipino garb is more suited to the climate than our own. Hitherto, from Java, through the Spice Islands, Celebes and Borneo up to the Sulu archipelago, the Malays had all worn variations of the *sarong* and *kibaya*, the latter being a cotton jacket with tight sleeves, that of the women frequently reaching almost to the knees. The semi-civilised Filipino, however, has adapted the dress of his European conquerors, and the usual male attire consists of short linen trousers and a linen or muslin shirt *worn outside*. As the latter garment is fashioned in every way like an ordinary shirt, it gives a suggestion of undress, or of an interrupted toilet. The beautiful fine muslins of native manufacture are characteristic of the Philippines. There are various sorts, all made from the fibre of the cocoanut or of bananas; the favourite shade is a creamy yellow, but blue and red checks and bars are introduced, and the muslin can be had thick or clear according to taste. I had some blouses made of these muslins and they have been much admired. The silk muslins known as *piña* are exquisite, equal to Paris goods and nearly as expensive now, thanks to the rage for them among

Americans. The prettiest are the white and cream in narrow silky stripes, but the colours are often very delicate and dainty. Then there are solid home-woven cottons for *sarongs* and skirts, so that Filipinos have quite a stock of native manufactures for dress. The women wear the inevitable *sarong*, at least in the southern Philippines. In the north they wear a full skirt, over which a piece of black cloth is fastened like an apron, only worn at the back instead of the front. Their bodices are of muslin, cut low and with wide open sleeves, which leave the whole of the arm practically bare. These sleeves are starched to stand out on either side, and a stiffly starched kerchief is worn like a fichu round the shoulders. For church-going it is usual for better-class women to wear a bit of black lace or net on the head, in imitation of the Spanish mantilla, and to attire themselves entirely in black muslin, but the shape is always the same. Well-to-do Filipino ladies, all indeed save those who claim a preponderating strain of Spanish blood, wear this costume, though the skirt is a little more elaborate in cut among the better class and usually boasts a funny little train. Of course all who can afford it have silk skirts for grand occasions, and these are painted and embroidered, while the muslin bodice or *camisa* is also decorated with fine stitching or made of silk muslin. I saw some lovely *camisas* worked with flowers in natural shades, the petals being raised and the centres made of gold tinsel or tiny pearls. These, however, are expensive toilettes, and we saw none at Cagayan Misamis, which is a rustic town and far from rich. As soon as a man acquires any sort of position in his native place he begins to wear a coat, and the first sign of affluence or importance is the black broadcloth suit which he dons on Sundays and feast-days. This, with a white shirt-front and collar and a black tie, makes him as ugly and unpicturesque an object as God's sun ever shone on, and by-and-by, as the

heat takes the starch out of his collar and front, he acquires a dissipated appearance which is highly comic.

During our tour among the islands we saw many different towns, and some surprised us by their size and the number of good houses they contained. One provincial town has as many as four large churches, two colleges, for boys and girls (all well built of stone), a theatre, made of wood but elaborately decorated inside to simulate marble, and a fine public building. Nevertheless there is rather a tumble-down aspect about all Filipino towns. It is only such buildings as I have enumerated that are of stone, for the houses are, as a rule, built of wood and thatched with *nipa* (palm leaves). The walls are made with sliding panels, so that they may be opened entirely or closed at will. In order to keep a house at all cool it is necessary to adjust these slides continually in order to keep out the sun and admit as much air as possible. The smaller houses are mere huts, the sides as well as the roof being of the indispensable *nipa*. Inside, the furniture is extremely scarce. On one occasion we were spending the night at a provincial town and were offered hospitality by various local magnates. I believe it was the vice-mayor who was to have the honour of putting up Andrew and myself and another couple. When we arrived we were a little taken aback to find a square wooden bungalow, with steps outside, this being the

Sunday Clothes.

most primitive form, as all better-built houses are entered by a sort of courtyard, whence the staircase runs up into the middle of the reception-room. We entered, however, and found one large room with three tiny ones opening off—mere cupboards and very stuffy. There was not the smallest vestige of furniture, but I believe the family who vacated for us had taken their household gods with them.

By-and-by a few smiling and breathless Filipinos appeared and welcomed us with effusive bows. They brought with them a small marble-topped pedestal, on which they proceeded to place a very minute tin basin, and they assured us that chairs and beds would be forthcoming. The obvious difficulty of accommodating two married couples in one bare room (the cupboards were out of the question) never seemed to occur to them, and as explanation was impossible, owing to the limited Spanish any of us possessed, we simply fled. The only explanation we could leave behind was the sentence *No custombre Americanos*, in answer to which they poured out a voluble stream, pointing the while to the pedestal and basin as much as to say that if these did not tempt us to stop nothing would. Finally we spent the night at the *alcalde's*, a very sober, dignified old Filipino, who possessed a large house and a regular bevy of women-folk. We never were quite clear as to whether they were his daughters or nieces or merely neighbours come to see the show, but about ten girls constantly hung about, besieging us with questions and laughing consumedly because we couldn't understand. The house had two large reception-rooms in the centre, one being laid out on this occasion with a gorgeous supper, while the other contained a piano, chairs and a round table. These are practically the only articles of furniture in a Filipino sitting-room, but it is usual to have a small shrine, and a sacred picture or two. Supper was always a great institution on

A FILIPINO HOME.

these occasions, and some of the dishes were not bad, especially the fish. It was not unusual, however, to have four or five meat courses, and these appeared at the oddest moments, just after trifle or before soup. I have experienced real Filipino cooking, and never wish to do so again, but at the entertainments given us by wealthy Filipinos we seemed to get a far-off flavour of French cookery, together with a distinct attempt to have everything quite European. The array of wine-glasses was formidable, but there was no particular method in the distribution of the wine. *En passant* I think the question of what to drink is one of the most tiresome on a journey like this. Water, unless boiled and filtered under one's own eyes, is taboo, and even when evaporated water is to be had it is a flat, unrefreshing drink. Aerated water is absolutely prohibitive in price in out-of-the-way spots, claret is apt to be thin and sour, beer doesn't agree with every one, especially in a hot country. Men always seem to be able to get along with whisky and water, but even then they run a certain risk in the water, and not every one can emulate my friend the commercial traveller. The hospitable Filipinos always gave us a curious, unearthly beverage which they called champagne. It had various flavours, but only one effect—a dry and smarting mouth and an aching head next morning. I believe they bought it from the heathen Chinee, but I *do* wonder where grew the grape from which that subtle poison was distilled.

The bedroom which we occupied at the *alcalde's* was extremely large, and had two enormous four-post beds, elaborately carved and adorned with valances of lace. There was no mattress or bed-clothes, merely a grass mat, with a pillow and "Dutch wife" in the whitest of cotton covers. Nothing is cooler or more delightful than this sort of bed when one is accustomed to the slight hardness. There was a toilet table and a washing-

stand, the former evidently a fixture, but the latter, I think, imported for our benefit. Wardrobes and chests of drawers are never seen in bedrooms, all the clothes of the family being kept on shelves in a sort of large cupboard. Sometimes the shelves run all round a room which is devoted to this purpose and called the wardrobe-room. The lower end of our room was screened off, and from the sounds which proceeded from it I gathered that the family who had given us their beds were camping out there on mats. It is curious to spend the night with only a screen between one and a whole Filipino family; but necessity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and we slept soundly as usual. Breakfast was always a trying operation. As a rule eggs are forthcoming, but neither bread nor butter is good, the latter, if to be had at all, being tinned and liquid, and beyond eating up scraps left from last night's banquet, there is no attempt at a breakfast dish. Sometimes the American officers entertained us, and then we usually fared well and made up for the greasy, over-cooked meals which we had consumed as guests of the Filipinos.

It is difficult to give any idea of the Filipinos and their ways without explaining to a certain extent their history, and that would unduly prolong this part of my travels. It must be understood, however, that although conquered and Christianised more than three centuries ago they have never been given freedom, and the mass of the people have little or no education, the consequence being that they have but the thinnest veneer of civilisation. Their religion, of which much parade is made, is little more to them than superstition and pageantry. At one place we saw one of the saints from the church, which, in honour of the Americans, had been rudely dressed to represent the statue of Liberty in New York harbour. Spikes of gilded paper were round its head, and

one absurd wooden arm was raised holding a *bâton*. This figure was regarded with the deepest admiration by all, and had been brought eleven miles over rough roads in order to decorate the town visited by our party. Next *fiesta* day it would doubtless resume its position as the Blessed Virgin or some tutelar saint, and no idea of sacrilege would enter any one's head. The same curious lack of appreciation of the sacred side of things is shown in funeral rites. A friend of ours described the burial of a little girl, the child of her servant. The mother came on the morning of the day to ask for a holiday for all the household, which was, of course, granted. She then borrowed some hangings with which to decorate the bier. The child was laid in a coffin, lined and trimmed with white and beautifully decorated, and the relations put on their best clothes. On the return from the burial-ground a feast was held, and music and dancing kept up to a late hour. Throughout, although the child had been tenderly treated while alive by its parents, who were apparently fond of it, there was no sign of mourning or lamentation, or, indeed, any appreciation of the solemnity of death. I am aware that funeral feasts are common in more than one Christian country, but I do not remember to have heard of dancing being part of the ceremonies. Pilgrimages to shrines situated in various islands are very popular, and from all accounts are regarded as peculiarly festive forms of pic-nics. The two favourite shrines are the Virgin of Antipolo and the Blessed Child of Cebu. We visited the latter, and were shown the *bambino* by an old priest, who eagerly took the quaint little wooden figure, dark with age, out of its wrappings to show to us two heretics.

Cebu is a specially interesting place, as it was here that Magellan, discoverer of the islands, landed after his adventurous voyage from Madrid *viâ* the straits which now bear his name.

He planted a cross which is said to remain to this day, but as it has been entirely cased in wood and furthermore enclosed in a sort of cage one cannot feel that one really gazes upon

the interesting relic. Poor Magellan was killed by the natives on a little island near Cebu, but I am afraid he courted his fate, for he seems to have adopted a most uncompromising attitude towards the Filipinos, who were practically told to come and be baptized or take the consequences of fire and sword. I do hope no rational historian will ever set to work on that fascinating page of history which deals with early Portuguese and Spanish discoveries. I should hate to have all the little romantic touches with which they are at present

embellished explained away, like Alfred and the cakes, Sir Walter Raleigh and the cloak, William Tell and the apple, not to mention Dunstan and the devil, Cromwell and the bauble, Isaac Newton and the apple, and many other favourites now resigned to the lumber-room of fiction. How often have these oases in a sandy desert of historic facts helped me in that lengthy pilgrimage which began with the Ancient Druids and only ended with the Corn Laws!

Well, no one can rob me of Magellan, who quarrelled with his own king and, though a Portuguese, offered his services to Charles of Spain; who sailed from Spain one August, and after tossing about in the Atlantic for months, entered an ocean which seemed to him so quiet and smooth that he called it the Pacific. I can see the quaint, tall-masted ship, with its crew of sun-burnt men and the little band of explorers in their rich mediæval clothes (which must have got extremely messy and worn out in so long a voyage). There is Piggafetta (delightful name!), an Italian scribe, destined to write the story of the voyage for my future delectation; Barbosa, the second in command, fated, like Magellan, to lose his life at the moment when success was nigh. There are many others, seated in the chart-room, pouring over unwieldy charts of the earth's surface with quaint instruments, or perchance drinking out of richly embossed flagons and singing romance songs of Old Spain. And when Magellan sighted the Ladrones after many months of open, trackless ocean, imagine the intense excitement of the moment! Land ahoy! and every eye on the weather-beaten vessel is fixed on the horizon. At last he dropped anchor at Cebu, and the feet of his little band trod the sands where now I stand. So mused I, and was wrapped in the fascination of the past when an English voice struck pleasantly on my ears.

It is not until one has lived entirely with Americans for

some time that one appreciates the accents of one's countrymen (I mean, of course, the cultured classes; no one could possibly appreciate a Cockney dialect). On this statement I am prepared to make a stand, and nothing will persuade me to the contrary. Americans may speak, as they assure me, better English than I; they may adhere to the primitive pronunciation of words; they may be right in saying "gotten"; they certainly have a wider range of language, and it is quite possible that their enunciation is extremely distinct. All these facts have been instilled into me by impartial Americans who, if they came from New England, sometimes added a rider to the effect that they thought the English accent very unintelligible; but even granting all this I must protest that American voices make me thoroughly tired.

Nowhere does the self-assertiveness of the women manifest itself more than in the high pitch of their voices. An English girl is trained to speak in a low key; well-modulated tones are considered a sign of good breeding (unless one is a very great lady indeed, when it is rather *chic* to shout), and I venture to assert that no English drawing-room full of well-bred women is like the parrot-house at the Zoo, which is exactly the effect produced by a bevy of fair Americans.

The voice of my countryman therefore broke pleasantly through my meditations on the shore at Cebu, and among my brightest recollections is the day that followed in his society, and that of the tiny English community in that far-off spot. The English meal of soup, fish, cutlets and cheese, accompanied with light wines (I shall never get accustomed to the American habit of iced water), the pleasant siesta afterwards with a pile of home papers to read—the sight of Andrew asleep behind the *Times* was too home-like for anything!—afternoon tea and the drive that followed, with our final return to the *Cachuca* laden with gifts. Lovely pearl shells, big baskets of

golden mangoes, a box of the delicate Venus baskets, little native curios and besides a whole store of pleasing recollections we took back with us, and I wave my grateful thanks across the gulf of time and space to our kind entertainers.

I think one reason for our enjoyment of this pleasant day was the quietness and lack of bustle. Too frequently a lack of organisation made our visits to shore an alternate rush to be in time and a long wait. We were never quite sure at what hour we should start or where we should go. When we arrived, there was bustle and confusion as to who should go in carriages and who should walk. The programme arranged for our entertainment frequently involved a most uncomfortable amount of exertion, but that was not so trying as the impossibility of finding out exactly what was expected of us. English people with all their stiffness and prejudice have more idea of arranging functions, and the much-abused laws of precedence are a real boon on such occasions.

The go-as-you-please system on which our expedition was managed (with a view to avoiding formality) landed me one day in about the most perilous adventure of my journeyings. It was a hot little town, in a very disturbed district, and on our arrival we all drove up in carriages from the shore, a distance of about four miles, escorted by a detachment of cavalry. Andrew stayed on board the *Cachuca* as he had some writing to finish, and before the morning was over I devoutly wished I had stayed too. The chiefs of our party were busily engaged in their scientific explorations, and in conversing with the commanding officers; and the rest of us, after exploring the church and *convento*, got very tired and bored. We could not go for a long drive, as only the immediate purlieus of the town were considered safe. There was no ice in the place and we had washed down our lunch with warm soda-water; above all, the young officers, who

ought to have entertained us, were apparently busily engaged in entertaining each other and had arrived at a somewhat unseemly pitch of joviality. Sadie, Mamie and I made desperate inquiries as to how long we were to stay, and were told that, until the tide rose, the steam-tug from the *Cachuca* could not fetch us off. There were, however, two young and reckless secretaries who worshipped at the shrines of the American sisters, and when Sadie asked them scornfully, "Say, can't you do *anything?*" They said: "If you will come with us we will get you out to the *Cachuca* somehow." Thereupon they packed us into an antiquated vehicle of the landau type, and the younger and more reckless, whom I will call Sherman, took his place on the box. Just before we started he tumbled down and rushed into a neighbouring house where some young officers were quartered, returning with something bulky in his pocket. The driver whipped up and we rattled off. Half-way through the village we saw the young ladies' poppa walking along with a green umbrella over his head and a specimen-case in his hand. He stopped and shouted something, but Sadie and Mamie only kissed their hands and remarked, "Poppa seems to be getting scared about angel daughters." When we got to the outskirts of the town the driver pulled up and intimated that he dared go no farther. Sherman thereupon produced an enormous cavalry pistol, which he levelled at the head of the Filipino, and in a melodramatic voice bade him drive on at peril of his life. We all screamed, and inquired anxiously: "Is it loaded?" "I don't know," said Sherman reflectively, "I guess it is. I thought it might come in handy if we met any insurgents in the woods."

"Where did you get it from?" asked the Worm.

"I borrowed it just now," replied Sherman. "At least, the chap was asleep, so I took the loan of it."

The Filipino under such compulsion drove on, and soon we were on the road to the shore, which wound through some groves of bamboo and along the banks of a river. The sun went down in a splendour of gold and crimson, and twilight crept on with alarming rapidity. The last bright streaks of red were shooting across the sky as we stood on the shore and saw the *Cachuca* riding at anchor about a mile and a half out. Between us and her lay, first a stretch of sand thickly strewn with shallow pools, and then a bit of sea. We calculated the distance with some trepidation, and divided counsels prevailed. Sadie, who still had her arm in a sling as the result of an accident, was nervous, and the Worm, who was her father's private secretary, began to feel his responsibilities a little too thick. But Mamie and the indomitable Sherman were determined to go through with the adventure. Appealed to for a casting vote I felt obliged to say that I didn't see what we could do but go forward. To drive back through the darkened woods involved unpleasant possibilities from lurking insurgents, whose favourite method is to get behind a tree and pot their enemies. The only other alternative was to sit down on the shore and wait for high tide, about five hours hence, when we should become the laughing-stock of the whole party. A few natives were prowling about, and several of their boats lay on the beach, so Sherman addressed them in his best Spanish, which, being uneducated Filipinos, they did not understand or appreciate. He conveyed his meaning somehow and they began to run the boats out towards the sea. We had to cross the intervening strip—quite three-quarters of a mile—of wet sand, and we looked with regret at our dainty brown shoes. An inspiration came to Mamie, and following her example we took off our footgear and began to walk in stocking feet. At first it was rather nice. The sand was warm and soft and the little pools most

refreshing, but before that walk was ended we were over our ankles in water, tripping over seaweed, splashing into deep holes and slipping on stones. Our petticoats were kilted up higher and higher, so that we were thankful for the darkness which had descended. From being a white boat on blue water the *Cachuca* had faded into a black boat in a mist of grey, and now little twinkling lights began to come out all over her.

At length it was deep enough to launch the *prahus*, which indeed are so shallow as to float in a few inches. They were little more than long narrow dug-outs, with a few boards fastened across for seats and wide bamboo outriggers on either side. I remembered a saying of Andrew's that these are the safest of all boats, and comforted Sadie with it as we took our seats, but she replied lugubriously that they were all right unless one of the bamboos got water-logged, in which case they invariably capsized.

There were two *prahus*, each requiring two men at least to paddle, and five of us. Mamie, Sherman and I got into one, Sadie and her faithful Worm into another. I suppose we were heavy loads, for the sides of the *prahus* were almost level with the water-line, and a big wave would have washed right over us. It was rather like going for a sea voyage astride of a log. The sea was calm, but the tide was coming in with a long low swell, and every now and then as we rose and fell the edge of the waves broke into our shallow boats so that we were soon sitting with our feet in water. Notwithstanding the peril, Mamie and I both felt a certain enjoyment in the motion, which was free and buoyant, and only poor Sadie with her useless arm kept calling out in terror. Paddling slowly we were at last under the lee of the *Cachuca*, and could see a few people leaning over the side, thinking we were natives coming off to sell fruit. Unfortunately we had to go

A WET WALK.

round to the farther side of the ship for the companion ladder, and there we found the sea rolling in and breaking heavily against her and the ladder. The next few minutes were desperately uncomfortable. One wave dashed us high against the side of the *Cachuca*, but owing to our outriggers not near enough to catch hold, the next took us back into a sort of hollow where the vessel loomed above us. At last the *prahus* were turned nose on towards the ladder, and the next time the waves carried us forward the sailors caught hold of a rope and made it fast. By this time all the people on the *Cachuca* were assembled to see us land. The *prahus*, though steadier, were still heaving up and down, and my only recollection of my own performance is that I raised one leg to plant a foot on the ladder, the *prahu* seemed to sink beneath me, and with a jump I landed face downwards, clasping some one round the legs. I was afterwards told that I "took off" from Sherman's head, and I recollect feeling something which I kicked away wildly in my effort to raise myself to the ladder.

Once on board we were treated to a terrible lecture from the captain, who said our exploit had been most foolhardy. We replied meekly that we could all swim. "*Swim!*" he said. "*Swim!* And so can the sharks, and there are plenty of 'em on these coasts."

We had all had the same unpleasant thought, but had not liked to mention it to each other, but I can assure my reader that it was with a good deal of relief that we eyed each other an hour afterwards, when, dry and clean, we sat down to dinner. Andrew was serious, but I managed to turn the tables on him by pointing out that so little developed were his intuitions where I was concerned that, although I was in deadly peril only a few hundred yards off, he sat in the smoking-room of the *Cachuca* comfortably reading and without any misgivings.

I must add that, despite the captain's warnings, Sherman and the Worm, as soon as they had finished dinner, got back into the biggest prahu, and going with the tide and not against it paddled back to shore, found the Filipino coachman and his carriage just where they had left him (they had forgotten to give any directions and under such circumstances a Filipino merely sits still) and returned to the town, where they found Poppa still mildly anxious about "angel daughters" and reassured him. To this day he believes that we all went back in the jolly-boat of the *Cachuca*.

CHAPTER XI

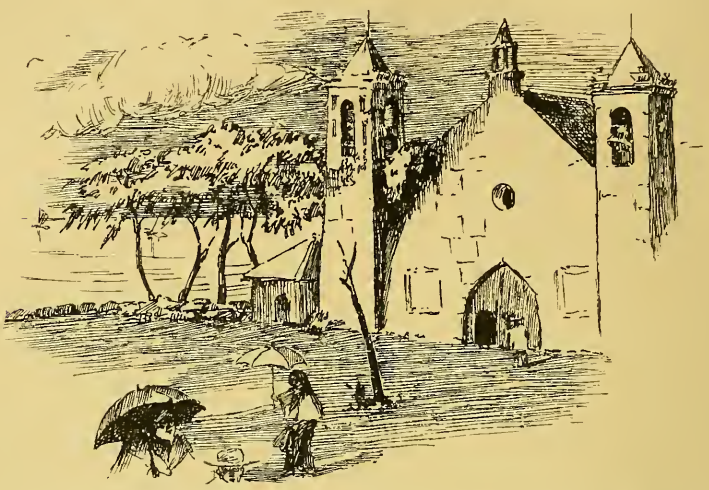
SOME PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND MANILA

Where Rizal lived—A village school—Scenery and sunsets—A wrecked town—Manila at last—A leisurely arrival—A land of *Mañana*—In search of a bed—Hotels and hotel-keepers—American philosophy—*De mortuis*—On the *Lunetta*—New wine in old bottles—We leave for Japan

APITAN in Mindanao is one of the places we visited, and as a thoroughly typical Filipino village it cannot be passed over without a brief description. Landing from the cutter, we were received of course by a crowd of people with a band and a deputation of black-clothed gentlemen. We marched along through a grove of palms till the village grew before our eyes into a picturesque vista of brown huts, every window and door filled with dark eyes and hair and much glinting of red and yellow-tinted muslin. At the end of the village street, or rather the corner where it takes a turn to avoid a great lump of hill, we saw the faint blue of mountains; look back and the blue sea lies sparkling in the sunlight. Just across that bit of blue water, a little way from the village, among trees and shrubs, lay the little house where Rizal, patriot and martyr, lived in exile for four years, earning

the affection of the villagers by his gratuitous ministrations to the sick.

We went to see the village girls' school, which is a long, low room on the second floor, whitewashed and rudely decorated at one end with a small shrine. The little girls sat in rows



at their desks, their small brown faces and twinkling dark eyes turned eagerly towards us, their clothes all clean and freshly starched. The tiny ones spread out behind till they were sitting on the bare polished floor—still as mice. Two native sisters, looking like brown dolls dressed up as miniature *sœurs de charité*, with black robes and white brow and chin-cloths, stood sentinel, while the American soldier-teacher, who for some months had been striving to instil a knowledge of the English language and arithmetic into the sleek brown heads, stood in front and called on one damsel after another to translate alternately in Spanish and English the stereotyped remarks about uncles, nephews, gardens, wives, pens, and ink. Then dusky Emilia, solemnly confronting a sum on the

blackboard, assured us that $1 \times 1 = 2$; and little brown Mercedes replied in absolutely expressionless tones to certain questions: "One books, two books, tree books." Coming out suddenly, we almost tumbled over a swarm of women and children sitting on the steps and peering through the crevices of the door to see how their unfortunate—but exalted—playmates were acquitting themselves.

The people of this wee town look sleek and comfortable, though they are poor, and have a cheerful expression which recalls the Javanese. They have been at peace and have not suffered from the evils of the insurrection.

A pleasant breeze, we were told, plays constantly through this favoured spot. Good spring water is to be had, and altogether a pleasanter little place would be hard to find. The huge barn-like church was full of gaudy, tawdry images, but there was a sense of dignity and proportion about the high altar and reredos. Altogether, Dapitan remains as a pleasing memory, especially as, owing to the poverty of the people, we did not have to sit through a banquet.

The scenery on the way northwards to Manila, especially along the coast of Mindoro, is beautiful and romantic, and is truthfully said to resemble and even excel that of the inland sea of Japan. The tiny islands dotted all round the larger ones afford constant changes of coast-line and are richly wooded to the water's edge. Here one revels in the gorgeous sights of the setting sun, which transcend those to be seen in Italy or the Mediterranean, and which justly earn for the Philippines the title of the "Land of Sunsets."

After Manila the most important town of the Philippines is Iloilo, which lies on the southern shore of the island of Panay on a narrow spit of land, with a blue range of hills in the background, and is bounded either side by the bluest of water. Across a very narrow strait lies the island of Negros

with its broken coast. This beautiful situation, combined with a good climate, should make Iloilo one of the show spots of the world; but alas! the Spanish town, once full of grave grey houses with stone *patios* and *reja*-guarded windows, is destroyed. On the day that the Americans entered Iloilo a hundred flames fed by kerosene shot up from the various quarters of the town. Filipinos, who had nothing to lose by the conflagration, set fire to all the houses of any size or quality. Most of the Spaniards had already left, and only one or two were successful in preventing the destruction of their property. The town was gutted before the Americans reached it, and the *insurrectos* had looted it, assisted by a number of Chinese. The latter were driven out of the houses by American soldiers, but a significant fact proves that they did not go empty-handed. A street of Chinese shops has since sprung up, the owners being men who were in the poorest circumstances before the occupation of Iloilo. As regards the looting by Filipinos, American officers there told us that in every case where a lieutenant or captain was killed at the head of *insurrectos*, his pockets were found to be stuffed with rings, jewels, necklaces, and other valuables.

Iloilo is a wreck. Everywhere stand the gutted walls of houses, which cannot even be used as foundations for new buildings, for fire has crumbled the lime with which they were cemented. Some have been untidily roofed over and made into shops, while on every side hideous corrugated iron rears itself in unsightly "saloons," or "ice-cream restaurants," or warehouses. Rude shanties bear flaming signs advertising the wares they sell, and bits of canvas flap in front of them as poor substitutes for awnings. A sort of public garden filled with stunted palms faces the cathedral, which was crowded on the occasion of our visit, as it was Palm Sunday. The cathedral is tawdry and tumbledown. The ceiling, in

imitation fresco, is peeling off; the wooden, painted pillars are askew; and in places the absence of paint has been concealed with tinfoil to simulate silver. The congregation was quiet and apparently attentive, though I fear they understand nothing of the service. The Church keeps them in thrall, much as the Roman emperors maintained their popularity,

by providing innumerable *fiestas*. These are opportunities beloved by the Filipino, for on a *fiesta* he does not work (or did not, under Spanish rule). He attires himself in his best white muslin shirt, daintily embroidered down the front; his women-folk wear their finest muslins, with wonderful stitchery on sleeves and kerchief, and bright coloured skirts. After the service he can spend the day as he loves—a cock-fight in the afternoon, music and gambling in the evening. The Filipinos speak openly their contempt of the priests, but a sort of superstition holds them fast, and they will give their last dollar to the Church if it be required of them. As a matter of fact, giving his last dollar to any one is not a severe test to the Filipino. He takes no thought for the morrow and is not at all oppressed with the cares of this world; consequently an empty treasury is an affair too common to be at all alarming.

We heard two good stories of Filipino insurgents. Some little time ago a band of fifteen insurgents announced their intention of surrendering to General Blank, being encamped at a short distance from Iloilo. They asked, however, for a week's grace, giving some excuse or other. This was granted, and on the appointed day the surrendering party marched down with a band playing at their head, each in a brand-new uniform, for the making of which the week's delay had been utilised. Behind them came a mule, laden with rice and ammunition, and the whole made a most imposing *cortège*. There is no doubt that the splendour of their appearance greatly compensated the vain Filipinos for their defeat. Another yarn is to the effect that a Filipino leader in the island of Panay, being heavily in debt, offered to surrender to the Americans if they would put up the sum of 5000 dollars (Mex.) to clear off his little liabilities.

Rent and service have gone up in price in Iloilo since the Americans came—100 and even 300 per cent. in some cases. It is hard to get houses, all that are built being wooden bungalows.

Thus, from place to place, we made our way northwards, until one fine day we entered the bay which has become famous in connection with the name of Dewey.

The usual way to reach Manila is from Hongkong and the crossing is generally bad, while there is no particularly good steamer communication. The approach to Manila is not at all picturesque. The bay is very large, and when we arrived was dotted here and there with American ships, men-o'-war, launches, and cutters. We anchored some way out, but could see the town of Manila lying spread out on the shore, low and uninteresting, the line only broken by the spires of St. Sebastian. A number of launches overhauled us, and a great deal of red tape had to be gone through. A poll-tax

of five dollars would have been charged on our tickets had we been ordinary passengers; as it was, we were numbered and inspected, and had our luggage examined, and signed papers, and were finally free to make our departure on a launch run by the "Travellers' Baggage Co." The charge for transfer seemed extortionate. We steamed up the river or channel to the Customs Wharf, passing a number of native boats, large covered junks, and also some depôt ships full of American soldiers. We were assured that a 'bus from the Oriente, the principal hotel, would shortly arrive to convey us to that hostelry, so we sat ourselves down outside the T.B. office and waited. Our American friends, after cordial farewells, drove off in their own carriages, but one or two who had, like ourselves, no homes in Manila, decided to walk up to the hotel, and we saw them depart with complacence, convinced that the 'bus would soon pick us up and that we should be first in the field. We sat and watched the Filipinos in their Sunday clothes as they strolled along the wharf. The men in white trousers and vest and quaint muslin shirts, absolutely transparent, worn, of course, hanging loose; the women in muslin jackets with wide open sleeves, a kerchief worn like a fichu, full cotton skirts and tight overskirts of black, like black aprons worn at the back instead of the front—you know already what they look like, but I have not mentioned hitherto their partiality for wearing the hair unbraided, flowing over the shoulders.

If their costume were limp and soft it might be becoming, but much starch is evidently *de rigueur*, and the muslin sleeves stick out on either side, the kerchief humps up on the shoulders, the stiff skirt is confined by the black apron only to bunch out at the heels or in front, and to crown all, the women walk with a peculiar ungainly shuffle begotten of their heelless shoes. All these things I took note of as we

sat on the wharf. I thought at first that there was not a good-looking woman in Manila. Their faces are small, lean, prominent as to cheek-bones, and with protruding though often thin lips. Brown skin, small brown or black eyes, lank black hair, thin angular arms, only too evident under the muslin, and a general air of puny under-development make an ungracious setting for their little airs and graces, of which they seem full. We saw Filipino ladies driving, later in the day, and their costume was practically the same, except that it was made of finer material, and as Manila is to the Philippines what Paris is to us, many of the carriage costumes were beautiful and costly. I saw a transparent blue muslin, exquisitely embroidered with tiny pearls. The wearer had a blue ribbon round her throat and a rosette mixed with pearls in her hair, and out of this dainty finery looked a wizened little brown face, carefully whitened with powder, the hair taken back from the forehead, much waved and dressed high.

We sat on the wharf and watched the Filipinos, and their American conquerors in dusty khaki, or crumpled white suits, lounging about, or passing to and fro. It was interesting, but we were just then anxious to go to the hotel. Messengers were despatched, telephones used, and we were assured that the 'bus must be here directly. We sat still and reflected that once more we were in the land of *mañana*.

A launch came in bearing a lot of officers and ladies, evidently after a pleasure jaunt. They disembarked, and were packed into carriages with much rustling of silken skirts and frou-frou of lace, laughter, exclamations, and protestations: "We've had a real good time, Major"—and "Thank you *vurry* much, Colonel."

We felt dusty, hot and badly dressed, and we protested and were soothed. Then an official of sorts in a red cap

came along and said the 'bus had broken down, but he would telephone for a carriage; but we had sat there long enough. We got up and walked, and finally catching a *caramatta* we climbed in and drove, and so reached the Oriente some two hours later than our fellow passengers, who were reading the papers in the hall when we arrived, and looked at us with the curious air of intolerance usually assumed by dwellers in hotels towards new arrivals.

We interviewed the clerk, who assigned us a room for which we were to pay 7 dollars each —28*s*. It was a small single room with a small single bed. We could take it or leave it: it was all they had. We left it. I would almost rather have slept in the street, so infuriated was I after my first encounter with an American hotel clerk.

After some delay we got a little box on wheels and rattled away in search of other quarters. Carriages, be it here noted, are hard to hire in Manila, most people keeping their own. Every one drives, so the demand is frequently larger than the supply. Nevertheless, if you walk along and keep a look-out you can frequently pick up a *caramatta*—if you don't want one for another hour or two, send a messenger for it. The

caramatta is a two-wheeled cart, with a cover; there is room for two Filipinos inside, or for one European and a half. The driver sits on a little perch just in front, and the only way in is to climb over the wheel. The *caramatta* we hired on this occasion was not very sure of its wheels, and as we joggled and jolted along over the bad roads and cobble-stone paved streets the driver eyed them nervously. Every now and then came a sickening heave and wrench as we bumped into a hole, and our heads were banged first against the sides of the cover and then against each other. Luckily the wheels held on until we had passed along some Spanish-looking streets—white and grey houses with the inevitable *rejas*—through a low arched opening in a thick wall, which looks much older than it is, and into the walled city. I was too much engaged with holding my head on and watching the wheels to notice much of the city on this occasion, and soon we arrived at the Blank Hotel, where we passed through a courtyard up broad stone stairs into a long verandah-like room, where people were tiffining. Here (after a period during which we had just made up our minds that it wasn't really bad and might be fairly comfortable) a polite Spaniard came with the news that they were full up, and advised us to go to the Hotel Dash, which we afterwards ascertained to be an *annexe* of this place.

The Hotel Dash, where we ultimately obtained a large and dirty room, deserves description. A corner house of forbidding aspect, its exterior is covered with grey plaster, peeling off in places, and a large, badly lettered board announces that here is everything the traveller can desire, including horse, carriages and coachmen of style.

The lower or ground floor is apparently given up to stables, the second displays from outside a collection of dilapidated green Venetians, framed in balconies of wood roughly plastered

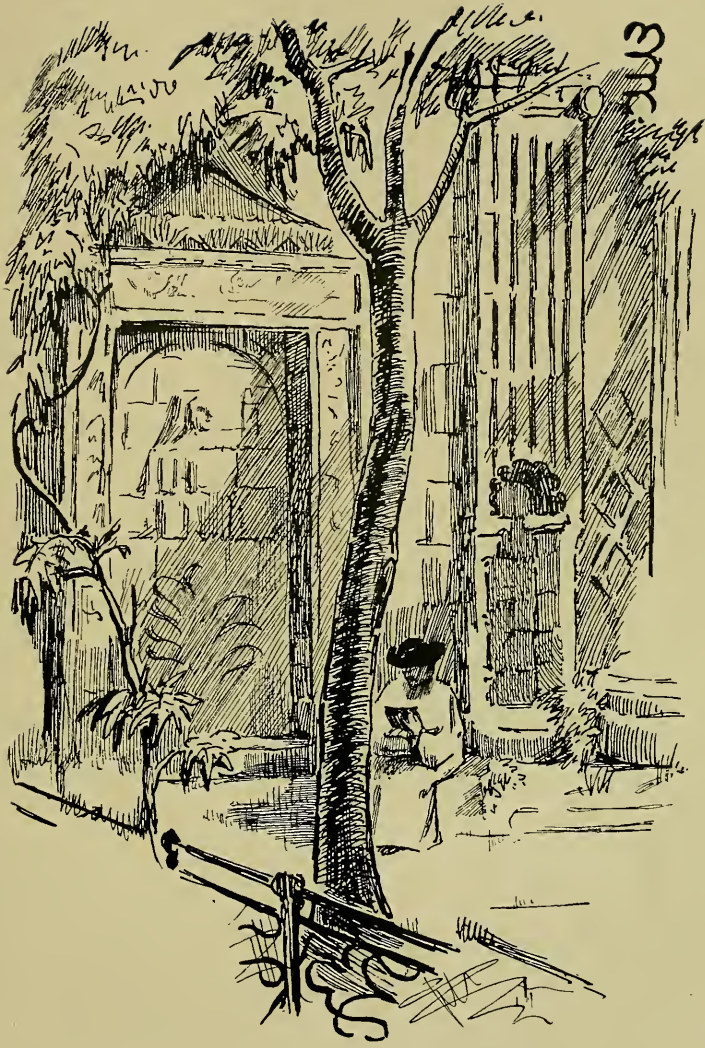
with white. We enter a badly paved court, with a vista of stables at the end, and see on the right a broad stone staircase, very dirty, at the foot of which a Filipino lady is combing her hair. We mount the stairs and find ourselves in a long gallery, with windows at one side and doors at the other, leading into the apartments. At the end of the gallery is a table, and at this table sits a small, impassive man with a strongly marked Spanish face. He seldom seems to speak or move or indeed do anything except make up bills—incorrectly. This he does with great diligence, and, contrary to the habits of hotel-keepers, he usually tots them up to his own disadvantage! Occasionally his calm is broken, as the telephone-bell rings violently, and he flies across the room to answer it. We had occasion more than once to send messages through this telephone, but nothing ever came of them, so we suspect it is merely a "make see," to give the little man something to do in the intervals of arithmetic.

When we arrived tiffin was in progress, so, after a shuddering glance round our room, which contained as little furniture as possible—two beds, two tables, two chairs, two hat-stands, and a broken washing-table with tin basin and jug—we went to tiffin. The menu was elaborate—there were twelve items exclusive of dessert and coffee, but I can't remember eating anything except some very stale bread and cheese. It was the same at dinner—we dined off tomatoes. The waiters were Filipinos who dwindled down from a fair-sized boy of about five foot to a little creature of some two

foot nothing. It was like being waited on by imps in a pantomime. The system of waiting was also unique. One asked for something, and after explaining for several minutes the boy appeared to understand, pointed to something quite different, was corrected, assented, rushed away—and never came back. In the course of half an hour he emerged bearing ice or coffee for the lady next one, and so on *ad infinitum*.

A number of American officers and several ladies lived at this delectable place, and all complained, but on the whole took things very placidly, One pretty lady of the Dana Gibson pet type said she had been there five months, and despite the fact that the whole place was filthy, that there was hardly any food, and no attendance to speak of she said she was having a "real good time." A drive now and then, some riding, dining out or picnics seem to be about all the distractions possible, and the dirt and squalor of the place would have made it unbearable to most Englishwomen. I can only conclude that Americans have more philosophy, and that they are better able to dispense with the home comforts which an Englishwoman finds indispensable and introduces into the most unpromising surroundings. One of the aggravations of the Hotel Dash was the impossibility of getting hold of any one between meals. There are no bells, so you have to open your door and clap hands or yell. A waiter at the end of the room looks up and shakes his head, after a time he calls to some one else, and perhaps, at last, a boy comes shuffling along in a dirty singlet full of holes and without a coat. You ask for tea or matches or anything else. He disappears, and is never seen again.

While on the subject of this hotel, other disadvantages to residence in Manila may be noted. Provisions are very dear—imported things on account of the protection afforded



A CORNER IN OLD MANILA.

by America to her own products; and native produce, such as fowls, vegetables and fruit because of the unusual demand and also the lavishness of American expenditure. The roads are bad for driving, though attempts are being made to improve them; nevertheless, it is too hot to walk (and also distances are too great, unless a man lives actually over his office), so that every one must keep a carriage. The expense of this is aggravated by the dearness of service. Servants are almost unprocurable, except at absurdly high wages. If they are clever, they are not trustworthy, but as a rule they are very dull and extremely lazy. They have no idea whatever of honesty, and require to be told the same thing day after day.

All these drawbacks make Manila a difficult place to realise English ideas of comfort in, and living is very expensive. The Americans seem to regard the whole affair as a pic-nic, and put up with discomforts in the philosophic spirit with which one picks spiders out of one's butter at *al fresco* meals. They are also accustomed to long prices, and do not feel any emotion when asked to pay 1*s.* for a glass of lemonade. Their incomes, it is to be presumed, are calculated on a basis to match the expense of living under such circumstances, whereas the unfortunate English merchants or officials have the same as when food and lodging and service were all cheap.

There are not many sights in Manila: the most interesting are the churches, of which there are over two hundred in the town itself, and the cemetery, which is certainly unique. Here the relatives of the "corp" rent a sort of hole in a semicircular wall, into which they put the coffin, sealing it up with a square stone on which are inscribed the names and virtues of deceased, and perhaps an appropriate bas-relief of angels weeping over urns. The grave is, however, only

leased for five years, at the end of which time, unless a further sum is paid, the bones are thrown out on to a heap at the back of the cemetery!

After a visit to this gruesome place we were glad to have a drive on the Lunetta, the Bois de Boulogne or the Rotten

Row of Manila. This is an open space on the seashore, with grass enclosures and a few trees surrounded by a well-made drive. A band-stand has been erected, little chairs stand around it, and as a pleasant breeze blows in from the sea one listens on the one hand to airs from *Robin Hood* and on the other to the musical plash of the waves. Smart American ladies in *décolleté* dresses of muslin—and *minus* hats—drive round and round, and we have a glimpse of Sadie and Mamie surrounded by a bevy of young officers. Then in the cool of the evening we drive home through dusky palm-shaded roads, and as the kindness of English friends has rescued us from the Hotel

Dash, we are assured of a good dinner and pleasant company, and vote Manila by no means a bad place. There are two towns of Manila. First, the ancient walled city, which contains the finest churches, quaint tall Spanish houses, and narrow streets which transport one at once to the "Peninsula." This was the nucleus of the town, contains the Government building and is surrounded, as its name denotes, by a thick wall with picturesque gates. Outside is a straggling untidy town, with roughly paved streets, now narrow, now broad, winding and twisting, presenting every variety of architecture from the ugly imposing shop to the wooden shanty. The United States is leavening the whole lump with the spirit of utilitarianism and progress, and edifices which were primarily designed as small and dirty drinking-shops, where the lean and picturesque Spaniard could moodily sip his thin red-wine, are transmogrified by large placards and a liberal supply of paint into "Boot-blacking parlours," "Ice-cream saloons," or "Iced beer bars." The streets swarm with every kind of vehicle, from crazy little *caramattas* to four-mule teams and heavy waggons. Slouch hats and khaki, white duck and Panama straw, cloth and muslin are mingled in the motley crowd that throngs the street, and Manila, from being the home of repose and dignity, has become a veritable bee-hive, and with a most unusually mixed swarm!

It is a noisy hive, too, for besides the rattle of heavy vehicles over stony streets and many kindred sounds, there is an eternal noise of bands; of instruments being practised and of airs being whistled. Filipinos are musical, can pick up an air directly and play it on a home-made instrument, and every village has a band, sometimes a good one.

Through the kindness of our American friends we were enabled to continue our journey to the next point in our

itinerary, Japan, as a transport was leaving for Nagasaki on a convenient date. Nothing seemed more surprising to us than the obliging ways of the military in respect to transport, for, this being a cheap means of locomotion, American ladies used frequently to avail themselves of such opportunities and spend a few weeks in Japan. I believe that this convenient method of locomotion has been somewhat abused, and that the military authorities are now getting what one lady, whose application for a return ticket had been refused, described as "real mean." There are lots of things and people I want to tell about, but Andrew is nudging me and (metaphorically) saying, "Look at the clock." Adieu, Manila (*Adios*, it should be, of course). Locked in by hills, low lying, without shade, you are hot and feverish, even the night brings scarcely a cool breath. However, I wrote a good deal about you while sitting in a bath with an iced drink beside me, so that I trust my views have not been tinged by any feeling of physical discomfort. Had our visit been in winter we should have suffered less from heat; had it been midsummer we should have realised the meaning of a "rainy season."

AN IMPROVISED FILIPINO BAND.

CHAPTER XII

A PLAYGROUND AND ITS WORKERS

Dolls'-house land—English as she is spoke—Kioto and its temples—A feast of colour—Gold with a difference—Country cousins – Of children and lovers—Of religion—Madame Chrysanthème — Women who work and are happy — A Japanese belle—An unwilling bridegroom

WHEN people ask me "What is Japan like?" (as though one could find a simile at once and say: "Like an oyster, or a turnip!") I always tell them it is the willow-pattern plate, only more so. When we first steamed into Nagasaki harbour I had great difficulty not to scream with delight as I recognised the little hills with dark green tufts, the pagodas, funny boats and many other things with which I had been familiar since childhood. Again, Japanese children are exactly like the dolls we know so well, and I never could help laughing at the sight of a troop of these funny little people with their gay garments, fringes of thick black hair and almond-shaped eyes, pattering along to school on their tiny wooden clogs with large paper umbrellas firmly clasped in

their hands. They always looked to me as though they ought to be put in cardboard boxes and stood on a shelf in the Lowther Arcade!

Nagasaki as a whole is pretty, despite its cosmopolitan air, but the narrow crowded streets are dirty and unpicturesque, the shops being arranged, generally, in European style and displaying a terrible collection of embroidered kimonos and screens, photographs and frames; every kind of decorative art from poker-work to carved tortoise-shell applied indiscriminately to all sorts of (theoretically) useful articles.

Some of the signs over Japanese English-speaking shops struck me as peculiarly felicitous. The following are from Kobe: K. Watanake, washier; Nashimura, tailor and woolen occupation; Yamashata, clother and outpitter. In our hotel two notices adorned the bedroom wall. One began "Meals time," the other stated that "Dogs on no considerations is admitted."

Perhaps one of the most interesting places in Japan is the old capital, Kioto, a typical city because, although it is still thoroughly Japanese, it is quickened with the modern spirit of progress. Kioto lies in a great valley walled by the everlasting hills. Japan is made up of such hills and valleys, the former covered with the greenest foliage, through which gleam occasionally the patches of white sandstone which give them the dappled appearance so characteristic. The towns and villages cluster at the foot of these hills, and swarm half way up their sides. Steep streets end in flights of stone steps, leading—through square stone arches, known as *torii*—to temples with curly roofs, half hidden in the soft green of pines. Temples are legion in Kioto, and of these the largest and most beautiful is known as Neshi Hongwanji, or the Eastern Hongwanji. This is the shrine of a sect whose converts are perhaps the richest and most numerous in Japan

NAGASAKI HARBOUR.

There are eastern and western branches of the sect in Kioto, and people come from great distances to worship in their lovely temples.

Buddhist temples have so many things in common with Roman Catholic cathedrals, that one is sometimes quite

startled. The monasteries are usually adjoining, and in the case of the Eastern Hongwanji we enter first that portion used as a reception or audience hall. The whole of the temple buildings are enclosed in a large compound, entrance to which is through one or more huge gates, resembling the lych-gates of our own country both in position and structure, and usually built with massive roofs. A very beautiful gate leading to this temple was the legacy of General Taigo, in whose family it had been for ages. It is at least 300 years old, but the carving is perfect, and the metal-work, though tarnished, is not defaced. These gateways have elaborately carved side-posts, heavy with lacquered and engraved brass,

supporting a perfect labyrinth of carving in relief. The centre of this one has a peacock with outspread tail, and the same bird mingles with twisted foliage on either side. Heavy wooden joists and beams support the pointed roof, whose lines curve up with a fantastic decoration at each corner. These beautiful curves meet the eye on every side; there are no awkward angles, stiff perpendiculars or rigid horizontals. The very trees seem to have been trained in a school of deportment and fling their gnarled limbs picturesquely across the scene, completing the composition, accentuating some quaint curve or softening a too pronounced outline.

Across the big compound we go to the dwelling-house of the priests, passing a huge lotus-bud fountain, which sends a spray of silver water high in the air. Up a number of polished wood stairs which run all the length of the building, and then in our stocking feet we step on to a platform of wood which shines like looking-glass. The floor level is raised still another half-foot, and this is covered with creamy matting. The walls are all sliding panels, and on the front are merely windows of white frosted glass. We step into a big dim room, absolutely devoid of furniture, and in a minute we are in an atmosphere of exquisite colour. The walls are all gold, not bright and garish, but—in the dim light—subdued, glowing, full of gradations of tone. The creamy matting on the floor, the dull gold walls, and the lustrous black lacquer of the dividing lines of the panels and of the raised daïs at the end of the room—these make a colour-scheme impossible in a western chamber, but more than beautiful here, where it has its essential accompaniments of space, emptiness, and mellow light.

But the great beauty of the room lies in the paintings with which the walls are decorated, and these also were the property of General Taigo and have seen even more than three centuries.

The gold is faded in places and the paper scratched, but the whole effect is as harmonious as when it was first painted.

All across one side of the room is flung a great pine-branch, with heavy masses of foliage, drooping at one end

till it half crosses a line of distant hills, and foreground water Birds roost on this mighty branch, and a flying trail of them is the only decoration of the east panel, where the pine needles and twigs have tapered off into fine tracery. In the first panel great white storks are grouped amid masses of chrysanthemums, and across the whole picture, with a daring disregard for Nature, drift great clouds of gold. In the centre panels, where the foliage is thickest and birds are twittering in the boughs, some branches of cherry-blossom

are introduced, and the colouring is a symphony in gold, green, and faded pink. The huge picture which occupies the end of the room is divided into three panels, and represents a Chinese goddess seated in a shrine receiving the visits of some saints. The group of seated figures is in the right-hand corner, and is represented as occupying a sort of temple with the familiar curved roofs and approaching steps, all drawn in terrible perspective which makes them stand on their sides. A long terrace leads right across the picture; the golden background is broken by nothing save one crooked bough; and on the left is another group of masterly drawing, the saints, with queer old wrinkled faces poked forward and flowing garments curling round their feet, advancing to pay their *devoirs*. The continuation panel shows a still more unsafe mass of masonry—the outer keep of the temple, and attendant guards. All this was painted by a celebrated Japanese artist from Chinese designs, at the time, centuries ago, when China still dominated Japan in affairs of art. Other golden walls have their panels simply but effectively decorated with a few slender shafts of bamboo and a cluster of their pointed green leaves, all painted in flat colour and outlined with black. Here and there a stork is represented, the touch of silver-white showing up the green stems of bamboo.

Other rooms had this bamboo pattern on the unstained wood, the design a little raised, having been marked out and left when the wood was planed down, the raised part then stained or painted a rich brown. In others huge and rather unlifelike pictures of tigers decorated the wooden panels, and everywhere the same space and emptiness prevailed.

This businesslike monastery has a large office where priests sit on the floor behind wooden gratings to receive and duly record the gifts of the faithful. The latter are seen trotting

away with paper envelopes containing the charms presented as a reward for their contributions. The gifts are in kind as well as cash, and great sacks of rice are piled on the steps awaiting storage. A considerable part of the revenue is collected in the temple, where the worshipper, when he leaves, throws a fractional coin on the ground. These are collected in a scoop by an attendant priest and thrown, jingling, into a huge money-box, and despite the small value of the individual coins, they aggregate, in certain months and in large temples, from fifty to sixty *yen* a day, or from £5 to £6.

The temple of the Neshi Hongwanji, like many others, has two distinguishing features—the large wide empty space with massive pillars of polished wood that form its main building, and the line of shiny lacquer and blazing gold which runs along one side, and forms the setting for a golden altar and many shrines of Buddha. This portion of the temple is raised a step and railed off. The central shrine exactly resembles a High Altar, with lighted candles either side, flowers, and a figure of Buddha with a nimbus revealed by opening doors. Everything is gold or lustrous black, and a sort of canopy depends from the ceiling at the point where the chancel (as we should call it) begins. This is exquisitely carved, the work being pierced, so that a heavy tracery of gold stretches right across and breaks the severe lines of the pillars.

So much gold sounds like Miss Kilmansegg—but it is gold with a difference. The beautiful quality and finish of the work, the designs alternately rich and delicate, and above all the sober colouring of the wooden pillars and roofs and the soft cream of the floor, redeem this plethora of gilding from all vulgarity and make it truly a joy for ever.

Only those who have seen can form any idea of the picturesque and romantic charm which hangs round Japanese

temples, and although modelled on similar lines each one has some distinguishing feature. The magnificent shrines we have described are in the midst of the busy town, but all round the hills which shelter Kioto, runs a belt of temples, hanging on the sides of rugged rocks—perched on tiny promontories — nestling among seas of green.

In one of these we remember best the long winding stone path, with frequent steps, which led us, through groves studded with gay, red *Torii*, lanterns and little shrines, to the broad open space before the temple. That lovely grey path flecked with the shadow of dancing leaves, and here and there cut strongly with the crisp shade of the square arch, is thronged with people. Many are country folk on a pilgrimage. Two healthy, sturdy young women, with white handkerchiefs tied over their heads, shading their broad red faces, stand to stare at us with good-natured smiles and twinkling black eyes. They are themselves the objects of remarks from some dainty little women in grey kimonos, whose soft folds wrap round the ankles and give only occasional glimpses of little white-stockinged feet on high clogs. The country-cousins' dark blue jackets, tied round the waist, are tucked into overalls, tight at the ankles, so that the women look from behind like coolies. Their big heavy babies peep over their shoulders, and they are accompanied by a wrinkled old man who marshals them in front of him. This little family has

tramped miles on the annual pilgrimage to some famous temple. Each village collects a fund for this purpose, and the pilgrims are selected from each family, the parties being of men, women, and children indiscriminately, but each under the headship of a village elder. Special terms are made for them everywhere, and the one to arrive first at a town hangs his big bowl-shaped hat on a stick out of a window at the tea-house he has chosen, as a guide to his fellows. A very favourite reason for pilgrimage is connected with the rule that after death a Buddhist must have his head entirely shaved. If during life he has made a pilgrimage to a certain temple, paid a fee, and undergone a mock shaving at the hands of a priest, this posthumous ceremony can be omitted, and many thousands avail themselves of this. The priest merely takes the razor and makes a few passes over the head—not a hair is touched.

One of the loveliest of temples, the Kiomidzu at Kioto, is famous for its situation. One side hangs on innumerable piles over a ravine, which is filled in spring with cherry-blossom. A little brook patters through this ravine, and is crossed by fairy bridges of bamboo; a tiny path winds

thread-like up the side to other temples, whose roofs are seen half buried in green. The temple itself is surrounded with shrines. One is dedicated to little children who have died, and who, in the pathetic Japanese story, are kept busy on the banks of a shining river piling up heaps of stones. Every stone added with a prayer by the sorrowing parents to a little pile in front of the child's image helps him with his building, and this shrine is full of children's images in stone, roughly carved, with smiling lips and long almond-shaped eyes. Before each is a heap of little pebbles, and children's tiny garments are tied round each insensible stone neck. A large Buddha near by, specially revered as the guardian of children, is hung all over with little bibs and coats, taken from sick children whose mothers have come to pray for their recovery. A lovers' shrine near by is enclosed with lattice-work, and he or she who wishes success in affairs of the heart, buys a prayer-slip, and ties it to the lattice-work, using, however, only the thumb and third finger—if other fingers touch the paper the charm is broken. The lattice is covered with these paper slips, and as we looked a maiden was trying the spell, watched with indulgent smiles by an elder woman, while a tiny girl, whose love-time was yet to come, held up her little fingers to show how it should be done. Another method of ensuring the efficacy of prayer is to toss a pebble on to the shrine and see if it remains. If it falls off the prayer is refused. In the Shinto temples the prayer must be accompanied by the pulling of a bell-rope.

Near every temple to which pilgrimages are made one sees numerous shops full of gourds. These are the dried seed-pod of a certain plant, and vary in size from a tiny gourd, no bigger than a thimble, to a large one as big as a family tea-pot. In old days they were doubtless used by pilgrims to carry water, and have the same significance in Japan as

APPROACH TO A TEMPLE, JAPAN.

the shell from the Holy Land had with palmers in western lands. The gourds are polished, decorated with silken cords, and sold for a few *sen*, and they make very pretty mementoes of a visit to some picturesque shrine.

Seeing how much their religion enters into the life of the poorer people, one is forced to wonder how much it counts for in the national existence of the Japanese. While far from laying down any dogma on the subject, from conversation with educated Japanese and others who know the country well, I am inclined to think that Buddhism is losing ground, but it is not certain that Christianity will gain in proportion. The Japanese, emancipated at one bound from so much, are inclined to go to the other extreme. I was much interested on the voyage out in listening to a protracted discussion between a young Japanese diplomat and a medical missionary. They argued backwards and backwards, the medical missionary pushing his man through one admission to another until they arrived at the primary cause. "God," said the medico. "Perhaps," said the Japanese; "but why not call Him simply the first Unit. Why attribute design to Him?" "Because there is evidence of design in the workings of natural laws." "Perhaps—but why call it design? May it not be simply the action and reaction of natural law?" "I recognise in the creation of those laws a Supreme Being." "I recognise nothing but the inexorable workings of evolution." "I feel the absolute presence of some beneficent all-ruling Power in the universe." "How then do you account for sin and suffering?" "The Power cannot interfere with the laws He has made, and evil influences war against him." "My friend," remarked the Japanese scornfully, "we call these influences spirits in Japan, and put little bits of paper before their shrines to propitiate them." "Which proves that you have the elemental instinct of that Supreme Power of which

we hold the revelation." "In Japan it is only the ignorant who have such an instinct. When we learn to think we recognise our folly, and even the majority who are still wrapped in superstition don't know the meaning of half of it and are not concerned to know. No!" added the little man warmly; "it is only in their childhood that nations need religion to guide them, and it doesn't really matter what religion—one has Buddha, another Christ—now we have science and are grown men and can think and know for ourselves." There is nothing particularly new in this argument, but from the lips of a modern Japanese it has a certain interest.

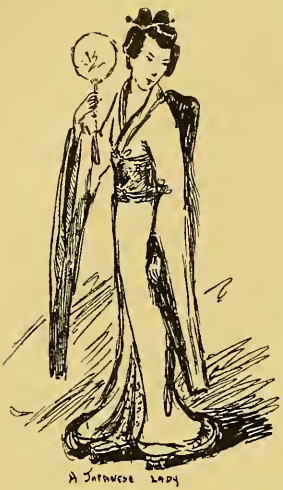
The position of woman in Japan is a subject on which most writers are inclined to dwell, but from a very cursory observation I think that very few Europeans are qualified to give an opinion. Of the libel perpetrated by Pierre Loti in that sickly book, "Madame Chrysanthème," I must, however, speak so far as I can. To think that any one should deliberately form his ideas of a country like Japan from a stay in Nagasaki! Nagasaki is pretty enough, and to a newly arrived traveller doubtless seems quaint and characteristic; but infested as it is with the scum of a treaty port, made the residence of third-rate foreigners of every race under the sun, with streets of drinking-shops of which the names are written in Russian, German, Italian, French, English, and indeed almost every civilised tongue, and which are full of sailors of equally mixed nationality—well, I won't enter into any further details, but Nagasaki cannot be treated as a Japanese town. All the peasant women we saw looked happy and contented, though, poor little things, they seem to have a baby perpetually strapped on their backs. The shop-keeping class of women of the towns are neatly clad, and at a Japanese store where such things were sold I was told that

they never buy cheap or shoddy *obis* or *kimonos*, but save up till they can get a good one. The poor women are dressed in blue linen, and wear a short loose jacket and skirt, with their legs likewise swathed in linen. Many of them, thus attired, work very hard, not only in the fields and carrying loads, but in coaling the ships. I believe that this is the only country in the world where women are seen at this employment.

The coal is passed along in little baskets, and, owing to the dustless character of the Nagasaki coal, the little blue-clad women manage to look neat and almost clean throughout. They laugh and chatter all the time, and if they can get an opportunity to swarm on to the ship and peep into the cabins they are delighted. I never shall forget one morning, as I was busily engaged in packing a trunk, I heard a laugh, and looking round saw three rows of broad, merry faces, with ruddy brown cheeks and little twinkling black eyes under white handkerchiefs tied like sun-bonnets. These were filling up the doorway; and when I saw them I laughed, and they laughed, and we were all as merry as possible, though what the joke was I haven't the faintest notion. The complexions of Japanese country-women are often extraordinary, and after being accustomed to the sallow-brown Filipinos or copper-coloured Malays it was a real treat to see these crimson cheeks and cherry lips. And yet I read only to day the diary of a globe-trotter who described the Nagasaki women as the ugliest in the world!

The ladies of the Japanese aristocracy are as different from their humble sisters as any two women of the same race can well be—quite as different in my opinion as 'Liza of Lambeth and the Duchess of Sangazure. The "real" ladies are not seen about in the streets as a rule, but every now and then one gets a glimpse of them, and recognises at once the type

familiar on Japanese fans. The carefully whitened face is long and oval, its contour heightened by the coiffure, which rolls back in great shiny black bows. The eyes are extremely elongated, and the mouth, composed into an expression of absolute indifference, is very small, and is made to look rosebud-like by a dab of red paint on the lower lip. The dainty, flowing *kimono*, of some sober yet delicate hue outside, is worn over two or more garments of silken *crêpe*, in contrasting or brilliant hues, of which little glimpses are obtained every now and then, and is confined by a handsome satin *obi* of black or purple embroidered with gold. The little feet are clad in white silk socks, made with a separate great toe so that the embroidered strap of the tiny wooden clogs can pass between. The *obi* itself is kept in place first by a narrow embroidered band with a dainty buckle, then by a *crêpe* scarf, generally chosen to add another touch of colour, which is tied round just below the armpits. The exquisite finish, colour, and material of everything worn, the dainty hand-made and painted fan, the carefully arranged hair, decorated only with a beautiful lacquered or tortoise-shell comb and pin to match, all go to make up a picture of highly civilised and æsthetic dress, which makes an English lady or American belle, even when clad in a Parisian toilette, *chaussée*, *gantée*, and *coiffée*, as only a Frenchwoman knows how, look tawdry in comparison. As for our ordinary costumes, our cheap materials, shoddily run up, our badly finished boots and gloves and superabundance of coarse jewellery—they would seem unutterable beside the refined Japanese beauty and her simple



perfection of detail. Although European dress does not become her in the same degree the high-born lady who adopts it uses the same good taste in her new costume, and no one who has mingled with the Japanese colony in London can have failed to notice the exquisite neatness and finish of the ladies' toilets —their well-fitting gloves and sparing use of jewels.

Taking all these things together—the merry red-cheeked labouring lasses in their blue cotton, the well-clad, polite and smiling townswomen, with their grey striped *kimonos* and black satin *obis*, the exquisite, proud-looking, daintily dressed ladies, one cannot feel that women are exactly in a bad position in Japan, but still there is, I believe, much to be done for them before they can take their places as the real equals and companions of their husbands. This book is confined to sketches of what I actually saw and heard, so that I can say no more on this interesting subject, but will merely quote an amusing story told me by a Formosan lady missionary. A young Japanese friend of hers, who had been converted to Christianity, kept up a correspondence with her when she went home. She read me a letter just received from him which ran something as follows :

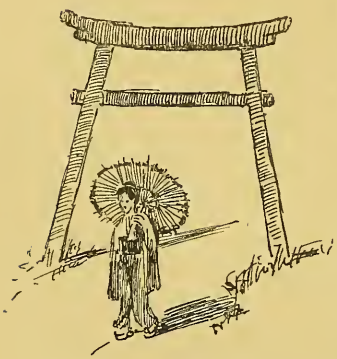
"And now, as you are my soul's friend, I can no longer conceal from you some painful news, and I feel sure that at this unfortunate moment I shall have your deepest sympathy. I am about to be married!"

The letter went on to state that the writer believed the young lady to be everything that could be desired but that he had no inclination towards matrimony, which he regarded as a clog to an intelligent man, and had only yielded for the sake of peace to the representations of his father and brothers. It is comforting to be able to record that in a subsequent letter this reluctant bridegroom spoke with evident pride of "my dear young wife!"

CHAPTER XIII

A PLAYGROUND AND ITS WORKERS (CONTINUED)

A contrast—Japanese potteries—Painting—China for Chicago—For Japan—Silk-weaving—Tea-firing—A tea-party—The Japanese Mary Ann—Andrew and I are envious but not for long



ALTHOUGH on the surface, life in Japan seems to be all play, a great deal of work is got through, and therefore I want to introduce my reader to a Japanese factory.

Think first of the Potteries at home—of the black dreary streets, the huge, hideous buildings, the smoking chimneys, pallid badly dressed people, busy warehouses with stacks of goods, people running up and down, drays lumbering into the yards, narrow wooden staircases leading to long bare rooms full of busy people who are modelling, painting, packing—all with the greatest rapidity and amid the buzz of machinery; then get into a 'rickshaw and bowl away through the sunshine down a street in Kioto. The houses on either side have only one story, but their fronts have a sort of double roof—two lines

of grey fluted tiles curving up at the sides, and frowning, as it were, over a low doorway. There is a lattice-work where the shop window ought to be, and this front room is usually a sort of office, where a polite youth squats on the matting beside a charcoal brazier and paints in a rice-paper book or takes tea from a minute cup and a tiny teapot. The passage is of wood, but the floor of this office is raised and is of spotless matting, and we rub our shoes well before we dare step on it. The Japanese leave clogs or sandals in the passage. The polite youth slides back a portion of the wall, which is composed of white wooden squares filled in with whiter paper. We step into a garden—quite a tiny place, but so divided by little hedges, artificial lakelets full of gold-fish and spanned by tiny stone bridges, miniature groups of trees, and other devices of the Japanese gardener, that it seems quite large. The different sheds which make up the factory are scattered round this garden, and sliding back another white paper wall we step into one and see the men, seated on the ground, shaping cups on the potter's wheel just as they do in Staffordshire. Instead, however, of the band and treadle worked by a girl who dances for ever on a spring board, a bamboo-rod attached to a guiding wooden disc is worked by a woman and sets the potter's wheel in motion. Just behind, a blue-clad maiden, with a white handkerchief tied over her glossy black hair and throwing into relief her rosy cheeks, is fitting on the handles with dainty deliberation. In another shed are a couple of clean wooden tubs, with white wooden dippers, and these contain the glaze, which is being applied with brushes by two or three men and women sitting near by. They ladle out a little glaze into another spotless vessel, and then apply it daintily. Close to them is a shed where three tiny ovens are packed with china, and kept burning with wood of a selected quality, which seems to burn with a bright

clear flame and make no dirt or smoke. The workers are clad in the most useful and picturesque working-dress in the world. The women in a loose tunic of dark blue, folding over at the bosom and fastened with a cord round the waist, a short striped skirt, and leggings also of blue, the feet bare or encased in white twill stockings with the big toe separate to allow for the fastening of the straw sandals or wooden clogs worn in the street. On the head is the white handkerchief already described. The men wear tight blue cotton breeches, leggings of dark blue, and white or loose blue tunics, with sleeves; over this they put a blue cotton coat, often decorated with white Chinese characters, and made short and full, with wide sleeves.

The most interesting part of the pottery manufacture is, perhaps, the decoration, and this is where the Japanese excel. In a low, long room, open on one side to the pleasant garden, half a dozen men and one boy sit on their heels, intent on filling in with minute designs in gold the surface of some beautiful jars. The shortest apprenticeship to such work is eight years, but boys—generally relations of the former workmen—begin early, and are put to work on purely mechanical fillings of simple designs. The trained workmen, while carrying out a certain broad pattern, are free to improvise to a certain extent, and all seemed to be working without any exact copy. The modern Satsuma which I saw them employed on was

decorated with exquisite little pictures of Japanese life—a *fête* among the cherry-blossom, a tiny temple, and so forth—with a surrounding groundwork of rich, dark colour, itself broken with traceries of gold. The work was indescribably fine and dainty, the designs in many cases graceful, and the colourings tender; but there is an unmistakable leaning towards mere prettiness, and the modern designs in this respect compare unfavourably with those of real old Satsuma. I am speaking of the best modern Satsuma—the worst is unspeakable and unworthy of the name, but is turned out in cartloads for the foreign market, cheap ware being even brought to Japan for decoration. I fancy that only by importing the ware could the work be sent out at the prices usual in European and (especially) American markets, for here the cheapness of Japanese labour tells, since the painting must be done by hand. The actual manufacture of porcelain must be infinitely cheaper at home. Side by side with this little sleepy *atelier*, with its patient, careful artists and the tiny, old-world garden, is a terrible modern show-room. Here monstrosities are ranged in rows, and gold is piled on gold, blue shrieks against blue, and yellow quarrels with magenta, till one shuts one's eyes and hurries for relief into the next room, followed by smiling Japanese who say, "Yes! it is all velly bad, but sell velly much!"

The next room has a low wooden table and a few chairs, and round the walls on a black lacquer shelf are arranged delicate and beautiful pieces, the slender vases on little stands, the plaques in boxes. One by one these and other really artistic pieces are brought, and under their soothing influence we begin to recover.

Although in the manufactory we have described work is still carried on in the old picturesque primitive way there are large factories in Kioto already at work where modern

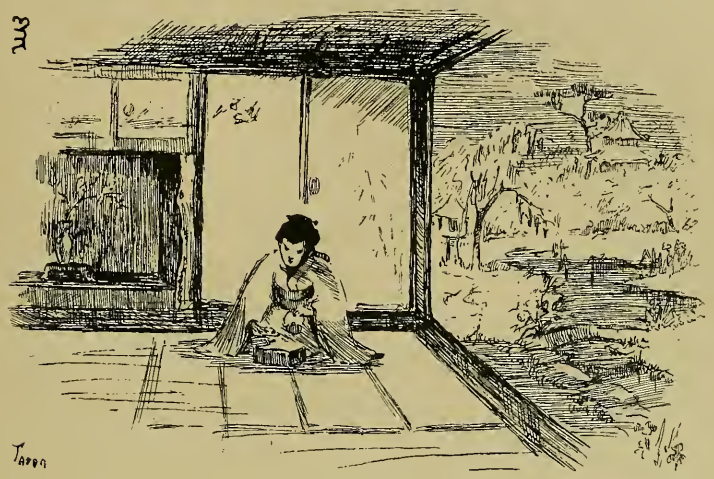
machinery is used, and in some cases, in the manufacture of silk for instance, both hand-looms and machinery are used. The reason is not hard to seek. Much of the work is farmed out in houses, and whole districts earn their living in this way, every member of the family helping. It is cheap labour, and the people are skilful and reliable. When one steps out of the sunlight into such a house, one sees first the outer room, always neat, clean, and empty save for a charcoal vase. Through the sliding screen comes a familiar rattle, and peeping through we see four hand-looms in a row, the workmen seated on springy strips of bamboo with their legs in holes dug out of the bare earth. The weavers are all men, and they shoot the shuttle back and forth with wonderful rapidity. Close by two buxom girls are reeling the silk with a little contrivance like that of the wheel and spindle on a sewing-machine, but all made of bamboo. The rough silk, wound into skeins, is reeled off on another machine, whose motive-power is a rope attached to a big stone at one end and the axle of a wheel at the other. The stone descends slowly, the wheel revolves and a dozen carders with it, each drawing off a fine thread of silk from the skeins. At one side a toothless but merry old woman is preparing rice over the neat charcoal burner. A few greens lie beside her in a shallow basket. Children toddle about everywhere and never seem to be in the way. One sits beside its father on the weaving-bench and makes solemn pretence of being very busy with a few bits of silk. Again we are struck with the homeliness, the picturesqueness, and the cheerful healthy look of the workers. Owing to the construction of Japanese houses there is usually a current of air, and these combined workshops and living-rooms are not stuffy or smelly, though they contrast curiously with the ugly, airy, light rooms demanded by sanitary authorities for factories at home.

A tea-firing factory is one of the most interesting sights in Japan. We saw first the tea-gardens, with their prim little rows of shrubs, where the leaves are gathered by industrious rows of men and women, carried in baskets to the collecting-house, roughly fired, and packed in wooden cases to be sold to great firms. Arrived at the storehouse in Kobe or Yokohama, the tea is sampled by the owner or manager. The leaves are placed in boiling water in small cups, and are sampled by smell and not by taste to see if they are up to the standard of the sample sent for approbation. If it is all right the tea is stored in a huge stack, like a big green haystack, inside the godown, and from thence taken to the firing- and sifting-rooms. In one long, low room several hundred women sat on the floor with a low table in front of them on which they sorted the tea, picking out stalks and sweeping the good tea into baskets. Their nimble hands danced over the leaves like those of a typist on her instrument, and they chattered and sang incessantly. The hours are very long, from 5 A.M. till 7 P.M., but the hardship of this is not so great as it seems. They bring their children and their food, and are provided with tea. The work is paid

by the piece; they can knock off when they like, and the season only lasts for a few months. Early in the morning we heard them pattering by on their little clogs, laughing and chattering, and they look cheerful and healthy as they sit round the long room picking away. Little girls help their mothers, babies roll on the floor, or sit up stiffly in their wadded coats gazing round with their black, beady eyes. In another room, where the tea was being shaken through sieves, a perfect din of singing greeted us—the song always the same, three or four monotonous notes in a sort of recitative. Here the workers were strong-looking girls, and each had her well-oiled black hair protected with a handkerchief. The sifting is also done by machinery in a giant sifter, and a part of the work very trying when done by hand—the stirring in pans over hot furnaces—is now mostly done by machines. In other parts of the factory boxes are made, lined with sheet-lead which comes all the way from England, and decorated. The labels are stencilled by a native artist, colours being laid on one at a time. Women and girls are employed in making up packets of tea and sticking on little labels. All over the factories there is the clean, fresh fragrance peculiar to Japanese tea, and it may be noted that the finest tea is not drunk hot by the natives, but is made with warm water. It is very fragrant, though only pale yellow in colour. The tea given in temples is far less pleasant to taste, being a dark, thick green liquid with white froth on the surface. This sort of tea is made with the leaves powdered finely between the hands.

Finally, a description of a Japanese tea *ménage* may be interesting. A lacquer-box contains the precious leaf; a dainty bronze kettle is heated on charcoal in a big urn; the tea-pots are tiny and nearly filled with the leaves, through which the water (poured out at once) filters into tiny,

handleless cups. A little ring of lacquered wood makes a saucer on which the cups are handed to guests, seated on flat cushions or square bits of thick felt. Cakes of sweetened rice enclosed in leaves are handed round also in a deep bowl. and each guest is provided with smoking facilities in the



shape of a square box without a lid, containing a little china bowl of red-hot charcoal and a round jar for his pipe-ashes. He takes his little pipe, with a bowl like a thimble, out of its leather or silk case, takes a couple of whiffs and knocks out the ashes into the jar. The clattering of clogs and the tapping of pipes are characteristic sounds of Japan.

A tea-party in a real Japanese house is one of the delightful little pictures that remain in the memory. The tiny house was that of a well-to-do retired merchant, and stood in a miniature garden complete with all the details of temples, groves and trickling stream studded with iris and spanned by bridges. The whole affair occupied about as much space as is frequently, in less crowded countries, devoted to the "back

yard." The polite old host in his grey *kimono* knelt on a flat mat facing us, as we tried to compose our awkward western limbs into comfortable attitudes on the floor. Then a rosy-cheeked maiden shuffled forward with beaming smiles, and dropping on her knees before us deposited a tiny cup resting on a lacquered ring and filled with a pale golden fluid. Bending forward many times, with smiles and gestures, till her forehead almost touched the ground, she begged us to partake of the tea and also of some white, sticky-looking cakes, each wrapped in a green leaf, which she handed us in a china bowl. This obliging maiden was the Mary Ann of the establishment, and as we contemplated her shining black hair, done into great rolls, and her pretty grey *kimono* with its black satin *obi* and tiny touch of mauve at the throat, we could not help having visions of occidental Mary Anns, with their absurd little white caps, hair twisted into a tiny bun, shabby, ill-fitting black frocks, and general air of cheap pertness.

I went to interview the mistress of the house in a back room, which appeared to be the kitchen. It was as clean and neat as the parlour, and the only signs of cooking were two or three fire-boxes, rather larger than that used for tea-making, and a neat row of kitchen utensils, all of miniature proportions. The walls of the room were lined with lacquered shelves, upon which the clothes of the family lay neatly folded. Madame sat on the floor, busily engaged in cutting a new *kimono* out of some grey cloth with an enormous pair of scissors. She was a wrinkled and ugly old thing, with large, horn spectacles on her nose, but she bowed and smiled most amiably, nodding and laughing at my ardent interest in her *ménage*, and showing her blackened teeth as she smiled.

Andrew and I wanted at first to take a little Japanese house and have a Japanese Mary Ann to bring us tea. We

felt that in the quiet haven of such a little home we should be able to cultivate our minds *ad infinitum*, to live our own lives, think our own thoughts, and, in short, give our souls the breathing-space they often lack in this busy, bustling, every-day world. Alas for ideals! Almost before we had finished the sticky cakes our knees were stiff with kneeling on the flat cushions, and as we rose and took a final glance round this doll's-house of wood and paper we had a sudden revulsion against the delicate, carefully arranged, decorative value of each detail. We wanted to take great masses of masonry and pile them on crags like the Rhine towers; we wished for the rich, barbaric colour and plethora of ornament with which the Moors glorified Southern Spain; we longed for the wild luxuriance of tropical forests, for the majestic cañons of the Rockies, for the free, open spaces of the veldt; in short, Japan got very small and very crowded, and, although it is the most delightful playground in the world, Nature there seemed to us too *posé*, too carefully arranged, to speak with that grand voice we know and love in less cultivated lands. The Japanese have loved their goodly heritage, have cherished and adorned its beauty, but it is no longer fresh from the hand of the Creator and breathing of Him alone. Quaint, beautiful, picturesque country though it be, it is of man and his ingenuity that we are constantly reminded.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INLAND SEA AND KOREA

How not to see a country—Of impressions—My private picture gallery—Serious shopping—Andrew is foiled—The Inland sea compared to the Philippines—A tea-house and a suspicious maiden—A gold screen—Of food on Japanese boats—Of tinned milk and *menus*—The Korean coast—A land of tombstones—Coiffure extraordinary—An eccentric costume—A suggestion to "the last of the Dandies"—An indelible picture—The uniqueness of Korea and its people—A peep into a house—Buying a brass bowl—The Japanese in Korea—*Sayonara*

OUR time in Japan was extremely limited, for we had the continents of Asia and Europe, not to mention the Japan sea and the Channel, between us and London, where we were already expected. Our travels had unduly protracted themselves, and Japan was not really in our itinerary but was a rest preparatory to the final homeward journey. Andrew already knew the country well, but as it was my first visit he was distracted as to what places to take me to. He asked advice from the many friends we met at Kobe, and they all said different things. At last a little trip was arranged to cover

our time, but when I came to check it I found that at least five out of our twenty days would be spent in travelling on trains or getting from one place to another. This is a way of seeing a country which has never commended itself to me, and besides I wanted a rest; we therefore went to Kioto and remained there practically the whole time. We made a very few excursions, did not worry about sight-seeing, and avoided fatigue. We sat on our verandah and watched the play of light and shade across Yaami, we poked about in funny little temples and burial-grounds, we visited factories, studios and workshops, and were thoroughly happy and contented. One day we saw a fire—a tea-shop alight and burning briskly—and the fire-brigade, got up in costumes of blue and yellow in large stripes, rushing to the spot, where they erected little ladders and running up them ladled water over the flames with little wooden dippers. Many other quaint things we saw and heard which may not be written here, and indeed, considering the number of books about Japan written by people who know it better, it is perhaps a little superfluous to describe that country at all. I can only say that, although I have consumed all the standard books on the subject, there still seem to be plenty of fresh things to write about, and although in this much described land one is constantly recognising some familiar incident or object, yet the impressions given are always new and fresh. Of course one has read all about the temples, but has never realised them before, and one notices with amused surprise the old priest going round with a shovel to gather up the copper coins. Outside, in the sunny court approached by steep stone steps, one feels familiar with the quaint statues of Buddha behind the shrines, the curious little stone lanterns and the many-roofed pagodas—but it is a personal discovery that pigeons make their homes in every stone crevice, and the white flash of

their wings in the sunshine lingers in the memory. Near by, an old, old woman is passing her fingers over the eyes of a carved figure, and then pressing them to her own, murmuring a prayer for the renewal of her eyesight.

Japan is full of such little *genre* pictures, and we passed the lazy days in taking note of these and storing up a gallery of memory. I would not exchange my own private and particular collection of mental pictures for the finest museum of old or young masters! You see there are no faults of *technique*, no careless drawing or loose handling in *my* pictures; each is perfect, and seen through a golden haze which provides an unrivalled chiaroscuro.

It was in Japan that I at last determined to do some serious shopping. Andrew began some faint remark about —"wait till you get to Siberia"—but I had begun to feel suspicious about that formula and told him I didn't hanker after Siberian goods at all, and I forthwith began a raid on silks, embroideries and other delights. I afterwards saw the same things a good deal cheaper in Regent Street, and Andrew has ever since looked "I told you so!" though he is far too magnanimous to say it.

We left Kobe, where we had been welcomed by a charming little British community and spent some happy hours, on a very hot day, and in perfect weather steamed through the Inland sea. The far-famed scenery rather disappointed me on both the occasions I passed through it. It is pretty, of

course, and that in a dainty way peculiar to Japan, but not to be compared with the romantic beauty of similar stretches of water among the Philippines, where the verdant islands, with the whitest fringe of sand running round them, are set in a sapphire sea, and dominated by great ranges of purple mountains, capped perhaps by the cone of a volcano.

A Japanese Excursion Train.

Half way through the sea one stops at Shimonosekei to coal, and here a ramble on shore through the quaint little town invariably ends up at a tea-house where Li Hung Chang signed the famous treaty. We found the white-latticed house quiet and empty, so taking off our boots we went upstairs into the room where the deed was done.

It was a perfectly bare white room, with the exception of a blue vase with a few peonies carelessly but artfully stuck into it. The floor was white matting and very clean. We walked round laughing and talking. Suddenly we heard a little squeal, then a clit-clatter of clogs, and a tiny woman came pattering into the room uttering little soft exclamations.

With a hasty glance at us she pattered to a corner, where was a pile of flat silk cushions, and not till she had counted these over did her anxiety relax. I am afraid some unfortunate experience of foreign tourists must have made her suspicious. She then became smiling and polite and brought us tea and delicious sponge-cake, and she showed us the beautiful gold-lacquered writing-box which had served Li Hung Chang when he signed the treaty.

At Shimonosekei I saw the loveliest door-screen I ever beheld. The custom in China and Japan is to have an open space for the door, and just inside, to secure a certain amount of privacy (and possibly to bar the way to evil spirits), is a flat screen, standing on heavy carved feet. Often the framework is elaborately carved and the screen is ornamented only with some motto. This particular one was inside a new tea-house, and the unpainted wood of the doorway was still fresh and spotless. Inside was a sort of hall, rather dark, but conveying an impression of creamy colourlessness. Before the entrance to the next room stood the screen, framed in plain black lacquer, with simple curved feet. At first it seemed a jumble of gold and brown, but after a bit it grew into a woodland landscape in autumn, a gnarled tree with falling leaves, and a quaint little goblin figure. We often speak of the autumn woods as turning to gold, but this artist had the daring to paint them actually gold, and got his lights and shades with a few dabs of brown and red.

On our Japanese boat we enjoyed most excellent fare, and indeed it was by no means the least of our joys at this period to eat fresh meat, fruit, and vegetables, and drink real milk. I think the thing I suffered most from throughout our travels was the tinned milk, until I got to Russian territory and learned to drink tea without it. The flavour of even the very best "unsweetened" milk in tins is repugnant to me;

"SAYONARA."

and this reminds me that I once asked a steward on an Orient boat, "Steward, is this tinned or fresh milk?" and he replied: "I think, mum, it's what they call *consecrated* milk!" The Japanese *menu* of English dishes was sometimes equally amusing, but I can only recollect one (most appropriate) mistake, when the "dessert" was given as "raisins, figs, and other dry goods."

After another run ashore at Nagasaki we spent two rather unpleasant days tossing about before we ran in under the sheltering coast of Korea. I shall never forget the unspeakable dreariness of that Korean coast—flat or gently undulating, bare and brown. As we approached Fusan I exclaimed that the brown hills were covered with tombstones, for specks of white seemed to be dotted about everywhere. As we drew nearer, however, these resolved themselves into human beings wrapped in pseudo-white garments—shapeless bundles many of them.

The town, as it lay before us, was a most uninviting place. A Japanese quarter on one hand was fairly neat and clean, and behind on a hill a small grove of trees had been planted by them round a tiny temple; otherwise the whole country seemed bare and destitute of any vegetation except brownish grass, and the untidy Korean street, straggling away from the few European bungalows and godowns on the wharf, wandered up a hill, and continued at intervals to crop out along a very badly made road which led apparently to nowhere in particular. Along this road moved a steady procession of figures in all shades of white garments. A glance at the sketches will give a better idea of them than any words. The long coat worn by the men is of fine white

cloth among the better classes, and is tied with tapes; the trousers are loose, and the feet are bandaged with the same material, the footgear being completed either by Chinese high boots or by sandals, generally of straw. But the crowning eccentricity of the costume is the hat, which is more like the Welsh headgear than anything else, except that it is made of black buckram, semi-transparent, and is tied beneath the chin with black strings. The women are usually very shapeless, and seem to wear any number of full skirts. Their coats are of the abbreviated Eton type fashionable in England not long since, and they leave off just before the skirt begins, which is curious, to say the least of it. Withal the Koreans are among the finest and best-looking people I have seen. Their complexions are a rich olive, with almost crimson cheeks and lips. Their eyes are bright, and their hair black and glossy.

At first I thought that abundant locks must be usual among the women, since all wore their hair in a long thick band which encircled the head. I witnessed, however, the toilet of one lady and was disillusioned. With a deft movement she detached the coil from her head, and revealed the fact that her own hair was exceedingly scant. She then proceeded to part it down the middle, smooth it tight back on either side, and screw it into a minute knob behind, which she apparently tied into a knot. Then she took her "switch," and fastening one end in behind, she braided it once right over her head and tucked in the end skilfully. She used no hairpins!

I understand that a very considerable strain of Caucasian

blood is believed to exist in the Koreans, so that their straight features and bright complexions are fully accounted for, but where, oh where did they get the idea for their chimney-pot hats? Did the early discoverers of Korea import that form of headgear into Europe, or did they take it with them and corrupt the Koreans? There is one point worthy of notice. Although clinging to the chimney-pot as an outward and visible sign of respectability as firmly as does the church-going Britisher, they *do* make the obnoxious thing of light material. A summer top-hat of semi-transparent buckram tied with black silk ribbons under the chin would surely find great vogue in London during the dog-days, if only some one of influence would start the fashion.

I have only visited the coast of Korea. Andrew tells me that inland there are valleys and mountains, green and fertile, well-built towns, and busy rivers. The nobility and aristocracy wear gowns of exquisite coloured silks, and the country altogether is bright and picturesque. It may be, I suppose it must be, true, but Korea, of all the countries of the East, is the strangest and most unthinkable, and I cannot get rid of my own impression of bare brown hills, squalid stone huts, and a population chiefly clad in whitey-yellow rags.

Anything less like the neighbouring countries of Japan and China it is difficult to imagine. China, with its gorgeous colouring, its crowded cities of narrow winding streets, full of yellow-faced, pig-tailed people in rich blues and greens. Japan with its doll's-house prettiness, its merry little people in grey *kimonos*, its little tufted hills, with temples hanging on their

sides, ravines choked with cherry-blossom and spanned by fairy bridges. The Koreans themselves are unmistakably different in appearance, though every now and then there is a strong resemblance to the Japanese. They are as a rule large-limbed and slow in movement, though strong and well-built. Their faces are frequently adorned with rather scanty beards and moustaches, and this added to their solemnity and dignity of bearing and their very intelligent black eyes (unlike the stony, twinkling orbs of the Chinaman) are peculiarities which distinguish them at once.

A medical missionary at a Korean port, whose pretty little house and tiny hospital we visited, spoke with enthusiasm of their disposition and intelligence, and it does seem the greatest pity that these fine people should be kept back by the evils of misrule. The poverty of the ordinary peasant is extreme, and he knows that any sign of prosperity will only bring down on him an extra tax or imposition. At both the ports we visited the Japanese settlements were considerable, and a great contrast in their neat prosperity to the tumble-down hovels of the Koreans. It seemed to me, by the way, that the latter, alone among Far Eastern nations, fence in their dwelling-houses with a sort of outer wall (I mean amongst the very poor). Peeping through this stockade we could see a small, low hut, sometimes half scooped in the hill-side, in which the family and the pigs and fowls live together, Irish fashion. Cooking is done in brass bowls, and we managed to secure some of these—apparently the only things of any worth in the huts.

One we bought in the open street from an old man who was consuming his rice out of it. We were looking for a bowl for some hours with no success when we saw a funny old bundle of yellow rags, with a lean, brown face and a pair of skinny hands, holding a dear little bowl. We offered him a Mexican dollar, pointing to the bowl—he apparently thought we wanted the rice, ladled it on to a wooden tray, and offered it to us. We continued to point to the bowl, whereupon he held up three brown fingers. We refused; he thereupon put the rice back and went on with his dinner. We produced three half-dollars, and the crowd which had collected with much amusement apparently advised the old man to take it, so he held out the bowl—rice and all—and fearing he might change his mind, I grabbed it hastily and made off, followed by the crowd who evidently wanted to see what I would do with it.

A day or two later we anchored in Vladivostock harbour, and with genuine regret said good-bye to our ship and the dear little Japs who had made part of our delightful holiday.

Sayonara, little people, with your cleverness, precocity, soft voices, sweet smiles and gentle manners. I bow three, four, nay, a dozen times towards you, as your own polite custom is. I kneel before you on a flat cushion and, putting my forehead to the earth, I ask that you will accept a humble tribute of admiration to your charming land—the playground of the world—and its busy workers. *Sayonara!*

CHAPTER XV

VLADIVOSTOCK AND A RAILWAY JOURNEY

Vladivostock from the picturesque, commercial, domestic, and social points of view—The servant question again—Our train—Of food and prices—A noisy departure—Space, scenery and sunset

AFTER seven months among the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, from Java to Japan—largely spent, perforce, in steamers of all sorts and conditions—I was glad to embrace any means of getting home without further experience of choppy seas, save perhaps the Channel crossing. When we left the Japanese steamer that had brought us from Kobé, through the Inland sea and *viâ* the Korean ports, to Vladivostock, I landed with considerable satisfaction at the thought that only a few miles of sea (though 5000 miles of land) lay between me and London.

Vladivostock, straggling untidily about on a background of low, brown hills, is a great contrast to the decorative towns of Japan. Broad red roads scar the sides of the hills, and houses of all sorts are dotted on every side of these, with no particular attention to a street line. Here is an ornate,

pretentious building covered with white stucco, there a red-brick monstrosity, and again an untidy wooden shanty. Building lots in a state of disorder, and half-finished houses, are to be seen on every side, for Vladivostock is young, and still growing. The Admiral's house has a small garden with a few trees and shrubs, but as a rule houses and shops stand in naked ugliness and crudity, which are the more apparent under a blazing smmmer sun. *Droshkies*, or open carriages —the *istvoschiks*, or drivers, making the one picturesque note in the scene, clad in red, loose blouses, black, sleeveless, full-skirted coats and the shaggy, low-crowned hat familiar to us in pictures—are waiting to bump us over the rough roads, up the sides of almost perpendicular hills, and round impossible corners. If I lived in Vladivostock I should be obliged to hire an *istvoschik* to drive me furiously every day, that I might forget the ugliness of life in continual gratitude for my preservation from sudden death.

There are 400 Germans in Vladivostock and two Englishmen; but besides these ordinary, unpicturesque, money-making individuals, one sees a motley crowd in the streets, and on every side are big-bodied, florid Russians, invariably attired in uniform of some kind, varying in details but always including the *sapogi*, or high boots, and the flat peaked cap. *Apropos* of uniform, it is obligatory to all in any kind of Government employ when on Russian soil, and we heard many complaints from military officers as to the inconvenience. Their summer coats of white drill are never clean on such a journey as this, and the light grey overcoats are both easily spoiled and impossible to clean. A Russian officer of rank is the most gorgeous person, and seems to put on full-dress uniform as soon as he gets up—probably before he washes; I am not sure that he does not sleep in it, stars and all! These uniforms make an impressive show in the streets of all Russian

towns, but more particularly in those which are military posts. At Khabarovsk, for instance, there were at the time of our visit no less than twenty-nine Generals—imagine the pageant! Besides the uniformed element one sees in the streets of Vladivostock many bundles of yellow, dirty rags, with long legs protruding, lean brown faces, and black hair twisted into a knob on the top. These are Korean coolies, and they are jostled by tidy little Japanese in travestied bowlers and black coats, and by big, solemn Chinamen with long blue frocks and black silk caps. The latter are substantial merchants and traders, who have returned to their trafficking despite the uncomfortable events which scared them away last year. The Chinese and the Germans are the principal traders in the Russian port of Vladivostock, and hitherto have made a very good thing of it, but the imposition of the European-Russian tariff seriously affected them, and unless it is modified the development of Vladivostock will be greatly retarded. Placed at such a distance from European Russia, and forced to draw almost every article, whether of necessity or luxury, from America, Japan, or China, it is impossible to support the imposition of duties which, in many cases, more than double prices. Already the beautiful land-locked harbour, which used to be dotted thickly with vessels, was almost devoid of them, and trade was being driven to Talienwan.

The Whiteley of eastern Siberia, whose magazines, well stored and filled with well-dressed, intelligent assistants, are to be found throughout the Amur district and Manchuria, and whose agencies are everywhere along the line, as well as in Japan, is a German firm. *Verbum sap.* It seems as though the Teuton and the Chinaman would one day divide the commercial supremacy of half the world. The head of this particular firm came to Vladivostock with less than the proverbial half-crown and a pedlar's pack. In 1864 he opened

one small room; now his is a name to conjure by and, in a country where more than kissing goes by favour, we have found the goodwill of his agents almost as useful as the letters to governors with which we were provided.

There are pleasant homes in Vladivostock, and most unpleasant hotels. Fortunately we were not obliged to try the latter for ourselves, but on all hands we heard of their dearness and badness. Eight roubles—sixteen shillings—per night for lodging alone, meals being charged separately, is too much for the privilege of an ill-appointed room. Here, however, as throughout Russia, one can obtain a room for a more moderate sum at a *podvoria*, a sort of lodging house, where attendance of a limited nature is provided, and one can have the use of the *samovar* for a small sum. Meals must be taken in restaurants.

Compensations for a rather monotonous life in Vladivostock —where society is too heterogeneous to be pleasant, and the military are too poor to entertain each other, and too proud to associate with merchants—is to be found in the excellence of the climate (except when it is wet), in the profusion of such food-supplies as fish and game, and of flowers—of which I must write later—and in such sport as is provided by fishing in the bay, shooting along its shores in summer, and skating on it when it is frozen. Vladivostock is noted for its fogs, and the rain is sometimes excessive in the summer—the year before last it rained without cessation from May to October—but the winter climate has the brilliant coldness of the interior of northern China without that dryness so irritating to the nerves.

Good Chinese servants are to be got in Vladivostock at proportionately good wages, but the majority in domestic service are Russians, and euphemistically termed "retired convicts." There is something a little alarming to the

unaccustomed in the idea, and the only English lady in Vladivostock might have been pardoned a little nervousness when recently, on a visit to the model island which lies off the bay, she found herself the only woman, save two female servants who had each murdered their husbands and families! The *istvoschiks* are all "retired convicts," which would add still more spice to one's daily drive. As a rule these people do not break out into fresh crime, for they know if caught in the act they can be shot on sight—such is the law in Vladivostock, though capital punishment is not permitted in Russia proper. Burglaries are, however, by no means rare—one may have the pleasure of "dropping" a burglar without any long residence in Vladivostock, but it is advisable to hit him in front, for a wound in the back may give the police an excuse for being tiresome. It is more likely, however, that the burglar will not call when one is at home, but will take a more convenient opportunity of removing one's valuables.

We left Vladivostock at 9 o'clock, on a beautiful, sunny morning, with a fresh, invigorating breeze. We needed all the vigour we could command to crush our way through the crowd and into the *coupé* reserved for us; and this despite the fact that, owing to the kindness of Russian friends, we were escorted by a bodyguard of a railway official, the captain of a launch, four sailors, and several Korean coolies. Had we not been fortunate enough to have an engaged *coupé*, we should have been obliged—as is usual in Siberia, if not throughout Russia—to be at the station quite an hour beforehand to secure places. The station was packed with people and luggage, and a military band crowded it still more, and rent the air with brazen strains. Every now and then the voice of the crowd got the upper hand—if I may be pardoned for such a bull—and rose in a chattering shriek, but the band soon re-asserted itself. The cause of all this noise was the

departure of a general and his family. From a further acquaintance with these people I am sure it was a send-off after their own hearts. We noticed that a great deal of luggage seemed to be left on the platform, and chuckled to think how well our own arrangements had been made.

The train has a long narrow corridor running down one side, and the first-class *coupés* are arranged either for two—with one long seat, the back of which is raised to form a second bed at night—or for four, with the seats facing each other as in an ordinary railway carriage at home. No linen or pillows are provided, but the mattresses are very comfortable. At one end is a small lavatory, common to both sexes, and at the other a restaurant car. There is a dinner in the middle of the day *á prix fixe*—generally one rouble—and other meals can be had *à la carte*. This seems to be the usual arrangement throughout Siberia in steamers and along the railway line. The charges in hotels are rather more (one rouble twenty-five kopecks for a dinner of three courses, and 1.50 for four), but as tea and bread are charged extra on the railway, it brings the total to much the same. A supper of one meat dish on steamers and in trains costs from eighty kopecks to one rouble. Breakfast of tea, bread, cakes, and perhaps butter, is forty kopecks. Afternoon tea the same. On the river steamers one can pay by the day (two roubles twenty-five kopecks), which includes everything—tea *ad libitum*. These, of course, are the prices in eastern Siberia; on the *train de luxe*, which runs from Moscow to Irkutsk they are slightly higher. Considering the quality of the food and the way in which it is served, the charge is ample. Dinner consists of thick soup, of cabbage or potato, usually swimming in grease, and containing large lumps of meat. Well made, this cabbage-soup is very good. Then follows a meat dish, with potatoes, mushrooms, or macaroni mixed

up with it, and after that some innocuous sweet, such as lemon jelly or ice-cream. On the railway and in hotels various kinds of fish can be had, and these are very good, but are not provided on the steamers. Fruit one never sees, nor fresh vegetables. The railway restaurants are not clean or well appointed, but it does not hurt the waiter's feelings if one wipes the plate and knife with one's serviette before using them. Meals on the Amur steamers are served in a small and crowded saloon, and for the Russian passengers they may be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but for us they were a weariness to the flesh. The high-pitched chatter never ceases, and the table manners —but I must reserve a description of them, and go back to the train, which is still standing in Vladivostock station.

When we tried to get to our *coupé* we found the way blocked by innumerable bundles and parcels. Every now and then a stout lady got irretrievably wedged between the wooden partition and a Russian orderly or European coolie with more bundles. No matter how many people were clamouring and shoving in that passage some one else—laden with more packages—would climb in and endeavour to squeeze past. Russians travel with innumerable small packages and very few big ones. They always take bedding, pillows, kettles, and

numberless other *impedimenta*. Everything small enough to get through the door is taken in *coupé* or cabin, and these are piled high with baskets, bundles of bedding, paper parcels, small bags, tin kettles and pans, dogs, cats, and birds in cages. Certain formalities must be gone through with regard to heavy boxes, but I am not in a position to describe these, as Andrew omitted the formality with consequences hereafter to be described.

For some time the line runs along the edge of the bay to the north of Vladivostock. There is nothing remarkable to see, save perhaps a little pork-pie island, with neither wood nor water, where for some time twenty convicts were kept. On the shores of the bay, too, lies a coal mine, where for eight years the Russians picked away, abandoning it wherever they came to water. Now an English firm has it, and is at work on a ten-foot seam—with "enough in sight for thirty years," as one of them told us gleefully. Being the only coal mine at work in the district it supplies most of the fuel for this railway.

Soon the line leaves the bay and, passing through some thinly wooded hills, emerges on a vast plain-land. On either side the landscape rolls away in green sweeps, till it reaches a faint line of blue hills in the distance. Little brown towns are scattered here and there along the way; some convict villages, others settlements of colonists. We draw up frequently at wooden stations, where trim log houses, with ornamental roofs and white-washed shutters give an air of smartness belied by the grimy interior. Groups of peasants—the women in bunchy cotton skirts, loose bodices and be-kerchiefed heads, for all the world like Irish colleens, but not half as pretty; the men in loose blouses, embroidered perhaps on wristband and front, and wearing the inevitable *sapogi* and *chapka* (peaked cap)—stand or squat about the stations. They

bring milk in bottles, loaves, buns, and other eatables, which are eagerly bought by the passengers. All along the route, whether by rail or boat, one can buy milk, bread, and sometimes eggs and butter, and this we did, preferring to have breakfast and supper in our own *coupé* or cabin. With a little spirit-lamp we made tea, cocoa, cooked eggs, and even soup. We enjoyed our *al fresco* meals very much—but I am not sure that I shall ever want to go to a picnic again!

Over these solitary, silent plains, whose loneliness is only accentuated by the isolated brown villages and the pert little stations, planted at intervals along the great black snake of railroad, comes a fresh and delightful breeze—the wind of wide spaces still untrodden by man, laden with the fragrance of grass and flowers. A Russian officer, who came with us from Nagasaki, filled his lungs and spread out his arms, confiding to us that this space and bareness were to him a thousand times more beautiful than the crowded prettiness of Japan. The sun dropped like a globe of molten gold behind the horizon, the distant hills turned from pale blue to deepest indigo, and a chilly breeze crept up. When the sun rose again the following morning we were creeping through a country of grey mist and silver cobwebs, and as these faded little by little in the golden rays we saw we were passing through woodlands, once a forest, where the stately trees have been felled to provide fuel and sleepers, and blackened stumps are all that remain to tell of what they once were. This is a sight with which we soon became so familiar that it ceased to be noticeable, but of the wanton destruction of forests I must write later on.

CHAPTER XVI

A DAY AT KHABAROVSK

Of lost luggage—Our friend the lieutenant—In quest of a bed—What we found—A successful interview—A contrite official—We leave with *êclat*

AFTER loitering not unpleasantly along the line for thirty-one hours, we reached Khabarovsk. Leave out the "K" in pronouncing this and all other Russian names beginning with "K" and then you will show that you have "been there." There is no reason why the journey from Vladivostock to Khabarovsk should take so long. It used to take twenty-six hours, and if the line is not strong enough to bear that speed it would be easy to save the extra time out of the waits at stations. Khabarovsk is merely a military post, situated at the point where the Amur, having hitherto flowed due east, makes a bend and takes a northern direction on its path to the ocean. Now that the railway through Manchuria is practically complete there is no need to make this *détour*, or visit Khabarovsk at all, but at the time of our journey it was still necessary to bridge the uncompleted break in the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian line by a steamer journey from Khabarovsk to Stretensk.

When we had unpacked ourselves from the train, Andrew

went in search of our heavy baggage, which consisted merely of one large trunk and one steamer-chair. Both were conspicuous by their absence. A Russian officer, Lieutenant C., came to the rescue, but in vain. My only trunk had been left sitting on the platform at Vladivostock! I had a dressing-bag, with one change in it, and a hat-box, into which I had crammed a few clean blouses. Andrew had a portmanteau, and was fairly independent except for his dress-clothes, which were in the missing trunk. Telegrams were sent and assurances received that the derelict was following at once; but I may as well say here that it was two months after our arrival in England before our trunk turned up, and that the cost of its solitary journey across Asia to Moscow and thence to Hamburg, from Hamburg to Hull by sea and from Hull to London, was £7 10*s*. At some period of its journey a kind friend had it sewn up in sacking, and it arrived with only one hole in the top and absolutely intact as to contents, which had never been disturbed.

Not being able to foresee this happy *dénoûment*, I was considerably upset by the loss of my wardrobe. Then it began to rain, and Lieutenant C. pointed out that we were five *versts* from the town, and had to find lodgings for the night. He had already sent his soldier-servant on with his baggage and ours in a cart, and now we could only get one in which it was quite impossible for all three to ride. In the end he and Andrew walked while I drove in solitary state. There was no road, only innumerable wheel-tracks over a series of muddy plains and hills. Sometimes we lurched on one side, then on the other. The rain continued steadily, and Andrew and the officer kept up a conversation in the most broken French imaginable, that being their only means of communication. At last we reached the town, which consists merely of wide roads like ploughed fields, with straight rows

of wooden houses and a wooden pathway on either side. The next discovery was that every inn, every *podvoria*, every conceivable place, indeed, was full. We had a note of introduction to a German firm, but the manager could not offer us hospitality since his house was in the hands of painters and he himself was living in one room. To cut a long story short, I sat in that carriage for four hours—from five to nine o'clock, while Andrew and Lieutenant C. endeavoured to find a lodging for us. At last they called on the Chief of Police, and he, after a good deal of grumbling, sent out a sergeant to find us a room. Our German friend then invited us to partake of his supper, and Lieutenant C. departed to the Military Club, where in company with several other young officers he spent the night in the billiard-room. His conduct throughout was admirable, as he stuck to us and would never leave us until he felt sure we should be all right.

At ten o'clock the sergeant returned and piloted us to an inn, where we were shewn a sort of passage, boarded at either end to make a room. It contained a table and a great number of candlesticks, but nothing else. We sat down on the table and awaited developments. Very soon an extremely small iron bedstead was brought in. Three planks were fitted across it, and a thin mattress and pillow placed at the top. Then a jug and tin basin were brought in by a dirty-looking Chinese servant, and we were left to contemplate our quarters.

The impossibility of both of us sleeping on that bedstead was obvious, but we were perfectly helpless, as we knew no Russian and the people of the inn spoke no language save their own. As soon as things were fairly quiet, however, we stole out into a corridor where we had espied a sofa, and seizing it with the strength of despair we carried it in and hastily bolted the doors. Then we composed ourselves to sleep, and the fleas began to wake up.

Very early the next morning we got up and performed cursory ablutions in the tin basin. Then, having made ourselves as presentable as circumstances would allow, we went out to seek the Governor-General, to whom we had a letter from the Russian minister at Tokio. Unfortunately, although we had this introduction, we hadn't got it with us! It had been placed in the missing trunk; but we had a duplicate letter addressed to the Governor of Vladivostock, which we had not delivered at that place, and we felt that, if we could get to General Grodekoff, who is Governor of Eastern Siberia, and let him see the nice things the Russian minister had said about us, we should be all right. It was with the prospect of having to explain the rather tangled situation in a foreign language that we presented ourselves at the palace at the earliest hour possible. The palace was a barrack-like building, and, inside, the polished floors and clean white-washed walls gave it the air of an hospital.

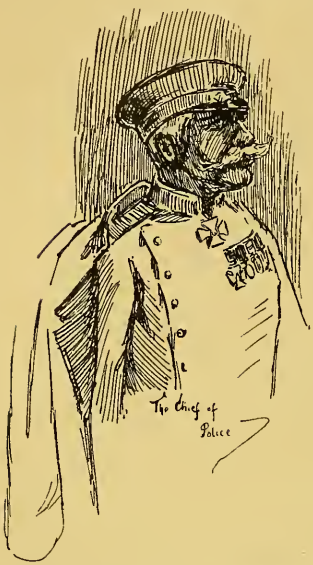
In the entrance-hall several orderlies inquired our business, so we looked as grand as we could and said, "Aide-de-camp!" Presently a stiff young staff officer appeared, and to him we bowed, and Andrew began an address in his best French. To our surprise he shook his head and signified that he didn't understand. We tried German—in vain! This was rather discouraging, and our hearts fell when the young man, taking our cards and regarding them from all points of view as if to be quite sure that they were not dynamite bombs, departed suddenly without a word.

After a few minutes a gorgeous little man appeared, in blue and gold uniform, with a broad red stripe on his trousers, his chest all over medals, and a cross hanging round his neck. He addressed us in very good French, and asked our business, and Andrew replied that he had a letter to present to the Governor-General. "Allow me to take the

letter," said the little man, whereupon I nudged Andrew violently, to intimate that if he gave up the letter (the *wrong* letter!) we were lost, since it would be returned to us with the remark that it was not intended for the Governor-General at all. Andrew rose to the occasion, and in execrable French announced that it was his desire to present the letter "*moi-même.*" The little man withdrew, and I felt convinced that his suspicions were aroused, and that we should immediately be arrested as Nihilists. When the *aide-de-camp* reappeared, I was just preparing to fall on my knees and protest our innocence, when he beckoned us to follow—whither? Visions of dungeons rose before my eyes, and it was with immense relief that I saw a door open, and perceived beyond it a large, pleasant room, with polished floor, walls hung with execrable pictures, and very little furniture save a large writing-table, at which was seated a little owl-like man in spectacles. His uniform was like that of the other little man, but he had even more medals and stars. It was General Grodekoff himself. I had read of the exploits of this dashing cavalry officer in his earlier days, and had associated the hero of Grodekoff's celebrated ride to Khiva with visions of a big, wild Berserker sort of man. Here, however, was a polite, quiet little spectacled gentleman, who bowed, and, in broken French,

A Russian General

asked us to be seated. Excellent soldier and commander as he is, General Grodekoff is not very popular in Eastern Siberia, for his retiring habits and love of quiet make Khabarovsk a dull place. He is *toujours triste*, the young officers say, and does not encourage dancing, drinking, or play-acting.



We gave the letter and explained the superscription as well as we could. Somewhat to our surprise he seemed to grasp the situation. We then told him of our adventures the previous night, and he expressed much regret and asked what he could do for us. "Get us a passage on the boat leaving this afternoon," we said boldly. We had been told that every place was taken and that we must wait five days for the next boat.

We told the Governor this. He smiled sweetly. *Il faut arranger, il faut arranger*, he murmured, and ringing a bell sent some message by an orderly. He then informed us that the Chief of Police would see to our comfort in the future, and after a little chat about our journey we took our leave.

Full of triumph we departed to the Khabarovsk Hotel, where we had arranged to lunch with Lieutenant C. The hotel is a quite pretentious building, stone-faced, with properly furnished rooms. About an hour afterwards, as we were taking a walk along the wooden *trottoir*, the Chief of Police came flying after us. He was a tall man, with fierce, white moustaches, and wore full uniform, with his grey overcoat slung from his shoulders as the Russian fashion is. With

immense *empressement* he saluted Andrew, and on being presented to me kissed my hand—or rather a very dingy glove. From the contrast between his behaviour now and the night before I gathered that he had received a wigging for not attending better to our distinguished selves. He now assured us of his consternation and regret that Madame should have passed so uncomfortable a night, and said that all was arranged for our immediate departure by the afternoon boat. An orderly had been sent to look after us and our luggage, and would await our commands. We graciously thanked him, and remarked that we would say no more about the previous night. I hope I am not a snob, but on occasions like this I am afraid I come perilously near to it, and, like Leonora of old, I walked on, my head a little higher than usual.

It was indeed a relief not to be compelled to stay in Khabarovsk, which is a mere military mushroom and offers no distractions to a visitor. The hotel is not uncomfortable if one can get into it, but the crowds of military constantly passing through the town make every place very crowded. Besides the hotel, palace, military casino, and the most hideous church I have ever seen (of bright red brick, pointed with white and having a grass-green roof), there is nothing but rough wooden houses, and these, laid out in straight lines, with a wide muddy space, dignified by the name of road, between them, make about the ugliest town I have ever seen. A short drive in Khabarovsk is quite sufficient excitement even for me, for the hilly, uneven roads resemble nothing but ploughed fields, and one bumps and lurches till it is a marvel how the wiry little ponies keep their legs.

The one dissipation of this place, which would be hopelessly dreary were it not for the constant *va et vient* of officers in gay uniforms, is to watch the arrival and departure of the steamboats, and accordingly a big crowd assembled to see us off.

CHAPTER XVII

ON THE AMUR

Of river steamboats—Travelling companions—Russian children—English as she is spoke—Of Cossack villages—Blagovestchensk—Russian piety—Folk songs—Flowers—The Shilka river—Convicts

UR boat was crowded, not only the first and second class cabins, but the deck, on which numbers of third-class passengers camped out. Many officers who could not get cabins took third-class tickets and tipped the steward to let them sleep in the saloon, or in the cabin of some servant, and one who could not arrange this on the *Baron Korf* sat up all night and slept during the day in the berth of a comrade. Most of the Russian families were accompanied by soldier-servants, and these generally had a little camp by themselves. There was an extraordinary lack of method about all arrangements. At the last minute a heavy bribe or influential interference would procure a berth on the most crowded boat, and consequently the possession of a first-class ticket taken weeks beforehand did not ensure a first-class passage. When it came to changing from the large steamer which conveys one

as far as Blagovestchensk to one of lighter draught it was simply a matter of *sauve qui peut*, and when, as in our case, this light steamer had again to be exchanged for a sort of barge with still less accommodation, all dignity went to the winds, and it was a fight and scramble to be first on board, and having got there, to pounce on a cabin, and, planting one's bag on the berth, refuse to be ejected! A man has little chance on such occasions, for the ladies will hustle him out; and, having once taken possession, a woman can sit in safety, and no one but the captain of the ship can make her budge. The reason for changing boats was the shallowness of the river, which necessitated less and less draught as the upper reaches were penetrated. We unfortunately were travelling at a bad time of year and at the end of a dry season, and consequently we were always sticking in the mud. The boatmen with long poles took soundings continually, and their monotonous voices singing out "*Che-ti-re-py-att!*" made a constant accompaniment to the voyage.

As for the steamers on which this river-journey was made, they are extremely simple of construction. A long saloon with a cabin opening out either side, or else a passage with a saloon at the end. The saloon contains a table, chairs, and a good many flies. On the *Baron Korf* the upper end was arranged as a drawing-room, and had padded chairs and a piano. On first seeing our cabin I was struck with its size, but this impression I afterwards discovered was due to the extreme simplicity of its furniture. Two long settees, one on either side, a small table, a spittoon and an ash-tray completed the appointments. Toilet operations were conducted in small lavatories, two of which were provided for the first-class saloon. Here a zinc basin received a trickle of cold water, and the accommodation, though it appears scant, seemed ample for the desires of the Russian passengers. The characteristic

Russian lavatory has a water tap which must be pressed all the time the water is to flow, and a basin with a hole and no plug. Not having a cork handy, and being unable to wash with one finger on the tap, I stopped up the hole with Andrew's shaving brush!

Despite the cramped quarters we managed to be quite comfortable in our cabins, both on the *Baron Korf* and the *Putiatin*, which took us onwards from Blagovestchensk. They were provided with square windows, from which we could admire the scenery, and we pic-nicked and read and wrote in some degree of privacy. The most trying part of all journeys in boats is the intimate relations into which one is perforce thrown with people who may not be congenial. Of course, as we do not speak Russian, we were relieved from this to a certain extent, and if we desired conversation we could speak French, of which every one knows a little, or German, though Russians will not as a rule speak either unless they are spoken to. But the advantages of this aloofness were more than outweighed by the weariness of hearing at meals and on deck a constant chatter which was meaningless to us, and the harshness of Russian voices is trying to the nerves. The language itself, though a little guttural, is not ugly when spoken in a soft and refined manner, but the majority of our travelling companions made a most excruciating noise when they talked, and their conversational tone was raised to a pitch which would surprise even Americans.

There were also a good many children on board, and while making every allowance for the tedium of the journey for them, it must be confessed that they bore out all we had heard of the spoiling of Russian children. When Kira lifts her soup-plate to her lips to drink, or when Sacha stretches out his fork and captures another piece of meat as the plate is carried away, there is only a reproving "Oh, Sacha!" and "Oh,

Kireschka!" from the fond mamma; and they monopolise conversation, take the only chairs in the room, and push in front when one is going down stairs. At the same time they are winsome and charming, and they know how to use their eyes and lips to gain indulgences from mamma. They have their meals with their elders and are helped first; they come to table and leave it to run round the room, and are generally allowed to behave exactly as they please, and if reproved they pout and coax and are immediately rewarded with half-repressed smiles. The much-maligned American child is brought up under a discipline quite Spartan as compared with this, and I almost think I should prefer the *blasé* ten-year-old who offered to explain the nature of a sweepstake to Mark Twain. As for the adult passengers, I can only say that we received every kindness and attention, especially from the men—mostly officers going home on leave. One or two spoke French fluently, and all were very polite and kind in translating for us. One man, an artillery captain, talked English, or something akin to it, but we had the greatest difficulty in understanding him until we discovered that his vocabulary had been acquired from two sources only—Dickens, and Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." He had written on slips of paper and learnt by heart some three hundred words of which I subjoin a selection. Brazier, pageant, bloodthirsty, congealing, offspring, tremulous, sallied, rot, and lastly *socle*, which he assured me is in Dickens.

The curious thing about Captain M.'s English was the fact that he did not know whether words were nouns, verbs or adjectives, and in most cases their meaning as used by him could only be discovered by a process of reasoning.

"This dinner has sole dignity," he remarked to me one day. "Must devour what we will!" The English of this, which I was only able to understand because I had got accustomed to

this mode of speech, is—"The one advantage of this dinner is that we are not limited as to quantity, but can eat as much as we like!"

"I solemnise you!" was a favourite phrase, signifying, "I congratulate you," and "I congealing" meant "I am cold," and "I tremulous," "I am afraid." I tried to give him English lessons, but found it difficult since he clung most pertinaciously to his own ideas of the meaning of certain words. *Lowering* was one of his selection from Dickens, and I could not persuade him that "He lowering" did not mean "He is sad," or that "you giddiness" was not the English for "you are giddy." The latter, he assured me, was in Jerome. "Offspring," he was firmly convinced, could be applied with equal accuracy to a child or the branch of a tree, and he convulsed me by references to my "spouse." Captain M., not having a cabin, slept on the floor of the saloon, and one night a sum of five hundred roubles was stolen from a little bag which he always kept by his side. Luckily he had transferred some other money to the pocket of his tunic only the day before. His way of announcing the loss was characteristic.

"Ver' exciting history!" he remarked, as I shook hands with him. "My money is loose!"

But the climax was reached when, at a picturesque bend of the river, he waved his hand and turning to me with a smile remarked: "Superior pageant!"

Before I take leave of this delightful person, with whom we travelled as far as Irkutsk, and who insisted on standing us dinner on our last evening together, I must give his receipt for curing an attack of colic. "One wineglassful of strong pepper and water, and then a whole bottle of red wine drunk at a sitting"—mind, I do not personally recommend it.

The scenery of the river during the first half of the

journey—as far as Blagovestchensk—is flat and uninteresting, but a river can scarcely help being beautiful in these latitudes when the sun is glinting on it, and the blue sky and floating clouds reflect in its broad bosom as in a mirror. The sunsets are a never-failing delight, and so is the fresh, cool air of the morning. The nights are very cold. For many versts we moved placidly along, seeing nothing but banks fringed with willows, and an occasional wood station, where piles of chopped logs wait to be taken in, and little log cabins denote the presence of a Cossack settlement. These have been established all along the river at intervals of some twenty-five versts. Some of the larger ones have schools to which children come from a distance, but many of the colonists are too far off, and grow up without knowing how to read or write. Many little farms, for the sake of better soil, are some distance from the river, and, therefore, from the station to which they belong. Here life must be lonely and monotonous indeed. A few acres are sown with corn and reaped during the short, hot summer; wood has to be chopped for fuel, cows must be attended to, eggs collected and taken to the station for sale and exchange. As the steamer approaches, a little band of women and girls clad in scanty cotton garments, and often with bare feet, troop down to meet it, and bring bottles of milk, flat brown loaves, saucers of curdled cream, and baskets of eggs. Very little money, however, circulates in these villages; usually there is one store, where inferior goods can be bought at exorbitant prices, but the people must live almost entirely on their own produce. Some of the big settlements have tidy-looking houses, with plenty of white paint on eaves and shutters, and flowers peeping through the windows. All have wooden churches, whose grass-green roofs make the one note of colour, but everywhere is the same air of lethargy and sleepiness.

Hardly a soul is to be seen in the rough, untidy streets, except where, here and there, men are building a fresh hut. Timber is strewn everywhere, and great charred stumps show that this clearing was once a forest. The reckless waste of wood is a remarkable feature, and a sad one to a lover of trees. The primeval forests, which twenty years ago extended to the margin of the river on either side, have been ruthlessly destroyed in this province, until nothing but thin young woods remain. Until we were close to the Shilka, where wilder country begins, we did not see one giant tree, nor any dense forests. Wandering through the little birch woods which surround the settlement, one sees great trunks rotting where they fell, and the yearly consumption for fuel alone must be enormous.

The settlements, it must be noted, are carefully peopled with Russians only. Even Poles, or those from the German districts of Russia, are not allowed. The colonists are all State-aided. They are brought out in batches and settled according to the directions of the General Staff, and are each given thirty *dessyatines* of land, cattle, agricultural implements, and an advance of money, which is nominally repayable in a term of twenty years. They have the right to chop wood for building and fuel, which, as I have said, is ruthlessly abused. Under such conditions very large numbers have been introduced into the Amur region and the Primorsk province north of Vladivostock. During the last two years the numbers have been increased, reaching the enormous annual figure of nearly 300,000. Large as this number seems, it is merely a drop in the ocean. Enormous tracts of rich and beautiful country lie waiting for the hand of the cultivator. I have noted how the loneliness of the plains is accentuated by its little isolated towns, and the same feeling prevails in this river journey. Here and there a few log huts, twenty or

ON THE AMUR.—A COSSACK VILLAGE.

thirty people, and a few cattle, and then for miles silence and emptiness. We hear on all sides that despite—perhaps because of—the liberal help given by the State, the colonists are not settling down into a thriving agricultural population as was hoped. In the plain country wherever they can employ cheap Chinese or Korean labour they do so, although it eats up their profits. Elsewhere they simply do as much as is necessary to keep themselves alive, and are entirely without enterprise or energy. The impression of dead-aliveness given by the villages is no false one. The people live the lives of brute beasts, have no education, no amusement, save perhaps to listen to a crazy accordion or musical box, and but one change of clothes in the year. Their chief distraction is the consumption of *vodka*, and that, fortunately, can only be had in limited quantities.

Early on the morning of the eighth day of our journey across Asia we arrived at Blagovestchensk, a town of considerable size. Having to wait two and a half days for the departure of the mail steamer of lighter draught that was to convey us to Stretensk, we stopped at a very decent hotel, where a French manager and a French cook assured us of a certain amount of comfort, although I am not able to vouch for the veracity of the statement on the cards: "One speak Englisch." Here, as everywhere along the river, we hardly ever saw a vegetable, except potatoes and tinned mushrooms, and no fruits save the Canadian tinned ones. It is difficult to understand why this should be so, and I can only conclude that Russians are too careless about their food to grow fruit and vegetables themselves, and that they have never encouraged the Chinese to do so. All provisions are dear, as is natural under such circumstances.

The town is perfectly flat, and the broad roads stretch out in interminable perspective—or would do so were they not

obstructed by clouds of dust. There are villages on the outskirts, and a market is held in a large square once a week to which the peasants bring their produce, lumbering in with their clumsy carts and bony horses. There can be little architectural beauty in such towns as these, where the majority of the houses are one-story, wooden buildings, with walls of unhewn logs, staring white-silled windows like wide-opened eyes, and no other decoration than a sort of fringe of fretworked wood hanging from the eaves and also painted white. Some of these houses, with flowers in their windows and a plentiful supply of white paint splashed about, have an air of pert smartness, like a Cockney servant-girl on Sunday; but their lack of relation to each other gives a spotty, unfinished appearance, only heightened by the half-dozen fine brick buildings which tower among them like whales among minnows. Blagovestchensk, in its long main street, down which one may drive for half an hour without reaching the end, has many such big, showy buildings—public offices, shops, and official residences. In style they are a cross between early Victorian and Byzantine—solid and florid. The churches are enclosed in little green patches with a few trees, from amongst the foliage of which rise red brick or white stucco walls; and the emerald green and Prussian blue of domes and minarets put trees and sky to the blush. The interiors of these churches are full of colour and gilding. It was Sunday when we were there, and we went into one and heard the beautiful chants of the Greek church, sung by some good male voices, rolling up to the domes and dying away in long-drawn monotones. The priests, with long hair falling over flowing golden vestments, looked very different to the dirty, touzled men we had seen in the streets and on the boats. The Siberian peasant at prayer has an expression of absorption I have never seen equalled, and his rough hair

falling over his forehead, his deep-set eyes fixed as it were on eternity, and his large rough hands for ever busy with the sacred sign, seem to add to the impressiveness of his devotion. Every now and then he falls on his knees and presses his forehead with fervour to the stone floor.

The day after our arrival we saw a procession in commemoration of the visit of the Czar, then Czarevitch, ten years ago, to lay the first sod of the railway. The procession was entirely of a religious character, and the decorous behaviour of the people most striking. In the midst walked a grey-bearded bishop, in mitre and golden vestments, and around him was a group of priests, all alike in garments of golden tissue that blazed in the sun. Beside all this gold the dark uniform of Governor-General Gribsky, and his splendid white head, with snowy beard and dark eyes, stood out impressively. Soldiers lined the road, and as the church door opened from which the procession was to emerge, every head was bared along the line and in the crowd. Slowly it swept down the road, banners in front, and a military band playing a solemn chant in muffled tones. The crowd followed, and the soldiers fell into rank and marched after, every head still bare in the blazing sunshine. Clouds of dust swept up and nearly choked us, but all around were serious, intent, and orderly. When the triumphal arch which faces the river was reached a solemn service was

held, but we, on the outskirts of the crowd, could see nothing save the top of the bishop's mitre and General Gribsky's white hair, so we went away, leaving them still uncovered to the burning sun and oblivious to choking dust.

As we sat in our room in the Grand Hotel and looked out on a white dusty road, on which the only sign of life was a group of *isvostchiks* waiting for hire—the drivers slumbering on their boxes and the horses flicking their tails to keep away the flies, like weary drivers and tormented horses all the world over—we picked up a French paper some three weeks old, and read the heroics of a journalist starting on a tour round the world, who, among the perils likely to beset him, spoke of this region as "a country still in a state of war." London papers made a similar remark, but, alas! the cheapest renown cannot be gained by this journey, which is being made every day by dozens of Russians, men, women, and children, and the most enterprising of journalists will find no "war," unless he likes to go into the heart of Manchuria and pick a quarrel with the banditti who still infest it.

In all Siberian towns the German element is considerable. We found that language extremely useful, and to our knowledge of it were indebted for a pleasant evening at Blagovestchensk, when we dined with a German gentleman, and went afterwards to a very excellent concert of Russian folk-songs. The big rooms, handsome carpets and hangings and solid furniture of our host were very pleasant to us after many days spent in small and dingy saloons, and so was the good dinner, quietly and decently served. The method pursued on the steamboats of dumping down on the table a big soup tureen, or plate of meat and vegetables, from which every one helps himself and his neighbours, is anything but appetising, and even travelling in the Philippines has not reconciled me to taking salt and pepper on the point of my knife!

The concert was held in a little theatre, and both music and singers were good. The songs of Little Russia are some of the prettiest in the language; many are *Tsigane* or gipsy songs, and have the wild melancholy and *abandon* always peculiar to the strange Romany people. I was struck by something virile and original in these airs, which abound in quaint unexpected turns and plaintive minor melodies. I wonder these songs have never been exploited in England; Tchaikowsky and some others have used many of the airs in their compositions, but a few of these spirited and pathetic ballads would surely be a welcome innovation in our somewhat limited concert programme.

Leaving Blagovestchensk, we again journeyed up the river, and owing to the lowness of the water took thirteen instead of eight days to reach Stretensk. This long journey up the Amur was not without its compensations. During the best part of the time the weather was beautiful. Hot in the middle of the day, it was fresh and bright in the mornings and evenings, while the nights were refreshingly chilly. Every now and then the monotony was varied by a stop at some little wooden village, where we could stroll, buy milk and bread, and pick flowers. The flowers which abound all along this route are certainly one of the most pleasant features of the journey. The plains are covered with them. Peasants bring great bunches of pink scented peonies, yellow lilies, and lilies of the valley, which they sell for a few kopecks. Along the river banks they grow even more luxuriantly, and at every stoppage passengers go ashore and come back laden. In one little wood, within a few yards, we found three species of lilies—lilies of the valley and red and yellow "lilies of the field"—forget-me-nots, wild roses, peonies, anemones, hyacinths, clematis, yellow and white poppies, marsh-mallows, yellow and white ox-eye daisies, buttercups, irises, and many other flowers of whose English

names I am ignorant. Wild strawberries, herbs, and grasses grow thickly, but until we had almost reached the Shilka, we saw very few ferns. The wholesale destruction of big trees has extinguished these, and the thin woodlands with their flowery carpet have no air of tropical luxuriance, but are full of the sweet freshness and tranquil prettiness of English woods. Beautiful butterflies and moths flit among the trees, and wonderfully marked beetles crawl on the coarse grass. I am no naturalist, but it seemed to me that in brilliance of colouring and variety of design the insect world vied with the flowers. We heard the cuckoo in these woods, but not many singing birds.

On the lower reaches of the river, below Blagovestchensk, the scenery, as I have remarked, is somewhat tame and flat. As one ascends, however, a certain mild beauty creeps into the landscape. Grey rocks heave up their sides from the green earth, and break the placid surface of the river with sharply outlined reflections. The river twists and turns constantly, and the ever-changing perspective of its curves is delightful to watch. At night fires are lighted at intervals along the shore, as well as the beacon lights that twinkle here and there. The fires are of wood, and blaze with one clear ruddy flame, sending a great band of light across the river. Mysterious figures hover round, feeding the flames; shadows dance across the shingled bank, and the scene is weird and Dantesque. But when the Amur divides into two streams, of which we followed the Shilka, the course is through rugged mountains, round steep cliffs and between the walls of gorges. Here we witnessed a curious phenomenon. The forest fires had swept down to the river banks, and for two days the sky was darkened and the whole scene obscured as if by a thick grey veil. It looked as if we were floating on a huge grey lake, still and silent, broken only into streaks of silver by the

ON THE SHILKA RIVER.

little towing-steamer in front of us. On either hand loomed indistinctly great grey masses, which resolved themselves as we drew near into rocks with almost perpendicular faces, broken and castellated at the top. These rocks were fringed and crowned with the lightest of firs and birches, and the slender white trunks of the latter gleamed against the grey and green. It was a symphony in grey and green, faintly warmed towards midday by the sun, which looked like a red ball high in the sky. The air was still and heavy, the water like oil, and despite a certain fascination in the misty, fairy-like scene, we were much relieved when we gained a clearer atmosphere. The river has the caprices of a spoilt child. Sometimes flowing in a strong narrow stream where the current races like a mill-pond, at other times it spreads out like a lake and scarcely covers its shingly bed, which protrudes in dark spots from the rippling water. The monotony of existence was varied by the excitement of sticking on a shoal, when the steamer had to back, and puff, and turn about until she found enough water. One felt a sense of triumph as the bottom of the boat, after grating for a few minutes, slid slowly off, and we were again going ahead. Alas! this triumph was too frequently changed for impatience, when we were stuck for hours and unable to move. Lieutenant C., unable to get a place in our boat, left Blagovestchensk the day after us, in a small trading-steamer, passed us some five days later as we stuck in the mud and was overtaken again some 150 *versts* from Stretensk. It was difficult not to be pleased at his misfortune—we had gnashed our teeth, thinking how much ahead of us he must be. The banks of the river, with their pointed rocks, deep valleys and fringe of fir-trees, are as beautiful as the Tyrol, and not unlike it. Were this river only navigable for decent steamers, or were the arrangement of the barges more comfortable, this portion of the journey might have been

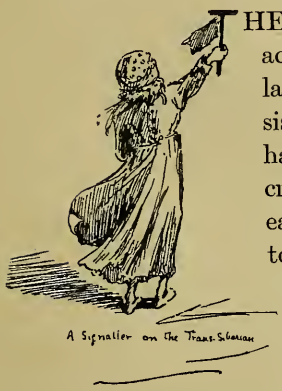
very pleasant. But the barge was smaller and more inconvenient than the steamers, while the number of passengers was the same, and the cooking and service worse in proportion. These barges are not, of course, like those used for immigrants, which have only a covered deck and small cooking-place. They are divided into classes and have cabins, but the accommodation is very poor. We passed several batches of immigrants, and one of army recruits, floating slowly down stream, and also two convict barges. The latter are a sad sight, the convicts being mostly felons with life sentences on their way to the silver mines at Nertchinsk. The barge is boarded up at both ends into cabins with small windows, and the centre is like a roofed cage. The convicts were moving about in this, and in one a woman was washing and ironing. They stood at the grating shading their eyes from the sun as their sight strained after the world they were leaving behind, and across the water came an ominous sound—the clanking of their chains. Probably many deserved the fate awaiting them, but amid the flowers and the sunshine one could only sigh for them and say "the pity of it!" A more cheerful sight was that of the many rafts, some mere logs tied together, on which the men had built a small shelter, others resembling a floating back yard and crowded with horses, cows, men and women, with little tents and huts, and an abundance of green stuff piled round for the cattle to eat. Forty or fifty horses are taken down on one raft, where there seems only room for them to stand. It is wonderful to see how quietly they behave.

Along the north bank of the Shilka runs a military road, constructed in 1899, at great cost, but too late to be of any service in transporting troops. It is cut sheer out of the sides of the rocks in places, and crosses ravines by means of neat wooden bridges; only twice or thrice does it leave the banks and make a *détour*.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN

On the train—Scenery—More flowers—Slothful Siberia—Lake Baikal—A great Siberian city—Luxury and discomfort—A choice of churches—The *train de luxe*—Beautiful Siberia—The Urals—Little Russia—Moscow


A Signaller on the Trans-Siberian

THE twenty-third day of our journey across Asia we arrived at Stretensk, till lately a mere Cossack *stanitza*, consisting only of a few wooden streets and half a dozen shops. The river has to be crossed on a primitive ferrybridge, and early the next morning we went across, took our places in the train and started for Irkutsk. The train itself was like that running from Vladivostock to Khabarovsk but not quite so good, for there was no restaurant car, and general dilapidation prevailed among the fittings. Provisions could be bought as before at the stations, and very fair food, for eating which ample time was given. We were neither bothered with flies nor mosquitoes, as we had been warned, but the heat during the first two days was rather trying; on the third came one of those changes of

climate for which Siberia is remarkable, and after that it was cool, though bright.

The first day after leaving Stretensk our course followed the Shilka, and the scenery was the most beautiful we had seen. The river valley with wooded hills, grey rocks jutting up in places and casting their images on the water, wide fertile plains, with purple horizon of hills; many brown towns nestling along the river banks, and spreading out over the plains—these made a constant change in the panorama that unrolled itself, and then there were flowers, flowers everywhere! Every niche in the rocks has a tuft of purple or yellow blooms, every ditch or stream is smothered with their colour and fragrance, while the fields at times look like huge flower-borders along the railway lines.

The next day we appear to be climbing up and up. On either side are hills covered with small fir trees. Fires have raged here, and the brown and withered stumps show the track of the destroyer, which in some places has swept right across the line. The third day we descend again, passing big, burnt up looking plains, till we come to a broad and gleaming river crossed by a fine iron bridge, and presently to the first town of any importance that we have seen—Vernhé-Udinsk. The white-washed buildings, tapering spires, and green domes stand up in relief against a background of blue hills, and it is pleasant to have a variation from the everlasting wooden shanty.

Buriats, in clothes which are a curious compound of Chinese and Russian, watch the train from the platform. Here and there along the plain we see a settlement of their miserable huts, generally in the midst of a stockade for horses or cattle. As a rule there appears to be comparatively little cultivation going on around the towns, and it is extraordinary that one hardly ever sees a garden. The wooden

houses are surrounded by bare yards, enclosed in wooden fences, and no attempt is made to brighten these with a little greenery. Perhaps it is not considered worth while during the short summer. Two or three times only did we see a little patch sown with vegetables, and the lack of all these things is a true indication of the sloth and carelessness of the Siberian, who is contented to deface the work of God in a beautiful country in order to live there, not in comfort and decency but with the mere necessities of existence.

Arriving at Lake Baikal, we crossed in an ordinary steamboat, the accommodation being decent and the food excellent. There is one boat, the *Baikal*, which takes the train—or at least fourteen waggons—across bodily, but this was working that day from the other side. This wonderful inland sea is surrounded by hills, and on one side by snow-capped mountains. It is cold here all the year round, despite a scorching sun in the middle of the day in summer, and in winter the cold is intense. The ice-breaker provided has not turned out altogether a success, and cannot contend with the thickness of the ice and the rapidity with which it forms. We crossed in smooth water in about three and a half hours, but the lake is sometimes lashed into terrible storms, and only the day before, the captain told us, the weather had been so bad that many passengers, men as well as women, came weeping to him and implored him to turn back! Poor things! Many of them had never seen the ocean, and had no idea of what a ship can do in the way of rolling. Soon we saw the village of Listvenitchnya straggling along the old post road at the side of the lake, and then the wooden jetties and brightly painted station, with the big, heavy-looking train waiting for us.

A long wait at this station, where a good restaurant provides amply for one's material comforts, and then four hours in the train along the banks of the river Angara—through lovely and romantic scenery enhanced by the setting sun—and we see Irkutsk spread out on the opposite bank of the river, with many large imposing buildings and numerous spires and minarets—a real city at last!

Nearer acquaintance with this, the most important place in Siberia, reveals the same crudeness which characterises less ambitious towns like Blagovestchensk. Irkutsk has a grand theatre, with shabby inconvenient *foyers*; handsome buildings flanked by streets of impassable mud; and showy hotels whose interiors are devoid of every comfort, although provided with gilt candelabra and a string band to play during meals. The shops are numerous and the groceries seem good, as are wines, bread and other food-stuffs; but the drapery, furniture and jewellery shops seemed to be stored with the shoddiest and worst of German manufactures, and paper screens, grotesque bronze figures, and brightly coloured glass vases are the only "objects of art" we were ever able to discover. The book shops are large and well stocked, and one can buy Tauchnitz editions of French and English authors. Some attempt at street decoration has been made by the erection at corners of large, solid, heavy kiosks, and much decoration is lavished on the stucco fronts of buildings. As for churches, they are legion, and one may choose between a sea-green church with coloured frescoes on the exterior, or a vermilion church with emerald-green domes and spires, not to mention numerous white, blue and green edifices whose brilliant colours dazzle the eye. I have a decided preference for the cathedral, which is merely a dull brick colour, and here very good music is heard. As night approaches the city takes a forbidding air, for all windows and doors are shut and barred, the shops with

THE VILLAGE OF LISTVENITCHNAYA, LAKE BAIKAL.

great iron clamps like those of a prison. Few people are seen about, for the streets are still unsafe in this convict city, and only here and there a shaft of light from an upper window tells one that the place is really alive. The roads spoil everything—these terrible roads—great pools of water stand at the

corners, and without the wooden *trottoirs* it would be impossible to get about the city on foot.

There is the nucleus of a very interesting museum and also of a small scientific library. Already a collection has been made of the costumes of different tribes in Siberia and Manchuria and of the wild animals in those regions. There are many schools and colleges also in this growing city, which is said to be the richest for its size in all Russia. It can count several millionaires as its citizens.

From Irkutsk to Moscow is now a journey of less than eight days. There is some difference in the accommodation

of the various trains, and the one by which we travelled (the *Wagon-lits*) was not so commodious as the ordinary *train de luxe* belonging to the Siberian railway. The *coupés* were rather smaller, and there was no observation car or gymnasium. The "International" and the ordinary *train de luxe* run alternately once a week. Food is fairly good in the restaurant, and at some stations there are excellent buffets.

The scenery on this section was a great surprise to me. I had been led to expect a great deal of barren steppe land, but this description only applied to about one-eighth of the journey, and the rest was so varied and beautiful as to provide continual entertainment. At first the emerald turf, gentle wooded slopes, tiny valleys, flower-bedecked glades, where shimmering white-trunked beeches were thrown into relief by sturdy red-limbed cedars, and both threw flickering shadows across a mosaic of gold and purple blossoms—all this peaceful, verdant prettiness reminded one of parks and gardens in Old England. Then came a breezy stretch of rolling grass country dotted with herds of cattle, scarred here and there with great patches of ploughed earth, and cut with the shining lines of broad slow rivers. Many brown wooden towns—better built than any we had seen before, with little flower-gardens and plots of vegetables—are scattered over this country, and there are innumerable stations, to which come the peasant women with jars of milk, eggs and butter. Sometimes there are long wooden booths, in which quite an important market is held. Krasnoiarsk is passed, many green spires and big white buildings gleaming in the distance. Tomsk and Omsk are reached, great wide rivers are crossed, some on temporary bridges, for the work of reconstruction is going on, solid iron bridges being substituted for wood in many places. Then the flowers, which had hitherto bordered the line almost continuously and spread in patches of yellow, mauve and pink

A HALT AT A WAYSIDE STATION ON "THE TRANS-SIBERIAN."

over the fields, begin to dwindle, until only the hardy ox-eye daisy survives. We emerge on a salt plain, flat and brown, with curious greyish patches, stretching out to illimitable distance without a break in the horizon. We have hardly got used to this and made up our minds that this must be a barren useless country, when numerous windmills become visible on the sky-line, and large herds of cattle are clustered in the foreground. We fall asleep and wake up in the Ural mountains, climbing up, up, up, amid wooded hills, valleys shrouded in mist, rocky, tumbling streams, and a tangle of flowers, wilder and richer than ever. There are villages nestling among these picturesque hills, cows and horses graze on the greenest of grass, and at a pretty little station, embowered in trees, we buy great baskets of wild strawberries. The Urals are so low, for all their extent and picturesque pretence of crags and fir-clad cones, that we do not pass through a single tunnel, and so wide that it takes the whole day and night before we leave them behind and are really in Europe again.

The scenery during the two days between the Urals and Moscow has a beauty of its own. The country is one enormous cornfield, sweeping away on either side in folds and ripples and curves—nothing but corn. Corn still unripe with a silvery green shimmer; corn in the golden ear flecked with the bright scarlet and faded pinks of reaping peasants, who straighten their backs and shade their eyes from the sun as the train rushes through their midst. Here and there a white, bleached field shows where the harvest is over and the dried stubble alone remains, and all round the fields runs a light and dainty fringe of blue cornflowers, their only demarcation. Every hill is crowned with windmills, whose quaint shapes and widespread arms are silhouetted against a turquoise sky. The villages in this part of Russia look like collections of hayricks. Wood is scarce, and they are made of mud and

roofed with straw. In the midst of these brown and yellow humps one is quite surprised to see a white wooden church. Big towns are passed, with fine buildings and many churches; gradually we emerge into a sort of suburb where the houses are of wood; and then, at the end of a curve in the line, a dim vision arises of spires and domes, a sort of glittering reveals the gilded cupolas, the white buildings begin to shine—and with a rattle and a rush we arrive in Moscow.

Were it only to see this most fascinating city the whole of this journey would be worth while. Moscow, of course, should be seen in winter, but under a blazing sky it has a barbaric splendour of its own. Mediæval walls, gilded cupolas piled one above the other, quaint arches, coloured *ikons*, great white buildings, unexpected turns and twists of architecture, and everywhere a lavishness of decoration, a wildness of fancy and a bold freedom of colour which sound crude in description, but are in reality intoxicating in their daring effectiveness. There are pictures and music to be enjoyed, even in the summer, there are good hotels where all languages are spoken; and there are enough romantic and historic associations for half a dozen cities.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FINISH

A bath at Moscow—Of droschky drivers and piety—Our view of the Kremlin—The way to see sights—Of languages—The ignorance of foreigners—Heimweh—Farewell to the East—Over the German border—German officials—A long day—Domestic scenes—Flushing—Boiled eggs and other delights of home—London again—Louisa on our travels—Of relations and friends—*Vale!*

ONE of the earliest things we did at Moscow was to have baths—the first since we left our Japanese steamer at Vladivostock. We had got tolerably clean at Irkutsk (and might have gone to the public baths there, but felt doubtful about them); but, although the *train de luxe* had a very convenient little lavatory to each pair of compartments, there was no bath-room, and we had been looking forward to a real big bath with plenty of water. We were staying in a big, clean, German hotel, and a pleasant German *mädchen* prepared my bath and conducted me to it. It seemed to me somewhere in the direction of the kitchens, and when we got there I was much impressed by the size of the room. A large marble bath was at one side and a long couch at another covered

with thin linen towels, and a path of towels spread on the floor led from one to the other. Russians like their baths very hot, and the room was heated by a stove, so that I got thoroughly stewed. We were charged one and a half roubles (3*s.*) for this luxury.

The carriage fares are cheap in Moscow, but one must always bargain beforehand. The drivers in their rough beaver hats and enormously thick coats belted in at the waist are exactly like the pictures one is accustomed to. I mention this because popular pictures of foreign countries very seldom convey any ideas of the subjects they represent. The extraordinary thing is that these drivers are bundled up in thick wadded coats in the middle of summer, and summer in Moscow is almost tropical. The better the coachman the thicker his coat, and the smartest private carriages we saw were driven by men who looked like enormous dark blue feather bolsters tied in at the middle.

The most noticeable thing in the Moscow streets, next to the coachmen and *droschkies*, is the piety of every one. Little shrines or *ikons* are fixed up everywhere—on the walls of churches, over gateways, and at the corners of streets—and every time a Russian passes one of these he raises his hat, crosses himself fervently, and says a prayer. The *droschky* drivers go on doing this all the time regardless of their horses, and the more bold and bad they are the more they cross themselves and pray. It must be added that they take their hats right off and hold them in front during their devotions, so that a really pious driver hardly ever has his hat on his head. The foot passengers vary in their observances, but in front of every *ikon* are always one or two devout people, with closed eyes, moving fingers, and murmuring lips. It is all very impressive and picturesque, and goes well with the architecture and mediæval air of the place, but one cannot

A BIT OF MOSCOW.

help wondering whether so much vain repetition is good for the soul.

All my life long I had heard and read about the *Kremlin* at Moscow, but I had the haziest idea as to what it was. Even now I find it difficult to describe, for in my memory churches, museums, treasuries, vaults, cannons, palaces, and pictures are all mixed up together. We were rather handicapped by not being able to get a French or German-speaking guide to take us round; but we had a little handbook in French, and we made out the different buildings as well as we could from this. After all it really didn't matter much which was which—we only wanted to see them all; but Andrew, who has very little imagination and therefore likes to know the facts of a case, vexed my soul by reasoning that if so-and-so was the chapel of Peter the Great and the church of St. Something stood just opposite, then where was the palace of Somebody Else? He would have enjoyed it far more if he had let me tell him (as I was quite ready to do) the names of everything and appropriate anecdotes out of my well-stored, if somewhat tangled, memories.

Before I go to Moscow again I'm going to read up all about the Kremlin in an English book—somehow I get such a misty impression from French and German ones, and so does Andrew, though he pretends not—and then I shall go over the buildings and settle for myself exactly what happened in each. By that means I shall extract the greatest amount of pleasure with the least amount of trouble, which is my idea of sight-seeing.

Andrew says that nothing is worth anything unless it costs us something, and that therefore my plan won't pay. I suppose that is true, but there is such a thing as paying too dearly for one's pleasures, and I shall have to take some trouble in order to get to Moscow, so that *that* must be accounted to me as sufficient exertion.

RUSSIAN TYPES.

Don't you feel all curled up sometimes when you read of people learning a language in order to read some masterpiece that has fired their imaginations? Stories like that make me feel very, very small —real mean, Americans would say. A long time ago patient and hard-working governesses knocked a little French and German into my head greatly against my will; and in later years, being pitchforked into the society of people who knew no English, I have been forced to extend my knowledge of those tongues. I owe to a girlish affection for a German governess a quite irreproachable accent in her language, but my stock of words is limited. So long as I associate with voluble people I get on all right, but when conversation (on their part) flags I begin to flounder terribly. On the contrary, I speak French fluently, but with an execrable accent and a courageous disregard for idioms. Andrew is a great deal more ambitious than I in both tongues. He plunges into politics and metaphysics with the utmost *sang-froid*, and never hesitates about using the horribly complex tenses which mean "I would or should have been." It is very seldom that his hearers contradict him on these occasions. Usually a puzzled look creeps into their faces, and they assent most politely.

Talking to Russians in German or French is by no means easy unless they are particularly fluent; but our friend the Lieutenant was always glad to exercise his French, as he had still to pass an exam. in it before entering the Staff Corps. He and I used to muddle along for hours, but as he was translating his ideas from Russian and I mine from English it was stiff going. Nothing is so salutary in travelling as to realise that, after all, we Britons are not, in any one's eyes but our own, the most important part of Creation. Very few foreigners are as ignorant of our geography as we of theirs, but I confess Lieutenant C. reduced my conceit a little. To him Paris was *the* city of Europe, *par excellence* the place outside Russia which he desired to visit. "London—was it interesting? A dull place, surely; a commercial city covered in fog six months out of the year." My breath was simply taken away at such calumnies on the greatest city of the world, but it is useless to argue with a Russian—especially in broken French.

Another day I told him my husband was a Scot, *un Ecossais*, and explained that Scotland was the country north of England. He inquired if the Scots spoke English. This is a moot point between Andrew and myself. I endeavoured to explain the situation, but apparently failed, since his next question was whether I learned my husband's language or he mine!

But all this time we are in Moscow, and I have done that most aggravating thing—like the novelist who speaks of the brilliant wit of his heroine but prints only her most vapid remarks—I have told you that Moscow is picturesque and interesting but never explained how or why.

The fact is I am homesick! All the time I am rattling over the crooked, stone-paved roads, past the great churches with their gaudy minarets and the curious old houses with

peaked roofs, I am thinking of home—home—home. It is months since I saw a familiar face or heard a loved voice—save Andrew's. I am tired of exerting myself in unknown tongues, of wrestling with strange dishes, staring at fresh sights. I can think only that between me and home lies but a day and a half's journey, and it is with intense excitement that I pack our meagre luggage for the last time on our journey.

I am coming back to Moscow one day, and until then I won't insult it by crude descriptions. I shall have to come soon though, for already much of the barbaric colour that was so characteristic in the streets is disappearing, and the painted walls are whitewashed and the domes and minarets gilded. Moscow will always retain, however, a little of that curious Eastern flavour which is half its charm. Here in the heart of Europe we take farewell of the East, and our last view of the city shows us a blazing sapphire sky above the flashing golden domes.

Our first break was at Warsaw, but despite the indescribable fascination which hangs around that name we did not stop save to change trains. Owing to an accident we could not get the *wagon-lit* which we had booked, and therefore had to make another change on the German frontier. The journey across Germany to Berlin was about the most unpleasant bit of our travels. To begin with, we had with us in our carriage several small pieces of luggage *à la Russe*. A red-faced German conductor ordered its summary removal, but as the train was just starting and did not stop for several hours we were helpless. He came along at intervals and shouted at us, although we addressed him politely and even tried the silver key. Finally he had our things removed at Berlin—but not my dressing-case, my last remaining hope, for I sat on that—and Andrew with considerable trouble and several bribes got

them registered through. The minute one is over the border one notices a change in railway officials and employés. In Russia they are stupid but polite and often painstaking, especially if it is made worth their while. The Germans on the contrary treat every one with the same *brusquerie* and air of military discipline. Our particular guard got purple in the face, and roared at us as though he were addressing an awkward squad on parade-ground.

As the long day wore on, marked only by a series of very good meals in the restaurant car, we watched the country fly past, and came to the conclusion that if enormous cornfields were typical of Little Russia, cabbage-gardens stood for Germany. A picture, often repeated, which alone remains to me of what I saw that day, is a large cabbage-garden, a prim, straight little house standing in the middle of it, and, facing the railway-line at the end of a neat path, a little wooden arbour, in which an elderly gentleman in spectacles, without his coat, sits smoking a long pipe and drinking beer, while his fat, clean-looking spouse sits beside him knitting with grey worsted. There is a most domestic suggestiveness about German landscape as seen from the train. The towns looked bright, clean, and unpicturesque, the people much the same; but I'm afraid we ourselves were none of these save the last. The dust, which had never troubled us on the Trans-Siberian, owing I think to the construction of the windows, seemed to get all over us now, and the more one washed the worse it got. At last the long day, which had begun at four o'clock A.M. at the German frontier, ended at about twelve midnight at Flushing. In a very short time we had streamed across to the steamer, and, despite my dismay at finding our cabin to be merely an inside box with no porthole or window,

only a ventilator at the top, we fell asleep directly, and did not wake till the cliffs of old England were in sight.

We had boiled eggs for breakfast—the first boiled eggs and the first breakfast worthy of the name, for we had of course been feeding in the Continental fashion, and Russian breakfasts are merely tea and rusks or bread and butter.

The most delightful sensation, however, was when the waiter addressed us in English—although the extent of his remarks was "Yessir!" Then the sound of clear, low-pitched English voices all round us, the salt-spoons and pepper-pot, everything which is so much a matter of course to us at home, struck us with a delightful sense of novelty and convenience.

Then we warmed towards the polite attentive railway-officials, who touched their caps to Andrew (he looks like a Commander-in-Chief in his big Austrian great-coat) but did *not* expect to be tipped. I think there is no body of people in the world, except perhaps the metropolitan police, who are so polite and good-humoured and painstaking as railway-inspectors and guards. Porters are different, but even they earn their tips by patiently attending to so many foolish queries and carrying such piles of superfluous luggage. One appreciates these men after travelling abroad and wrestling with the stupidity of Russians and the rudeness of Germans. French railway people are neither rude nor stupid, but they never seem to understand their own language when I speak it to them, and they expect extortionate tips.

Hop-fields—green lanes—peaceful villages with little

square-towered churches—everywhere that air of snugness and homeliness which is England's great charm. And so till we got to the hideous environs of the great city, with rows on rows of mean streets, great ugly factories, huge sign-boards, and a tangle of railway-lines running this way and that. Then the tiresome wait at the station while our luggage is passed—while this was going on I sent a telegram and enjoyed changing a piece of nice bright English gold into nice bright English silver. It was quite an age since I had seen gold coinage, and I recollected how a countrywoman in China had admired some English sovereigns and asked to be allowed to hold them!

Then the cab-drive through early morning streets, where lazy Londoners were only just pulling up their blinds, servant-maids were scrubbing doorsteps and the milkman clinking his cans.

A little later we sat down to a second breakfast—coffee, toast, bacon and marmalade, with half a dozen English papers strewn round us, and a smiling white-capped maid in attendance. Louisa can't make out where we have been, but tells her friends we have come back "from China—and isn't it a mercy them 'Boxers' didn't have them!"

Louisa says, moreover, when I tell her anecdotes of our travels, "Lor, mem, how could you go to them nasty places? Suppose you or master had took ill—where would you have been then?" She adds that travelling is "all very well for such as haven't decent homes," but that for her part she once went down to Margate for the day and that was enough for her!

Do we agree with her? For a few days I think we do, but—alas! for the mutability of the human mind!—in a few days more I think we don't, and I notice that Andrew is reading the shipping news every morning.

Our relations are genuinely pleased to see us back, and the hilarious ones say: "Dear me, what globe-trotters you are!" without any suspicion of the pain they inflict. Our one wealthy aunt asks suspiciously what churches we have been attending during our absence. In the bosom of our families our travellers' tales are listened to with a certain amount of respect for a day or two, though somewhat checked by inquiries as to where such and such a place is—"In China?" (Just about this time every place in the Far East from Singapore to Vladivostock was supposed by our relations to be in China.) Then public interest wanes. Our thrilling descriptions are cut short by a murmured aside, "Jane, dear, did you know that young Mrs. Smith had her sister staying with her, and they say that there's something between her and Bertie Brown?"

When we meet old friends in the street we are prompted to rush up and shake them by the hands. It seems so wonderful that they should still be here. At first they are slightly surprised, then a light dawns on them. "You've been away, haven't you? I thought I hadn't seen you lately —Japan? Java? Philippines?—Dear me! *Quite* a tour! Yes, we're all well, thank you, but Maria still has the boys with her in Scotland, Charlie had the mumps," &c. &c. Then as a postscript—"What sort of weather have you had?"

And now I must not linger in my farewells, but must make my bow and exit with all the grace I can. Andrew is waiting to lead me from the stage, and together we wave our hands to our friends, known and unknown, and wish them voyages as fortunate as ours and hearts as light to enjoy.

"A merry heart goes all the way,
A sad one tires in a mile-a."

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